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THE SENATE AND ITS LEADERS.

THE celebrated assertion of an English statesman, "The American Constitution is the grandest ever struck off at a single blow," is incorrect, essentially in the fact that it was not struck off at a single blow. If it had been merely a coinage from a legislative mint, it could not have



THE PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE (VICE-PRESIDENT LEVI P. MORTON) IN THE CHAIR.

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endured for over a hundred years, as it has, because no purely brand-new constitutional coinage ever proved to be endowed with any real vitality. The American Constitution has prospered, because it was the outcome of centuries of experience, because it embodied the best political ideas and rights inherited from Anglo-Saxon ancestry by the colonists, and improved upon by them, afterward, during two and a half centuries. As finally formulated, their institutions were a naturally healthy outgrowth. None better than these old colonists knew that the operation of shaping the coat to fit the man was a sound one, and that any attempt to fit the man at short order to the coat would surely be fatal, according to the very nature of things. The manner of drawing up the schedule of these institutions was the work of wise men, but, after all, this work itself was necessarily inspired by the people, whose agents they were, and therefore, in a strictly original sense, there is no room for entitling them "founders," as is usually done, though of course their share of credit does not admit of questioning. In their part of adapting the style of the new government, they avoided blunders by following closely the long-settled ideas and ways of their constituents, and by leaving aside all artificial idealism.

In instituting the Senate to share executive as well as legislative power, the "framers" conferred upon it the greatest dignity and weight, and so to-day it stands the most powerful political body in the world. England's House of Lords and the various Continental "upper houses" dwindle into insignificance when compared with the far-reaching influence of the American Senate, and, on the score of talent and ability, it entirely eclipses them. While "the Lords" is a dull, inefficient corps, almost existing on sufferance, and while the Continent's Senatorial chambers are filled merely with *grandses* perfunctorily acting, the American Senate, like a magnet, draws to itself the most eminent political intellects of an entire people, and thus becomes, through competition, a picked and chosen assemblage for the active management of a nation's affairs. Enter the House of Lords at London, or the "Palais Bourbon" at Paris, or "Monte Citorio" at Rome, or the "Reichstag" at Berlin, and then step into the Senate Chamber at Washington: the difference is striking, not in a certain dignified aspect common to each, but in the real sharing of power, in the individualities composing the respective memberships, the first-mentioned sitting half asleep and almost as "bodies dead," the second appearing unmistakably wide awake, and potently deciding questions directly concerning the greatest and the largest civilized people in existence.

Instituted as a position of the highest political honor, Senatorship was intended by the framers

to be filled only by the foremost men from each State, and, as a rule, it has been. That occupants have not always been up to the level of the office, that inferior men, and even merely "moneyed men," have occasionally squatted into it, is no reflection either on the office itself or its institutors, but only on the electing States, and hence the Senate continues justly to enjoy the same high rank originally given it as the pre-eminent branch of the national legislature. Thus it is seen that the Senate wing and chamber of the Capitol is a shade more artistically finished and elegantly equipped than those of the House of Representatives—that there is far more of decorum and courtesy in the Senate than in the House, and that Senators are looked up to as possessing greater weight in the government than simple Representatives. Generally, too, the Senators entertain an adequate appreciation of their lofty places. While the House is too often turned into a howling bear-garden, owing to the less experienced and accomplished material of which it is composed, the Senate is, on the whole, a model debating society, in which only on extremely rare occasions are epithets hurled and unparliamentary expressions swapped by the speakers, according to the common practice of the younger and rougher members of the House.

The methods of business followed in the Senate involve a profuse employment of that circumlocution and red-tapism which are considered indispensable, as healthy checks, in all government operations everywhere, of high or low degree; but, taking its qualities and defects just as they are, the body may fairly be credited with doing a good deal of work, and with doing it well. The monotonous humdrum of its routine business, the drawling tones of the clerks reading bills, petitions, etc., is exceedingly wearisome to both eye and ear, particularly disgusting to strangers assembled, at an early hour, in the galleries, to listen to the national eloquence in its most approved form. Indeed, they are to be pitied when they thus get caught by the opening proceedings, which must unalterably be had before "the morning hour has arrived," or rather until the set time for formal speaking begins. The disappointed strangers are sometimes so dazed and utterly wearied with official phrase-reiteration, its incessantly boring and knockdown hum and twang, as to be under the necessity of vacating the premises before hearing the smallest bit of a speech. On a field-day it is different, and when it is known in advance that the great guns of Senatorial oratory are to be shot off, the galleries become jammed and packed so soon as the doors are opened; sitting and standing room in them is at an honored premium, and the reading of "the Journal," and all other discomforts, are put up

with in the enthusiastic eagerness to catch the "winged words."

The Senate is almost exclusively a body of lawyers, now as in the past. Its peculiar functions absolutely require that its members should be learned in law, its special international duties as to foreign treaties and appointments demanding this learning, which in the House is not equally needed or desirable. The Senatorial celebrities of the past were all lawyers, more noted for flights of rhetoric, however, than for legal lore. The present style of oratory is greatly changed from that of the past. Then it was redundant, highly colored, impassioned, much mixed with poetry and quotations from Latin and Greek; now it is plain, pointed, colloquial English, not so sonorously tickling to a crowd's ears, but very effective as the medium of business, though this change indeed has occurred everywhere in unison with the modern spirit of simplification and condensation.

The eloquence of the grand old Senatorial trio, "Clay, Webster and Calhoun," is famous as a tradition, and only as a tradition, for none such would be tolerated nowadays, when hurried folks would have no leisure or fancy for listening to long-winded speeches stretching over many solid days without a break, barring "sudden indispositions" of the speakers at the hands of Providence. Yet these, as many others of the Senate's galaxy, were undoubtedly men of greater intellectual calibre than their successors: no one could say that Mr. Hoar fills Mr. Webster's seat, that Mr. Blackburn fills Mr. Clay's, or that Mr. Butler fills Mr. Calhoun's. The style, form and method have altered for the better, but the difference in character and intellect between the Senators of the past and those of the present leans not to the side of the latter. Yet, though without such eminent qualifications of leadership as the olden Senators had, the Senators of to-day are very skillful debaters and diligent workers, especially in the committee-rooms, where most of the legislative business is prepared. Not so strictly or narrowly partisan as their predecessors, they appeal in this improved age to a far larger audience, one that has grown to be very highly enlightened and developed, and they may really be said to be compelled to speak to and act for "popularity," represented by the universal press, rather than by the old-time clapping spectators who ruled from the galleries. The leveling tendencies of this much more highly developed era afford less opportunity for the rise of towering "talkers," and so Congressional leadership is imposed by the nation itself, by a guiding public opinion, by the many on broad lines rather than by the few on narrow lines, though, truly enough, however developed may be any age, there must ever be

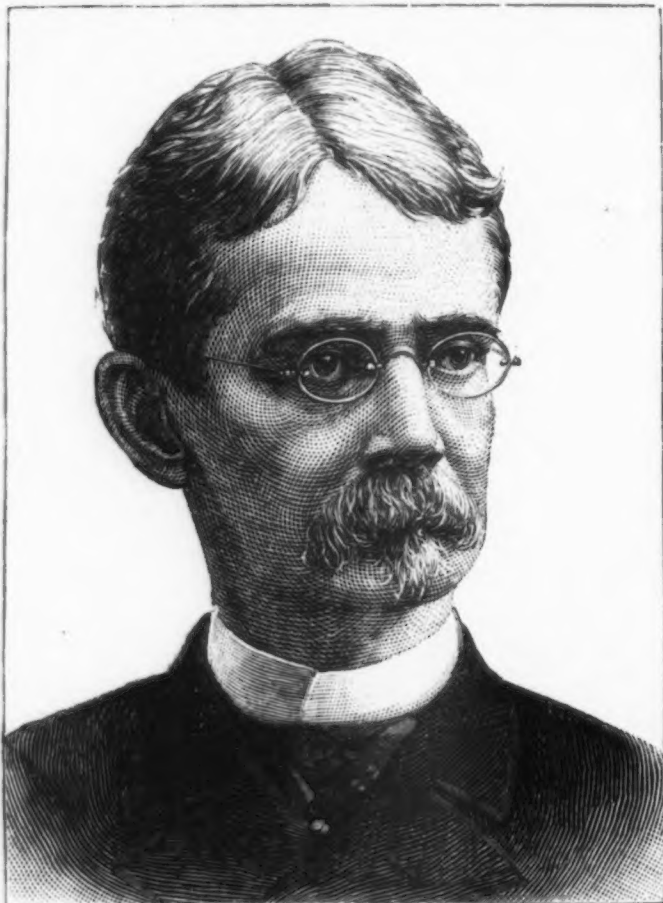
room, in theory, if not in practice, for marking men on top, precisely in the position of its highest exponents.

As at present composed, the Senate, besides its nearly equal party division between Republicans and Democrats, may be classified into several groups, viz., the New England Eastern group, the Western group, the Southern group, and there are also the poor group and the millionaire group, each wielding a special influence. The largest and most compact group is that from the fifteen Southern States, forming three-fourths of the Democratic minority membership. The Southern Senators are comparatively poor, living on their salaries, only four being rated as moderately rich, namely, Brown, Beck, Barbour and Gorman. Though among them appears no shining, superior intellect, they all rank as men of honorable character, display great personal weight, and, acting solidly as they invariably do, their compactness tells with wonderful moral force. They now stand free from reproach, especially from that originating in the slavery régime which so burdened and shackled their predecessors during seventy years. Provincialism remains, however, a salient ingredient in the Southern group, adding both its peculiar value or the steadiness and definiteness which spring from natural growth and settled stand-points, and, likewise, its peculiar drawback, or a certain backwardness arising from isolation, an excess of provincialism which necessarily prevents adequate external contact, keeping up with the times, and a sufficient output of exertion instead of the indolence sure to arise under such surroundings. The Western group of Senators, generally well-to-do, and not a few of them passed masters of millions, are marked with all the characteristics of their new and budding section, overflowing with "Western" ideas and ways, brimful of energy, not stickling over the moralities, not squeamish over means for an end, but rich in expedients and bent on success before all else. Keen, hard sense, not culture or trained thought, distinguishes their flow of oratory, and renders them as debaters always entertaining, often amusing. The New England Eastern group is small, but potent in wealth and polished culture, for, though it also embodies a certain amount of provincialism, its members have roamed and searched the modern world, and hence their native smartness stands backed by a vast accumulation of facts and figures, ready for use at a moment's notice. In the Western and Eastern groups are included the great array of millionaire Senators, who have been the cause of such an outcry, the West's arch-millionaires, in particular, having been persistently accused of purchasing their curule chairs. Indisputable proof in regard to such

accusations, either for or against, has not been forthcoming.

The sedate aspect of the Senate in session is striking; the dignified air of experience and repose about the elderly gray-haired members filling the mahogany seats on the well-carpeted floor is appropriate and pleasing. "Here, at last," says the beholder, "are men not swayed by passion, by the hot blood and changing prejudices of youth: these are the ones to transact the gravest concerns of a great nation!" Well, it is only fair to say that years have diminished their passions, and given them experience of life, and yet, after all, only in degree, as the record might be made to show.

Even about and around these grave and reverend seigniors, ranged under the mantle of the



HON. JOHN J. INGALLS, KANSAS, PRESIDENT PRO TEM.

Senate's "grandeur," the traces of comedy and farce are visible, the net-work of in-meshing foibles patent. From the galleries, looking down on the floor, the number of bald-headed Senators is at first surprising, and afterward consoling, through the reflection that they have grown so in the service of their country. The balder, the better, moreover, this being the fashion and badge of service. The craniums are big, too, as if well stored with brains, and the collection would offer a most tempting field for study to any "phrenology" expert; certainly one could never get a finer op-

portunity for exploring distinguished "bumps," and for observing in full play the emotions and idiosyncrasies of a lot of tall, big-bodied subjects, than is to be had from the galleries during



HON. JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, CONNECTICUT.



HON. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, NEW YORK.



ILLUMINATION OF THE CAPITOL DURING A NIGHT SESSION OF CONGRESS.

a sitting. If satisfactory results could not be ciphered out by means of such plain figures as there present, phrenology would have to acknowledge itself a failure.

The Vice-president is according to the Constitution President of the Senate, but, as that officer cannot always attend its sittings, a Senator is chosen by the body itself to act as presiding officer, or President *pro tempore*, in his absence. Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, is now President *pro tem.*, having so acted for several sessions. The post is the one of highest trust and importance in the Senate's organization, its occupant being thus the leading personage, and the present incumbent is besides prominent in his own individual right. By both the Republican and Democratic side of the chamber, Mr. Ingalls is admitted to be an admirable presiding officer, and this admission is by no means merely complimentary. The duties of the position are such as to test keenly both the abilities of the occupant as a parliamentarian—that is to say, as a general manager of a debating body, proficient in deciding upon rules, precedents and other nice points, and also his fairness in dealing with the members, whose sense of fair play is ever on the alert.

Mr. Ingalls has long been noted as the sharpest-tongued orator, the most fluent thrower of unpleasant, yet strictly parliamentary, expressions, in the Senate; and his tilts, when on the floor, are not courted in view of his thoroughly Wild-West system of tomahawking and scalping his opponents, figuratively speaking. But, as presiding officer, he has been an agreeable surprise to both his friends and foes, a pink of courtesy, a model of impartiality, dignity and good sense. His decisions are remarkably correct, clearly and promptly delivered, and his knack of expediting matters is so great that it may truly be said to have changed the method of transacting the business of the chair from a long-hand into a short-hand system.

He has a natural talent for sifting, condensing and lopping off useless details, and the common run of provoking and irritating tangles are swiftly solved at his hands without the least bother. Indeed, he has been metamorphosed in the chair, and this change from the rabid debater to the calm, model manager is so strikingly strange and novel as to have centred upon him a good deal of extra admiration and interest. Only an apparent change, yet it displays such an unusual faculty of adaptation, and not merely of imitation, as to keep the respectful attention of the Senate, and of all visitors, fixed on his personality even over and above the office he holds.

Mr. Ingalls does not belong to the category of bald-headed Senators, retaining an ample growth of hair, which is snow-white. In person he is

tall, slim and erect, jerky and stiff, extremely nervous in temperament, restless in movement and look, after the manner of the inhabitant of the West, of which he is a modified type; and it is precisely on account of this nervous restlessness that his enforced calmness in the chair, listening to wearisome debates under the bonds of discipline, duty and the exercise of self-control, excites all the more admiration. True, he dispenses with as much of this terrible discipline as he thinks he can with safety to the reputation he has secured of being a veteran in the art of listening to leaden entertainments, and, during a long, set speech from which no interest is possible of extraction, he hastens to call up some member to take his place. He has a cultured, intellectual air, blended with one of practical shrewdness amounting to hard, downright cunning, to foxiness, for the small size of his head and shape of physiognomy give him a decidedly foxy look. All his life an assiduous literary student, his style of oratory invariably bears evidence of a very close attention to polish.

Having attained the highest honor in the Senate, Mr. Ingalls has been credited with aiming for a still higher one outside, and certainly he has at least been talked of as a candidate for the national Presidency. When Senators visit him in the chair, as many of them do in behalf of pointers or requests, he turns a ready ear to them, while nicely grading his degrees of hearing according to the weight of the applicant and the subject in hand, but spares very little time to them, sending each away as quickly as he can, because he is a very close watcher, inwardly and outwardly, of the proceedings. To all he is courteous, but, as Hamlet's courtesy was, so his may be taxed as not of the right sort, being for the most part a formalism put on for momentary use, and with good effect; rather than proffer this forced courtesy to some of his antagonists, apparently he would prefer to pass them unnoticed, or to salute in a gingerly style instead of with the whole hand of fellowship. It is amusing to look upon the subordinate officials, and the playful pages, hearkening to his rapid order, then scattering at break-neck speed to meet the requirements of his electric gait; it may be only a glass of water sent for, to be placed on the raised stand for his leisurely sipping, but if a keg of whisky or beer were ordered, it would be fetched with not less urgency or questioning. After the morning details of the sitting has been gone through, the presentation of petitions, bills, etc., he vacates the chair to enjoy his lunch-time, and during this hour, or escape from the strain which attaches to his supervising control, some designated member takes it. The strain comes from his consciousness of being at the head of a big machine pos-

essed of tremendous liabilities bearing on the orderly management of all its parts, and not because he allows business to drive or annoy him. Far from allowing anything of the kind, he has been a crusher of the ancient phraseologies, much of which he has succeeded in reducing to a few lines, or even a couple of words, particularly in the formal putting of resolutions and bills on their passage to becoming laws.

For his greater cares and responsibilities he receives a larger salary than other members, but the office is not one to be coveted except for its honor. As presiding officer he has been eminently successful, but, nevertheless, he is much better fitted for a seat on the floor of the chamber, for there he is in his natural element, because only there can he freely and effectively give rein to his expressional skill, which has never been parried except by a still greater vehemence, or broad abuse directly leveled and flung at his offending head. On a noted occasion of wrangling between him and an Indiana Senator, his brilliant pyrotechnical display was shut off only in this way.

Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, is the best parliamentarian in the Senate, having had a lengthened experience as Senator and presiding officer. In this sense he is easily "deacon" of the corps. Thus, whenever momentarily called upon to take the chair, he has a walk-over, and knocks out the hardest points that may come up; presiding is not only fun for him, but for others who like to see him keeping his hand in practice. Once in the chair, his squeaking voice is heard rattling off his rulings with a rapidity that would be stunning, if not distinctly, simply and correctly made, as he makes them. He decides and acts with swiftness, because, having mastered the regulations and usages, he does not have to stop to think over them; his rattling voice pours out one steady stream of words, sung connectedly one with another so as to form an endless chain. It is a little fatiguing, but not to him. Not endowed with an imposing or graceful aspect, he certainly makes in the chair a comical figure, despite the respect which his special talent and his high standing as an earnest States-righter serve to secure for him. He and Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, constitute a rare-looking duo, it being "nip and tuck" which of the two has the baldest head and most *sui generis* oddity. Mr. Harris has a personal appearance amazingly akin to the stereotyped Chinese; he is low, chunky and fat, round-headed, flat and small-featured, very sallow of complexion, with small almond eyes, and completely bald; also waxed-pointed white mustache. A cue and a gown would make the resemblance perfect, but, as he is, the resembling impression forces itself irre-

sistibly. He has, moreover, a way of sitting absorbed and still that only adds to the similarity of the picture. Mostly rooted in his seat, motionless, he talks with members who come to his desk, pays no attention to cards sent in, and closely follows the debates. An invitation to take the chair removes this apparent lethargy, and starts him forward like an arrow from the bow, or a school-boy freed from confinement. Likewise, silly and unnecessary calls for "The roll," "Let's have a division," move him to instant opposition, and he invariably squealches them, it being impossible for him to sit by and see the rules butchered without coming to their rescue.

Mr. Edmunds is his companion from the point of view of rarity in vast, smooth, cranial superficies open to the four winds. Otherwise they are utterly unlike. Mr. Edmunds has been dubbed in the press "St. Jerome," and beyond any doubt he is a vigorous imitation of Domenichino's picture of that saint, hanging just opposite Raphael's "Transfiguration" in the Vatican Palace at Rome. Mr. Edmunds stoops, is tall, lean of body and lank of face, though his skull is round enough. Usually seated grave and rapt before law-books on his desk, as becomes the expounder of the Constitution that he claims to be, only occasionally may he be seen to take any part in merriment or laughter. His attitude has been described as posing before the Senate, on the strength of an austere air, and solemn exits and entrances, generally with law-books under his arm; for the rest, there is not a prominent member who does not pose more or less, the gallery crowd alone being enough to instill into them a certain priggishness. He is a strong dialectician, though an uninteresting and inferior speaker, with a harsh, drawling tone of voice. Provincialism in him is unhealthily pointed and pronounced.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, is not only the most distinguished Senator from the West, but of his party in the Senate. As a leader of great experience, weight and ability, he quite eclipses his party colleagues, and so the principal rôle in any important debate is instinctively taken by him, and it is generally admitted that his superiority of intellect and character fairly entitle him to the distinction awarded by his own side of the chamber. Tall, slim, not ungainly in person or movement, he has somewhat the look of an old-fashioned country banker, or parson, as he sits reading or writing, apparently giving no attention to the proceedings, though in reality no one gives more. No member is more quiet and dignified than he is, and few can speak as forcibly. He is an old stager on the Congressional track, and is so familiar with all its lanes and turnings as to be sure of his footing.

Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, the fussiest Senator on the floor, evidently imagines that he is expected to fill the place of Daniel Webster, and he fills it by talking, continually popping up with the formula, "Mr. President, I desire to make a few remarks," and continuing with a flow of des-

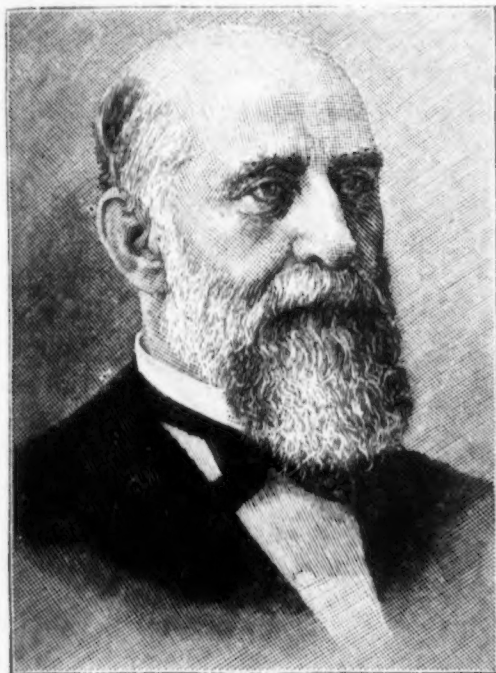
pleasant to look upon flitting in every direction, his style of speaking is of the feeblest sort, and between him and his colleague, Mr. Dawes, equally as feeble and more drawling, though not so persistently tiresome, the fame of Massachusetts' great orator is kept alive.



SENATORS AND LOBBYISTS IN THE "MARBLE ROOM," ADJOINING THE SENATE CHAMBER.

ultory words. He is the typical "few-remarks" statesman. He intervenes also in the remarks of others, is a general corrector, and will not be still, sit still or keep silent. He is a Webster afflicted with the gab, close-shaven, spectacled, and with an elderly school-marmy imagery about him. His meddlesome personality is not

The case of Mr. Blair, of New Hampshire, is almost as desperate as Mr. Hoar's, though he is to some a trifle more interesting, even if he is generally regarded as a bore, a puzzle, a "what-not." Verily he is not so tormentingly fussy as Mr. Hoar, but what there is of his irrepressibility is whole-souled. He is the single Senator with a



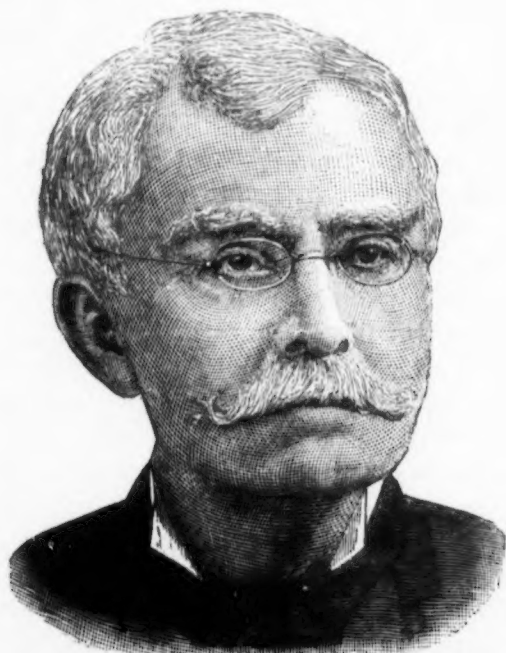
HON. G. F. EDMUNDS, VERMONT.



HON. JOHN SHERMAN, OHIO.

hobby, the "Blair Bill," which he rides in the Senate, though he runs, in addition, a large assortment outside. In his eyes the Senate means only the Blair Bill, and he is its father recognized all over the land. The Bill has passed several times, has never become a law, however, and so always remains to be repassed. Meanwhile Mr. Blair prepares fresh and additional budgets of vouchers in its behalf. His desk is the most crowded in the Senate, with books, certificates, letters and reports bearing on the famous Bill. He takes occasion, in and out of season, early and often, to allude to it; gets snubbed by the presiding officer, or some member, for doing so, and

only sits down to spring up again at the next favorable chance. The hobby does not tire him in the least, notwithstanding all the fretting it causes in others, and the more unmanageable it proves to be, the closer he sticks to it. Truly his care is fatherly, and a very fatherly-looking Senator he is, too, as he glides about or spreads himself to make a speech. He is a good speaker, and only the monotony of his theme causes an evacuation of the Senate whenever he secures the floor, for a big effort, behind a huge pile of leather-covered books, a glass of water and a bouquet of flowers. His colleague, Mr. Chandler, is beside him, a silent partner, although he excels as an



HON. JOHN S. BARBOUR, VIRGINIA.



HON. HENRY W. BLAIR, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

insinuating private interviewer on both sides of the dividing party line, remaining rarely in his own seat.

Nor is Mr. Evarts, of New York, any active pusher to the front. A recently elected member, with an outside-made fame, to which the Senate can add nothing, his course, as a rule, is silence with dignity, while seeming to enjoy mere membership. He is fond of chatting with others at their desks, and of being chatted with at his own; but, wherever he may find himself laughing and joking, he keeps up with the procession of debaters and voters. When there is no companionable Senator present to chat with, he will for awhile sit by himself, though not long, for he soon starts for the cloak-room in search of one, and there is eloquent to the extent of his tether. Prior to passing the chamber's exit, however, his unfailing custom is to make a half-turn stop, throw his head over his shoulder to catch the last words of the Senator "up," and, according to their pertinency or flatulency, continue on out, or abruptly resume his seat; most often he goes on out. When in his seat, unattended, he presents a feeble, crumpled, doubled-up, neglected and melancholy air; but if a rare occasion lifts him to speak, his distinguished oratorical gear braces and comes back instantly to show him off as "the old man eloquent."

Taciturn also is Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, though one of the leaders of his party. A speech by him is a rarity, and, in fact, he is one of the Senators who cannot speak, but are working leaders, and there are not a few of this build. His principal pastime is conversing with his particular friends. He is not punctual, either in listening or in voting, but the recreating hour for luncheon hustles him out, and keeps him out rather long; and sometimes he doesn't come back at all. Sitting in the Senate seems at least no fun for him.

Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, stout, short, military-looking, is the most attentive listener and occupier of his seat among all; he sits erect, and, when called on to talk by others, persists in keeping a close watch on the member addressing the chair. Not rhetorical, but, in his plain style of rough and ready speaking, his fund of strong common sense stands out in relief. Mr. Voorhees, of Indiana, maintains something of a like quiet attitude, but uses more of the ordinary parliamentary eloquence, and is regarded by his own side as one of its most effective champions in this line.

Mr. Plumb, of Kansas, is an entertaining debater, for, however dry his subject, he handles it in an original way, being an impromptu speaker of great force; an amiable humor, combined with the hardest sense, adds to his attractive style of

delivery, which is as ready as his stout, tall, florid personality pacing freely about his desk. His aim is to go to the point, and he frequently succeeds. Friendly, cheerful, and off-hand with all, he is a favorite, and may be said to come up handsomely to the strict meaning of his name.

Mr. Gorman, of Maryland, the most noted leader on the minority side, is gifted with a talent in practical politics unapproached by any that may be attributed to the other Southern members. He is a slow but an effective speaker; usually he sits calmly in his seat, sleek and trim, and his appearance would never give the idea of his real strength as a great handler of politics. Messrs. Hampton and Butler, of South Carolina, have more a military than a political reputation; both are sorry orators, both are minus a leg, both wear artificial limbs, and both walk about the floor so deceivingly as to be unrecognized as "the two one-legged Senators from South Carolina." There is not a bit of hesitancy in their stepping out, or in their sitting down; no limping in them. Mr. Hampton dresses negligently, like an old planter, but Mr. Butler is accounted the neatest-dressed Senator, without the least tinge of foppish dudery. They move about a good deal, verily as if they had four legs. Mr. Butler goes all around chatting, on both sides of the Senate, but his comrade is Mr. Cameron; as a rule, at lunch-time, these two are seen flocking together and leaving the Senate's perplexities behind them. Mr. Vance, of North Carolina, an ex-Governor, also frequently pairs off with Mr. Hampton, ex-Governor of South Carolina, for a short stroll outside, and then they re-appear, cheery, chirpy and smiling. Mr. Vance looks like an overgrown fat boy, and moreover he has all the wit that is so freely the accompaniment of obesity by the pound, and hence his stories and anecdotes rank high on the floor as well as on the street. Mr. Brown, of Georgia, is the one Southern millionaire; a sweeping beard, a perfectly bald head, a frail, low figure, he has all the look of a strait-laced preacher of the olden days, and delicate health keeps him a silent, unobtrusive sitter in his chair, when his ailments allow him to be present. Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, is noted for his shrewd business talent, his eccentricity and his slovenly attire, the worst visible. Mr. Vest, of Missouri, has a shrill voice that pipes abundantly through the chamber, as he is witty and fond of talking. He is a colloquial haranguer, not a formal speaker; his excess of enthusiasm easily leads him into ranting, to tearing a passion to tatters, but in giving witty retorts and thrusts he is at his best. His colleague, Mr. Cockrell, is a still poorer speaker, but he possesses one merit, or, rather, privilege, over all others—he is the exact image of the real father

of the country. "Uncle Sam," and, even without striped pants, he looks well in the United States Senate, the very place for him, though he would be at home anywhere in the broad Union.

The Senate has a good many "wall-flowers," who take their cue from its leaders.

LEON MEAD.

WHITE ROSES FOR THE DEAD.

BY LEON MEAD.

From out the chamber still
I wander sighing;
I mutter on God's will
A curse that He should take
My love—now dying.

Within the garden fair,
The red, red roses,
Like those she used to wear
In her soft breast and hair,
The moon disclose.

I pluck in mute distress
A lovely blossom,
That ere her heart is cold
She may its petals fold
Close to her bosom.

The rose that is so red
I haste in giving;
"Not this for me," she said,
"White roses for the dead—
Red for the living."

"In days that are gone, dear,
When I led fashion,
I wore red roses near
My heart, as emblem clear
Of virgin passion."

"But colder grows my brow,
Our hearts must sever;
Give me a white rose now,
With thy last deepest vow
To love me ever."

I bring a rose that's white,
Like her hand this fair,
She shows a faint delight,
And as her soul takes flight,
The rose she kisses.

DRAMATIZED NOVELS.

Few literary tasks seem easier of accomplishment than the making of a good play out of a good novel. The playwright has ready to his hand a story, a sequence of situations, and a group of characters artfully contrasted, the suggestion of the requisite scenery, with occasional passages of appropriate conversation. What more is needed than a few sheets of paper and a pair of scissors, a pen and a little plodding patience? The pecuniary reward is abundant; apparently the feat is temptingly facile; and every year we see many writers succumb to the temptation. Whenever a

novel hits the popular fancy, and is seen for a season in everybody's hands, be it "Mr. Barnes, of New York," or "She," "The Quick and the Dead," or "Robert Elsmere," the adapter steps forward and sets the story on the stage, counting on the reflected reputation of the novel to attract the public to witness the play. But the result of the calculation is rarely satisfactory, and the dramatized romance is rarely successful. Frequently it is an instant failure, like the recent perversion of "Robert Elsmere"; occasionally it is forced into a fleeting popularity by managerial wiles, like the stage versions of "She" and "Mr. Barnes, of New York"; and only now and again is it really welcomed by the public, like the dramatization of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." So it is that, if we look back along the list of plays which have had prolonged popularity, we shall find the titles of few dramatizations, and we shall discover that those which chance to linger in our memory are recalled chiefly because of a fortuitous association with the fame of a favorite actor: thus the semi-operative version of "Guy Mannering" brings before us Charlotte Cushman's weird embodiment of *Meg Merrilies*, just as the artless adaptation of the "Gilded Age" evokes the joyous humor of John T. Raymond as *Colonel Sellers*.

And if we were to make out a list of novels which have been adapted to the stage in the past thirty years or so, we should discover a rarely broken record of overwhelming disaster. The reason of this is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fundamental difference between the art of the drama and the art of prose fiction—a difference which the adapter has generally ignored or been ignorant of. Perhaps it is not unfair to suggest that the methods of the novelist and of the dramatist are as unlike as the methods of the painter and of the sculptor. The difference between the play and the novel is at bottom the difference between a precise and rigid form, and a form of almost unlimited range and flexibility. The drama has laws as unbending as those of the sonnet, while the novel may extend itself to the full license of an epic. In contrast with the license of the novelist the limitations of the dramatist were never more distinct than they are to-day. As the playwright appeals to the play-goer, he is confined to those subjects in which the broad public can be interested, and to the treatment which the broad public will accept. While the writer of the romance may condense his work into a short story of a column or two, or expand it to a stout tome of a thousand pages, the writer for the stage has no such choice; his work must be bulky enough to last from half-past 8 to half-past 10 at the shortest, or at the longest from 8 to 11.

In the present condition of the theatre, in Great

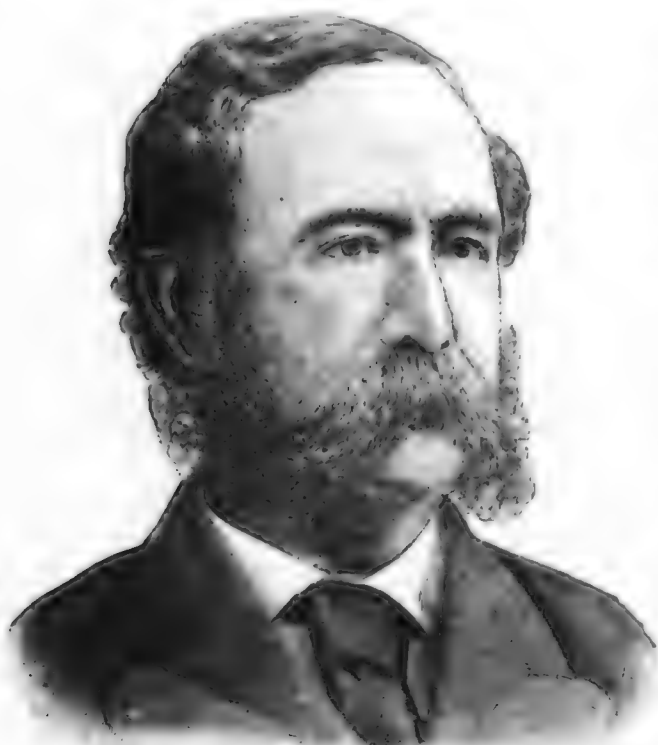
Britain and the United States, there is little or no demand for the comedietta or for the two-act comedy; a play must be long enough and strong enough to furnish forth the whole evening's entertainment. The dramatist may divide his piece into three, four, or five acts, as he prefers, but, except from some good reason, there must be but a single scene to each act. The characters must be so many in number that no one shall seem obtrusive; they must be sharply contrasted; most of them must be sympathetic to the spectators, for the audience in a theatre, however pessimistic it may be individually, is always optimistic as a whole. There must be an infusion of humor at recurrent intervals, and a slowly increasing intensity of emotional stress. In short, the fetters of the dramatist are as obvious as the freedom of the novelist.

Perhaps the chief disadvantage under which the dramatist labors is that it is almost impossible for him to show adequately the contrasting and well-nigh imperceptible disintegration of character under the attrition of recurring circumstances. Time and space are both beyond the control of the maker of plays, while the storyteller may take his hero by slow stages to the world's end. The drama has but five acts at most,

possible on the stage; and there are many who love certain novels—Thackeray's, for example—chiefly because they feel therein the personal presence of the author. It is at once the merit



HON. ZEBULON B. VANCE, NORTH CAROLINA.



THE SENATE AND ITS LEADERS.—HON. WADE HAMPTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE PAGE 385.

and the theatre is but a few yards wide. Description is scarcely permissible in a play; and it may be the most beautiful and valuable part of a novel. Comment by the author is absolutely im-

possible on the stage; and there are many who love certain novels—Thackeray's, for example—chiefly because they feel therein the personal presence of the author. It is at once the merit

and the difficulty of dramatic art that the characters must reveal themselves; they must be illuminated from within, not from without; they must speak for themselves in unmistakable terms; and the author cannot dissect them for us or lay bare their innermost thoughts with his pen as with a scalpel.

The drama must needs be sympathetic, while now the novel, more often than not, is an analytic. The vocabulary of the playwright must be clear, succinct, precise and picturesque, while that of the novelist may be archaic, fantastic, subtle, or illusive. Simplicity and directness are the ear-marks of a good play; but we all know good novels which are complex, involute, tortuous. A French critic has declared that the laws of the drama are logic and movement, by which he means that in a good play the subject clearly exposed at first moves forward by regular steps, artfully prepared, straight to its inevitable end. The finer the novel, the more delicate and delightful its workmanship, the more subtle its psychology, the greater is the difficulty in dramatizing it, and the greater the ensuing disappointment. The frequent attempts to turn into a play "Vanity Fair" and the "Scarlet Letter" were all doomed to the certainty of failure, because the development of the central character and leading



HON. J. D. CAMERON, PENNSYLVANIA.



HON. GEORGE F. HOAR, MASSACHUSETTS.

motives, as we see them in the pages of the novelist, are not those by which they would best be revealed before the foot-lights.

The difficulties and disadvantages of trying to make a play out of a popular tale, when the sequence and development of the story must be retained in the drama, are so distinctly recognized by novelists, who happen also to be dramatists, that they are prone to stand aside and to leave the doubtful task to others. Dumas did not himself make a play out of his romantic tale, "The Corsican Brothers." And in the Fall of 1887 there was produced in Paris two adaptations of successful novels which had been written by ac-

complished dramatists, "L'Abbé Constantin," by M. Ludovic Halévy, and "L'Affaire Clemenceau," by M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*; and in neither case did the dramatist adapt his own story. He knew better; he knew that the good novel would not make a good play; and while the novice rushed in where the expert feared to tread, the original author stood aside ready to take the profit, but not to run the risk.

PRESERVING BUTTERFLIES.

DR. F. RODERBERG, of Lower Belgium, has taken out a patent in the United Kingdom for a



HON. I. C. HARRIS, TENNESSEE (PHOTO. BY BELL, WASHINGTON).



HON. A. P. GORMAN, MARYLAND (PHOTO. BY BELL, WASHINGTON).

method, devised by him, for preserving butterflies and other natural-history specimens. The following is the method: The objects or specimens to be preserved, unless they are already flat, are first pressed out and dried. In the case of butterflies, for instance, the body, which is cut open and emptied of its contents, is flattened out by gradually applied pressure, the wings, etc., being previously fixed in the desired position, and the butterfly thus treated is allowed to become thoroughly dry. A piece of material, such as card-board, wood, or the like, to form a mounting or backing, is then moistened with water, with which anti-septics may be mixed, and the prepared butterfly is laid on this backing; a clean, colorless leaf of gelatine is placed over the butterfly and backing, and the whole is pressed together, so that the gelatine leaf shall firmly adhere to the backing, securing the butterfly thereto. To prevent the gelatine adhering to the pressing and the supporting surfaces, instead of the backing, the surfaces are treated with fat, vaseline, or the like. To prevent warping or shrinking and bending of the backing, its under side may be coated with a solution of gelatine, or a leaf of gelatine may be applied thereto. The card covered with gelatine is, after having been well cleaned from fat, etc., sprinkled or moistened on its upper side (*i. e.*, the side to which the butterfly is secured) with water, and afterward thoroughly dried. Finally, the whole is coated with a suitable hard, colorless, drying or siccative varnish (for instance, with an alcoholic solution of red arsenic, to which has been added a small quantity of castor-oil). This coating protects the gelatine and the object or specimen to be preserved from the injurious action of moisture, mildew, or insects. Butterflies and other objects prepared in this manner can be kept in albums, and be transported and examined at any time without liability to injury. There is evidently springing up a fine art among collectors, which will soon transform dried plants and wizened butterflies into the objects of real and graceful beauty they ought to be, and as they are in a state of nature.

A HIGHLAND REEL.

By G. E.-T.

MUCH study, truly, becomes a weariness of the flesh. After a long day's seclusion over desk and books the cobwebs begin to gather about one's brain, and stronger and stronger grows the longing to look upon the face of one's fellows. There are fair faces, too, to look upon, and bright-lipped laughter to listen to not far away, and the shriek of a fiddle or the skirl of the pipes is all that is needed to set light footsteps tripping on a broad barn-floor. Down with pamphlet and pen,

therefore: on with a heavy coat in case of rain, and out into the roaring night.

A heavy "carry" is tearing across the sky, but the air is fresh and clear; and see, yonder, away below through the darkness, by the loch-side, shining hospitable and bright, are the lights of Gartachraggan. Away, then, by the steading, where the patient beasts are stirring in their byres, and a breath is caught of the rich warm mash preparing for their evening meal. Away through the whin-haugh, where the owls answer each other with silvery hootings, and again and again overhead there is heard the creaking wing of a belated hawk beating to and fro. How the wind sighs in the naked hedges, with a louder whisper where the thick-leaved holly-trees are set! One would almost linger under the soft shelter of the wood, where the air is rich with the fragrance of the undergrowth, and a pleasant security is felt in the stillness by contrast with the roar and sough of the storm in the tree-tops far above. The stones of the dry dike here are covered close with the clinging tendrils of a small-leaved ivy, and wild strawberry and wild geranium in Summer star with white and pink the mossy crannies. A pleasant spot, therefore, it is then to linger in, to watch the red squirrel frolic on the road and the chaffinch build his mossy home overhead. But to-night one's thoughts are otherwise. It is cold, and the south wind is roaring in the wood, hustling the withered leaves to limbo. Down the hill, therefore, at a blithesome pace, jousting and jesting with the storm, till a glimpse of the realm of Oberon is caught below—the foam-swept loch, with its lonely islets, seen by the fitful gleam of stars. Life comes back to the jaded heart on such a night, as the fresh wind lifts the hair and clears the brain. There is war in the heavens overhead, and the scream can be heard of wild duck entangled in the driving clouds as they make for their feeding-places at the river's mouth; but in the heart there is only laughter, born of the comradeship of "rude Boreas." Whew! Draw in here to the shelter till the rain-blast sweeps over. It whistles like arrowy sleet through the branches overhead, and the great limbs roar and struggle in the contest. The bole of the giant ash-tree itself heaves and groans with the effort. But the strong tree has grappled before with the Titan, and the wrappings of eighty Winters have but given it a deeper grip of the soil. And so the blast blows over, the air clears, and close at hand, a ruddy blaze among the trees, are seen the gleaming windows of the farm.

What a kindly welcome is this! No ordinary "How d'ye do?" and touch of listless fingers, but a heartiness honest as its own broad vowels. The good folk here live close to the soil, and con-

tinually touch the real facts of life. *Ennui* and cynicism, those soul-cankers of the dwellers in towns, have never found their way to these homesteads by the loch-side, and sweet and whole-hearted as the breath of their own hay-ricks are the greetings of these hospitable folk. For the frank grasp that will ease world-cares go to the kindly sea-captain, or the hand that has held a plow. Years have gathered on the heads of the farmer and his wife since first their plowshares turned the loch-side soil, but still they are fresh and hale, and the frost of years that has silvered their hairs has touched them no whit besides. Meanwhile, there has grown around them a brave and comely brood—sons stalwart as the ark-builders of old, and daughters—ah! Look not too long upon these, good youth, or thou art undone (though that might not be the worst thing that could happen thee). For there is choice and difference among them: the hair of one dark as the starling's wing, another's bright with russet gold; eyes blue as the Summer skies, eyes dark as the woodland wells; cheeks of fair soft peach-bloom, and cherry lips ripe and red. Beware!

Into the parlor? No!—the kitchen is the place. A carpeted parlor can be seen at any time, but such a kitchen only in such a spot. The great fire blazing in the chimney roars defiance to the storm outside, and flashes its warm light upon wall and rafter. Lamps shine bright as silver in their sconces, and plate-racks and harness-steels gleam in the wall's recesses. Not a speck stains the purity of the red-stone floor, and the massy tables and chairs of honest deal are white as driven snow. Into the kitchen, then, and ask for the goodman's health, and whether the plowing has gone forward well, whether the collic that went amissing has turned up yet, and what was done with the tramp who threatened the plowman's wife.

But, listen! the neighbors are coming already, and in the hull of the wind surely that was the sound of the pipes! How the girls' eyes sparkle and their color rises! What tempting access of witchery!—wait a little, take care, keep hold of your heart! Perhaps their sweethearts are coming. The pipes stop at the door, there is a sound of laughter, a moment's pause, and then a new invasion of brave lads and comely lasses, bringing in with them the freshness of the night. Fresh-voiced as the Spring thrushes, it is an inspiration to look at and listen to these sons and daughters of the hills.

First of all—for the Highlands are hospitable—something must be eaten. There are scones and butter and bramble-jelly, girdle-cake, and milk from the byre—all the produce of the farm itself, and none the less delicious for the fair hands that have placed them there. Then, hey,

presto! the scene is changed. A space has been cleared in the barn, and lamps hung from the rafters and on the walls light it up in gypsy fashion, casting fantastic shadows into the far corners behind the great heaps of warm corn-straw. A skirl of the pipes, and in a moment partners are chosen. Then more than one secret slips out to the curious eye, for much there is to be read in the language of a blush and a look. The lads stand back to back, two and two, and their partners face them, and as the music takes to the air, feathery they trip it in the merry figure-of-eight.

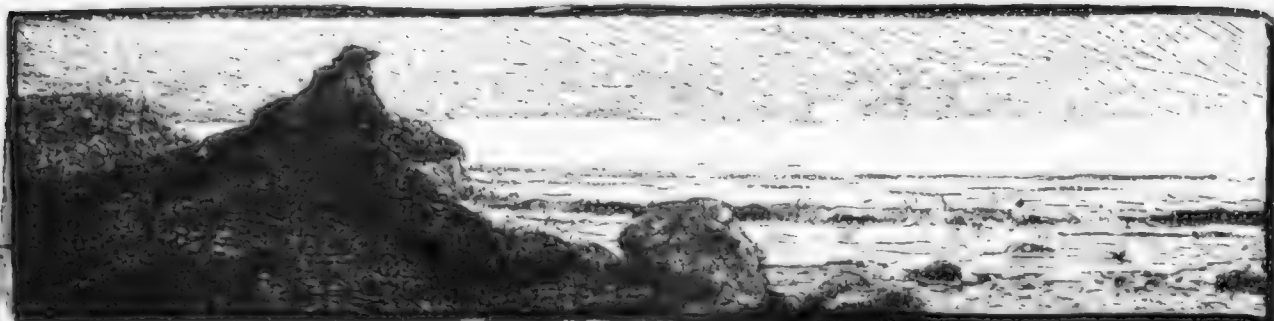
Presently, opposite their neighbors' partners comes the chance to display their spirit and agility, and many a wild capering step is done by the lads with arm in air and a whirl of the tartans, while the lasses, more modest, with downcast look, hold back their skirts daintily as they foot it with toe and heel. Faster and faster the music gathers, faster flies the dance with its changing steps, again and again, with the threading of eights and the Highland fling, while cheeks take flame, eyes flash wildly, and the barn-floor shakes in rhythm. More and more breathless grow lasses and lads, but no one will yield to stop, till at last, with a wild whoop, they fling themselves altogether upon the straw, and the music slowly runs out.

Again and again it will be renewed, with the wilder Reel o' Hulochan for a change, or some wonderful old-fashioned country dance; and only some time in the morning, long after the old folk have gone to bed, will the merry party break up, tired but delighted, to go home in twos and threes along the hills. And the cobwebs of study shall have been blown, like the dead leaves of the woods, to limbo.

A FORMIDABLE WOMAN.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE belonged, as everybody knows, to a distinguished theological family. Her sister Catharine was a great authority on the question of Free Agency, and the report of her learning startled a German professor into irreverence. The following is the anecdote, related in some recent memoirs: "A certain eminent theological professor of New England, visiting a distinguished German theologian and speaking of this production, said: 'The ablest refutation of Edwards on "The Will" which was ever written is the work of a woman, the daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher.' The worthy Teuton raised both hands in undisguised astonishment. 'You have a woman that can write an able refutation of Edwards on "The Will"? God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America!'"

THE EXILE.



Tell me, now, six hours ago
 In passing Paris, did you see
 My chamber in the rue Soufflot
 The corner one, our quiet home
 Are all things as they used to be
 The bed, the clock, that did not go
 The desk where in the days gone by
 We read together you and I?
 Answer me, for you surely know
 Who saw them but six hours ago.

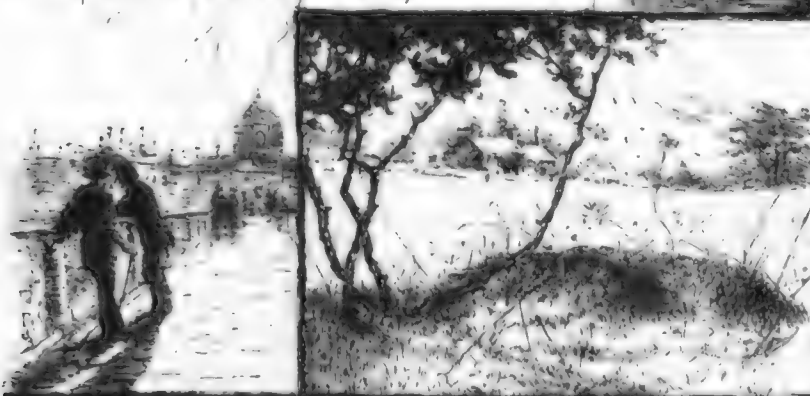


As down the Boulevard Saint Michel
 You sauntered, did you pass Soufflot
 Where I often, you remember well,
 We talked and tipped our caps as we went?
 And tell me, is our garcon there?
 And have you been to the Voltaire
 That mourns the loss of Laboulaye?
 Answer me, for you surely know
 Who saw them but six hours ago.

Tell me again, six hours ago
 In dear old England did you pass
 A little cottage? Does the vine
 In summer splendour still entwine
 The walls and windows; does the grass
 Grow green as when in days gone by
 We were not strangers you and I?
 Answer me, for you surely know
 Who saw them but six hours ago.

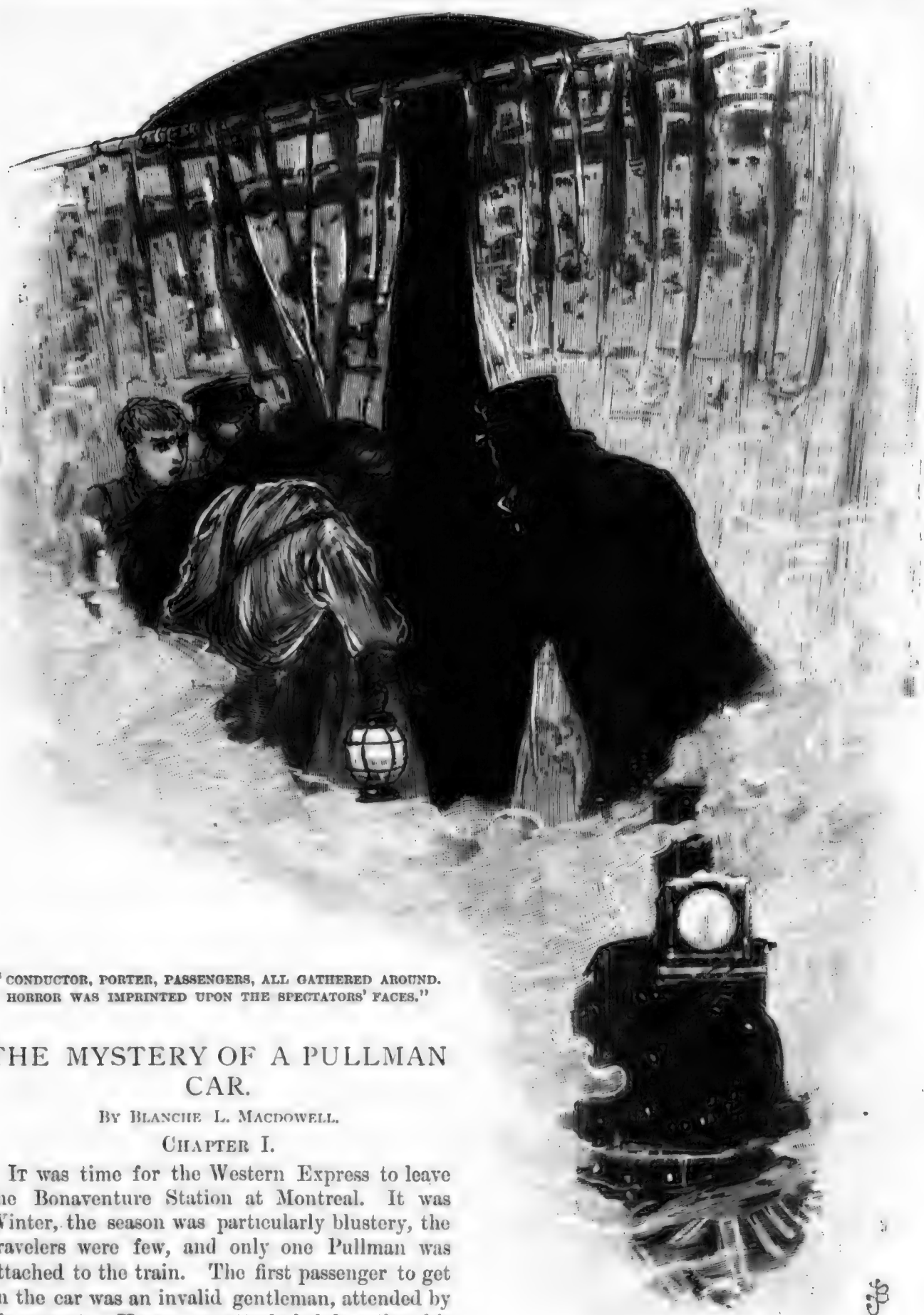
The Pont des Arts, the brawling Seine,
 Once more we cross them side by side:
 The dreams I would call back again
 Have vanished with the ebbing tide.
 I watch the waters where they run
 But show me in the depths below
 The friendships of my student days
 Where are they? Surely you must know
 Who passed them but six hours ago.

Did you not see two little mounds
 Where peacefully my dogs repose,
 Near to the old familiar sounds
 And shaded by a wild dog rose?
 Tiptoe thy radiance where they lie,
 They loved it not my Esquimaux
 But tell me will the flowers grow
 Around their gravelets by and by?
 Answer me, for you surely know
 Who saw them but six hours ago.



When it the chilly winter-time,
 You pass their lowly resting place
 Midst boughs and bushes clothed in rings
 Shipe sweetly on the driven snow,
 They loved it, my poor esquimaux:
 For seeing it they thought of home
 As I do looking on thy face,
 And will do always, though I roam
 Farther, for ever I shall know
 You passed it some few hours ago.





"CONDUCTOR, PORTER, PASSENGERS, ALL GATHERED AROUND.
HORROR WAS IMPRINTED UPON THE SPECTATORS' FACES."

THE MYSTERY OF A PULLMAN CAR.

BY BLANCHE L. MACDOWELL.

CHAPTER I.

It was time for the Western Express to leave the Bonaventure Station at Montreal. It was Winter, the season was particularly blustery, the travelers were few, and only one Pullman was attached to the train. The first passenger to get on the car was an invalid gentleman, attended by his servant. He was so utterly helpless that his arrival created quite a commotion. A group of curious spectators gathered to watch him lifted on; the negro porters and two train-hands were pressed into the service. With some difficulty he was at length settled in his berth. This Mr.

Vol. XXIX., No. 4—26.

"IT WAS A TEMPESTUOUS NIGHT, THE WIND RAVED AND HOWLED, THE SNOW DRIFTED INTO MASSIVE BANKS AND PEAKED DRIFTS, THE ENGINE MOVED SLOWLY."

Rathbon, from the accounts given of him by his attendants, appeared to be an object worthy of commiseration. He was an English gentleman of fortune and position, who had been terribly injured in a railway accident; he was paralyzed and almost blind, his eyes being screened from the light by a large green silk shade, and he constantly suffered excruciating agonies from his shattered nerves. He was traveling for his health, had been for some time in Montreal, and was now going West.

The other passengers consisted of two commercial travelers; a young girl of sixteen going to Toronto to school; Frank Carter, a young lawyer from Montreal, who was going up to attend his sister's wedding; and a very handsome, majestic English woman, attended by a younger lady. The older woman appeared to be about thirty, was dressed with simple elegance, her furs being superb. Her companion was an excessively pretty English girl. Frank Carter, the lawyer, recognized the pair, having often seen them at the Windsor Hotel, where Mrs. Mervyn had spent some months. Nothing was known of her except that she lived luxuriously and avoided making any acquaintances. This lady reserved for herself an entire section, her companion, Miss Travers, sleeping in a berth above that occupied by the young girl. Mr. Rathbon had the next section, his servant being located directly opposite, above one of the commercials. After the train had left Cornwall, the lights were turned out, and absolute quiet reigned in the Pullman.

It was a tempestuous night, the wind raved and howled, the snow drifted into massive banks and peaked drifts, the engine moved slowly. The gray Winter's morning had broadened into daylight when Miss Alice Travers awakened. She rather wondered that the lady, who suffered greatly from insomnia, had not called her. In the meanwhile, one of the commercials, who was dressing, was engaged in a vigorous search for a boot, and feeling his hand come in contact with something slimy on the floor, sprang upright—his hand was covered with blood. Miss Travers drew back the curtains. Mrs. Mervyn lay quite still. She was dressed in a crimson dressing-gown, profusely trimmed with lace; a heavy fur-lined mantle was thrown over her. As Miss Travers touched her, involuntarily a sharp cry broke from her lips, which instantly aroused all the occupants of the car.

"Good God! she is dead!" cried the girl, excitedly.

Right through the heart of the dead woman ran a sharp, slender poniard, which had been driven into the flesh right up to the hilt. Apparently she had died without a struggle; the expression of her face was perfectly calm. Conductor, porter,

passengers, all gathered around. Horror was imprinted upon the spectators' faces; each one regarded the other with suspicion; a terrible crime had been committed in their midst, and who was the murderer? The conductor at once telegraphed to the police at Toronto, and Mr. Rathbon was so overcome by the terrible circumstance that he was seized with violent convulsions, his cries and groans adding not a little to the horror of the scene.

"Would you like me to telegraph to your friends?" Mr. Carter inquired of Miss Travers, who had appeared quite stunned by the shock.

"I have no friends on this side of the Atlantic. I am an orphan, and entirely alone in the world."

Carter was a kind-hearted, chivalrous fellow. He was deeply touched by the poor girl's forlorn position.

"You must allow me for the time to assume the place of a friend," he said, earnestly. "My mother and sister live in Toronto. They are the warmest-hearted people in the world, and they will be glad to show you every kindness."

Two detectives boarded the train at Parkdale, a suburb of Toronto. Orders were given that no one should leave the car before it had been thoroughly searched. The negro porter, nearly beside himself with hysterical excitement, shouted voluble protestations of innocence; the sick man lay in a deathlike lethargy of exhaustion. There was not an inch of the Pullman that was not thoroughly examined, as well as the personal effects of the passengers, which mostly consisted of toilet-bags, shawl-straps and railway-rugs, and the most diligent scrutiny failed to reveal the slightest clew to the mystery. There was no trace of a struggle; the bedclothes were not even disarranged. On the arrival of the train at Toronto, the body of the murdered woman was removed to a hotel in the vicinity of the Union Station, where an inquest was immediately held, the passengers, still under police surveillance, being all required to attend.

Miss Travers was the first witness. She had been Mrs. Mervyn's companion for nearly a year. The orphan daughter of an English clergyman, she had come to the United States in search of employment, and in answer to an advertisement for a traveling-companion had applied to Mrs. Mervyn, at that time boarding at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. The relations between them had always been of the most pleasant description. Mrs. Mervyn appeared to be wealthy, was extremely liberal, but her companion had no idea from what sources her employer's income was derived. Her habits were regular; she made no acquaintances; wrote few letters, and always posted them herself; scarcely ever received one. She was excessively reticent, never alluded to her

past, and never spoke of friends or connections. She was very nervous and suspicious; the witness fancied that she was haunted by a constant dread; had suspected that Mrs. Mervyn indulged in opium, but was not positive of the fact; was of the opinion that the murder must have been committed for purposes of robbery. There was a small leather sachel, of which Mrs. Mervyn always took charge herself, missing. A number of costly rings were missed from the dead woman's fingers. Under her dress the lady always wore a necklace. She herself had assured Miss Travers that the ornaments were paste, and valuable only for the associations attached to them, but from their size and lustre the witness had concluded that they were valuable jewels. Had slept soundly all night; could form no suspicion of any one.

The conductor and porter gave testimony that they had passed through the car frequently during the night; had seen nothing to arouse suspicion. It would be impossible for any one to enter the car without their knowledge. The negro's frantic excitement drew suspicion upon him, but from the evidence given by the conductor and train-hands, it seemed quite impossible that he could have been the author of the crime.

Miriam Somers had awakened once during the night; had looked out, and fancied that the curtains of Mrs. Mervyn's section moved; saw a tall form dressed in a cloak like the one she had seen on that lady; had naturally concluded that it was the lady herself; could not be positive that it was not a dream; had not heard Miss Travers move all night.

John Barnes, servant to Mr. Rathbon, deposed that twice during the night he had risen to see if his master required his services, and each time, finding that gentleman sleeping quietly, had returned to his rest; had heard nothing to alarm him during the night; had often seen the two ladies at the Windsor Hotel, where he was stopping with his master; had heard the servants remark that the English lady must be very rich; was himself well known in Montreal; had relatives there; had been employed in the General Hospital for three years; had been in his present position three months; had been engaged by Mr. Rathbon because that gentleman's former attendant was ill, and obliged to return to England; his employer had made many friends in Montreal; when free from pain was very sociable; was a kind and liberal master.

There were no papers or letters in Mrs. Mervyn's trunks that could furnish the slightest clue to her identity. If suspicion touched any one, it was Miss Travers, but nothing could be proved against her. A verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown was brought in. Later, it was found out that the sum of \$10,000

was lodged to Mrs. Mervyn's credit in the Bank of Montreal, but the most searching inquiries failed to obtain any information regarding her antecedents or connections.

Miss Travers found herself a stranger in a strange land, utterly desolate under most trying circumstances. During the terrible ordeal she behaved with great courage, but when it was over, she began really to feel the effects of the shock. Her bewilderment was illuminated by flashes of consternation. She found herself without power to anticipate, much less decide, what was to come next. In this emergency young Carter showed himself a true friend. He brought his mother to visit the desolate girl, and the old lady invited Miss Travers to make her own house her home as long as it suited her to do so.

CHAPTER II.

It had been Alice Travers's intention at once to seek a new situation. When she announced her determination, Mrs. Carter, a kind, motherly soul, who had taken a violent fancy to the English girl, made her a proposal. Since her daughter's marriage, the old lady had decided upon making her home with her son in Montreal. She was in delicate health, and required a good deal of attention—would Miss Travers remain as her companion? She would be treated in all respects like a daughter.

For two years Alice lived in the Carters' pleasant home, and in the serenity of a tranquil existence somewhat recovered from the effect of the tragic occurrences of the past. Frank Carter, who from the first had been greatly attracted by the gentle girl, had decided upon asking her to become his wife, when a new character appeared upon the scene, abruptly shattering the young man's hopes of happiness and molding the fate of Alice in a fashion directly opposed to anything that she had ever imagined.

A French capitalist, who had come to Canada for the purpose of finding profitable investments, had business relations with Frank Carter, and in that way established a sort of intimacy with the family.

This Léon de Léry was said to have made an enormous fortune in South America. He brought excellent letters of introduction, and being an accomplished man of the world, clever, brilliant, fascinating, was much courted by both English and French society in Montreal. The surprise of his friends was very great when it was announced that the French millionaire was about to marry Mrs. Carter's companion. The engagement was a short one, and the turn of Fortune's wheel, which suddenly elevated the penniless English girl to a lofty pinnacle of worldly success, seemed

very extraordinary. M. de Léry was the most ardent of lovers, the most indulgent and considerate of husbands. Alice's new existence appeared like a fairy tale; she had only to form a wish, instantly to have it realized.

A few days after, hunting in a cabinet belonging to her husband for an account which she wished to settle, Mme. de Léry found a ring. She carried it to the light and examined it curiously. She turned white as ashes. It was a ruby of



IN THE TENNESSEE BLUE-GRASS.—STATUE OF GEN. ANDREW JACKSON, AT NASHVILLE.—SEE PAGE 407.

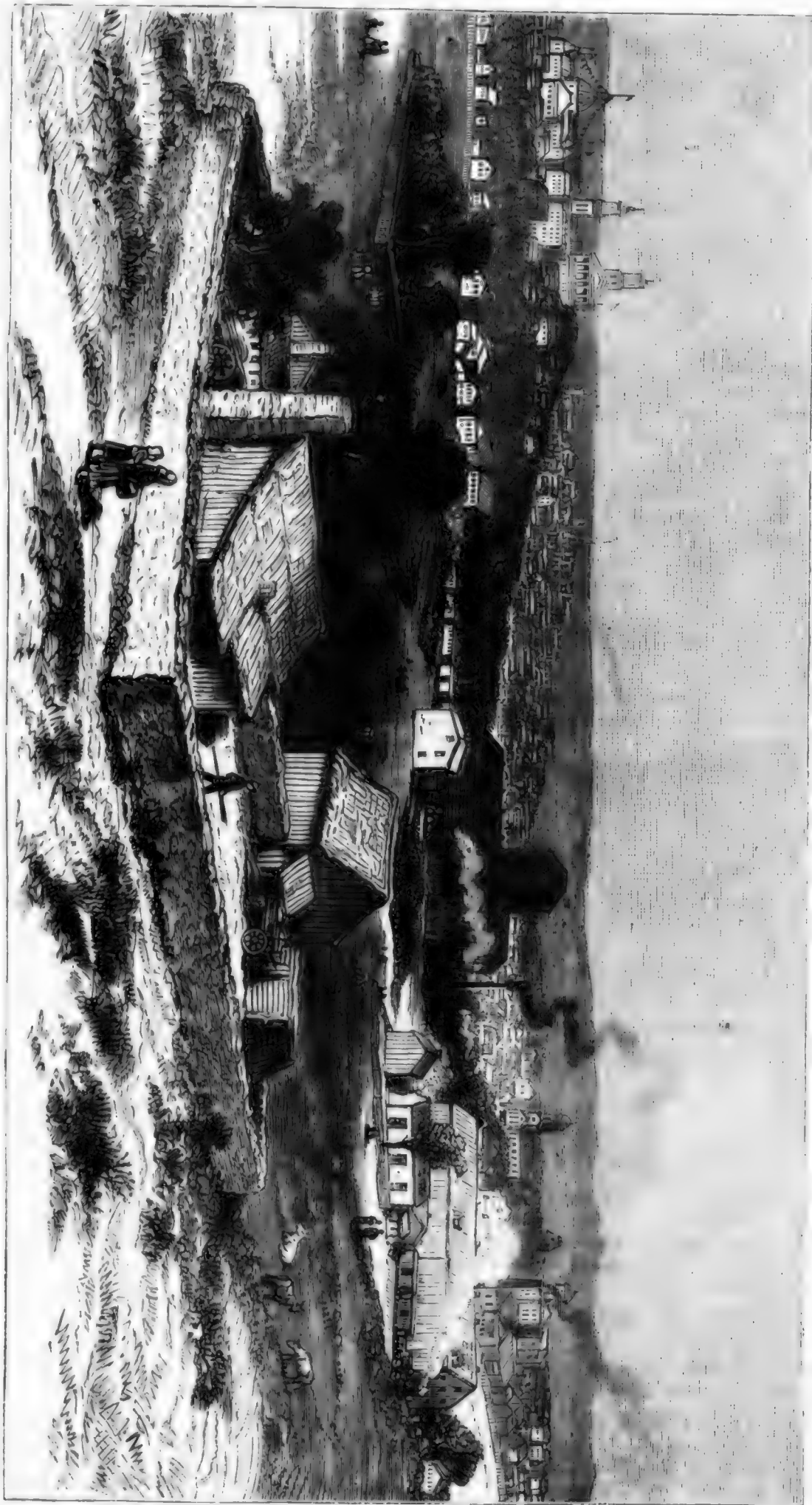
"I am a genuine Cinderella. Shall I awaken some day to find myself in the ashes?" she once exclaimed, merrily. Then the first frown which she had yet seen darkened her husband's brow.

"The true philosophy is to accept the good of the moment," he replied, somewhat coldly.

great size, and exactly like one worn constantly by Mrs. Mervyn. She sought her husband, crying, impulsively:

"Léon, the sight of this ring has quite upset me. Is it yours?"

De Léry stretched out his hand for the jewel.



VIEW OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

"Certainly."

Then, as he listened to her explanations, he smiled indulgently.

"Your imagination has played you a trick, little wife. It would require keener eyes than yours to detect differences in stones of equal size and weight."

Alice was silent. An unpleasant impression still lingered on her mind.

Mme. de Léry's grand ball was decidedly the social event of the season; indeed, it was said that so splendid an entertainment had never before been given in Montreal. The blonde English beauty of the hostess was heightened by her exquisite Parisian toilet. Her husband regarded her with an air of satisfied pride.

"My queen, you only require the glimmer of jewels to render you perfect."

He opened a jewel-case, and clasped a necklace of sparkling diamonds around her slender throat.

"Many an aristocratic dame in Europe would sell her soul for such diamonds as those!" he exclaimed, proudly.

Alice grew white to the lips; a convulsive shudder shook her from head to foot: it was on her lips to say that she hated diamonds, the recollections connected with them were so unpleasant; but it seemed such an ungracious manner in which to receive the princely gift, that she retained sufficient self-control to keep silent.

In the preoccupation which her duties as hostess entailed upon her, Mme. de Léry failed to notice the absence of her husband from the room. Later, when the guests had departed, looking around the deserted rooms, still odorous with flowers and brilliant with lights, she remembered that she had not seen him since early in the evening. None of the servants could give any information concerning him. Tired and perplexed, the lady retired to her own room. As she was replacing her jewels in their case, she found, pinned to the satin lining, a tiny scrap of paper, containing the following lines:

"DEAREST ALICE: Fate, which no man can control, obliges me to leave you. If I should not return within a week, never waste a thought on me. I do not blame myself for having sought your love; I have made you happy, and have endeavored to secure your future. For your own sake as well as mine, I earnestly conjure you to make no effort to penetrate the mystery of my disappearance. Trust nobody but the Carters, who will be good friends to you. Believe me, dear, I have loved you truly since the first moment my eyes rested upon your sweet face.
Yours, L. DE L."

At first Alice utterly failed to realize the situation. Her first idea was that a practical joke was intended; but that was so entirely at variance with her husband's character, that she instantly dismissed the suspicion. The strangeness of it all smote her heart with a deeper pang than the

hour's horror had yet given her. She had suddenly come to a dead pause. Past and future were dissociated by this dreadful event. Had her husband suddenly been stricken with madness? Was it a cruel hoax? An instinctive longing for some one to stand by her in this emergency came over the forlorn and desolate creature. Early next morning she sought Mrs. Carter. Days freighted with pain and anxiety passed on, but time brought no solution of the mystery. M. de Léry's conduct was inexplicable. His pecuniary affairs were in perfect order. Should he never return, his wife would be handsomely provided for.

Perhaps a month later, Frank Carter visited New York on business. While there, he was thrown into contact with a clever American detective, who was at the time much elated by the capture he had lately made of a gang of "crooks," the most skillful criminals, he declared, who had ever entered the United States.

"Old countrymen, all of them," he insisted. "We don't produce that kind here. If it had not been for a woman's jealousy we should never have caught them at all. We missed the leader, the sharpest crook it has ever been my fortune to hear of. When he found he was trapped, he just disappeared as though he had sunk into the earth. He belonged to a good English family, and had had a university education. He trained a band of criminals, forgers, counterfeiters, burglars, and reigned over them like a king. Devil Dick he was called, because he seemed to have the devil's own luck. He had a positive genius for what actors term 'making up,' and the cool audacity of the fellow was something marvelous. Once, dressed as a workman, with his basket of tools on his arm, he walked into the Capitalists' Bank in New York, and throwing the basket upon the floor, stood upon it, coolly sweeping off \$5,000 before the teller's eyes, and disappeared before the bank official had recovered from his consternation. You must have heard of the Pullman-car murder, committed between Montreal and Toronto? It made a great sensation."

"I happened to be on the very car."

"Then you will be interested in hearing that we have at last found a clew to the mystery. Mrs. Mervyn had for years been a member of this very gang. I believe myself that she was Devil Dick's lawful wife; she certainly was the only one who ever ventured to defy his authority. He was a handsome fellow, irresistible with women and with a decided weakness for a pretty face, and his wife was furiously jealous. A very clever robbery had been carried out at the Hôtel de Callière, in Paris. The Duchesse de Callière was robbed of diamonds worth \$80,000. The jewels were given into this woman's keeping, and after

a violent quarrel with her husband she disappeared with them. He tracked her all over the world. You remember the invalid Mr. Rathbon? That was no less than Devil Dick himself. His presence in Montreal was signaled by a series of the most daring and successful burglaries. Devil Dick punished his wife's treachery, and recovered possession of the jewels. The conductor and one of the train-hands were members of his gang. The jewels once secured, they passed them to a confederate outside, at one of the way-stations. We caught five of these fellows; they all deserve hanging, but I don't know if they will get it. I have a conviction that we will never take Devil Dick alive. Handsome fellow, isn't he?"

As Carter looked down upon the photograph, he turned pale and sick. In the delicate, almost effeminate features, the languid, supercilious smile, he instantly recognized Léon de Léry.

He never told Alice of the discovery he had made; he knew it would only add to her pain. The following Spring, when the ice on the St. Lawrence broke up, a body, recognized by the watch and the clothes as being that of M. de Léry, was brought to the surface by the Spring freshets. So Devil Dick was reverently buried, wept and mourned for as though he had been the best of men. Even after Alice became Frank Carter's happy wife, she still cherished a tender memory of her first love.

IN THE TENNESSEE BLUE-GRASS.

BY WILLIAM H. BALLOU.

NOTWITHSTANDING the several histories of Tennessee—none of which are adequate, and, it is generally claimed, should not have been written—the origin of that Commonwealth, one of the last to enter the original Union and one of the last to leave it, is singular, and exceptional of all the States. Evan Shelby, afterward a general under Washington; Isaac Shelby, his son, and afterward the first Governor of Kentucky, and John Sevier, who became the first Governor of Tennessee, were the pioneers. They came on horseback from Virginia in 1769, and encamped on Watauga River, in Upper Tennessee. Such was the beginning of the first settlement west of the Alleghanies.

On the geological map of Tennessee is a large blue area indicating the Trenton period of the Lower Silurian age. This area comprises about 3,000 square miles, and is known as the Blue-grass region of Tennessee. At its north end stands Nashville, and at its southern extremity, Columbia, two of the most historic points of the State, and which have given the nation two Presidents, Jackson and Polk. In this marvelous area

the climates of the continent blend, and every material product of our national soil grows in luxury and profusion, uninterrupted by extreme cold or heat, and unsurpassed in quality and quantity. Utterly impoverished by the disastrous war, it has speedily arisen to become perhaps the richest section of the globe. It is termed the middle basin of Tennessee, in which blue-grass grows in profusion and farming is devoted chiefly to diversified crops and fine stock-raising. The woodlands and underbrush are all cleaned and seeded with blue-grass, which affords the finest pasturage. The blue-grass may or may not be as fine as that of Kentucky, but the country is better watered, the Winters milder and better adapted to raising fine blooded stock. While there are no large fortunes, men are in easy circumstances, and live more at their country homes than elsewhere in the world. On all radii out from Nashville are numerous hospitable homes, and the gentry have each one or more stables and their pack of hounds with which to enjoy the chase of deer and fox.

Leading out of Nashville are many noted pikes, all of which are more or less celebrated. On the Lebanon Pike is located the Hermitage of Andrew Jackson, and on the Harding, the Belle Meade Farm. The original settlers on the Harding Pike were John Harding, Mr. Bosley and Willoughby Williams, comprising six miles of great estates. The owners of these estates to-day are General W. H. and Judge H. E. Jackson, proprietors of Belle Meade; Mrs. Archie Cheatham, of Cliff Lawn, a niece of John Harding; and Mrs. Lemuel Whitworth, a granddaughter of Mr. Bosley, and the descendant Williams on the original Williams place.

Belle Meade, the largest and typical estate, lies in the basin, on Richland Creek, a beautiful, clear stream of water, surrounded by noble hills and broad valley lands, deep-set in blue-grass. The farm comprises 5,250 acres, quite equally divided between the two owners, or better, perhaps, their wives. It has a park of 460 acres in which are from 200 to 300 deer, nearly as wild as in their native state. Improvements have been extensively made here since the war, largely in preparation for the care of thoroughbred horses. On the place are about 100 brood-mares, besides celebrated stallions. Here have lived the celebrities Bonnie Scotland, Priam, Vandal, Jack Malone and Glencoe; and to-day, with their beautiful forms, poetic limbs and glossy coats, Luke Blackburn, Iroquois, Inquirer, Great Tom, Bramble and Plenipo. There are sixty yearling colts, which no doubt will sell on average for from \$600 to \$1,000. On the outer lines are twenty-four miles of stone fencing; on the highlands, blue-grass and grazing; in the lowlands, corn, oats

and hay, all of which latter is fed on the place. In addition to the blooded stock are fine New Hampshire and Vermont Morgan mares and stallions for the breeding of roadsters; a large herd of Shetland ponies, Cashmere goats, flocks of Southdown sheep, and herds of blooded cattle for beef and milk. There are two immense creameries, producing over a half-ton of the most delicious butter each month, and which I inspected and tested with envy. Most of the hired labor on the estate

comprise the former slaves of General Harding, who could not be lured away from the place, and are so kindly treated that the labor problem has no existence in this retreat: and which is true of all the homes of the gentry. Belle Meade has its own saw and grist mills, carpenter and blacksmith shops, equipped with a full force. When the war broke out there were herds of sixty buffalo and thirty elk, which the Federal soldiers found well adapted to banquets. Here, too, are great orchards, producing all the finest fruits, and affording a large surplus for the market.

On the Franklin Pike, and within six miles of Nashville, are the magnificent farms of Judge



THE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE.

John M. Lees, John Overton, Van Kirkman and John Thompson.

On the Gallatin Pike are many farms, the principal estate, and one of the largest in Tennessee, being that owned by the Hon. Jere. Baxter, and known as Maplewood. Maplewood comprises some 1,400 acres, mostly devoted to Holstein and Jersey cattle, as well as to blooded running and trotting horses. The estate represents an investment of over a quarter of a million dollars. Maplewood has a large and com-

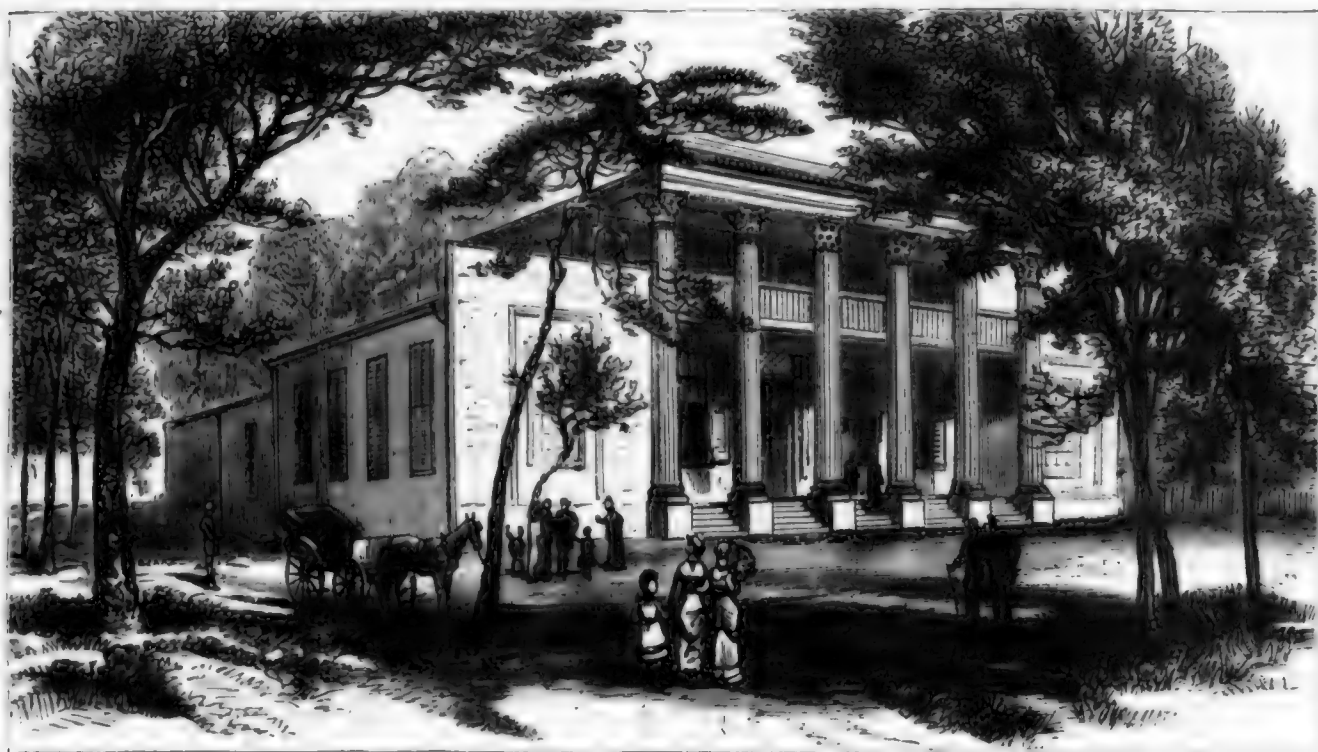
modious residence, and nowhere are there more evidences of culture, such as Greek statuary, Japanese embroidery, and curiosities from every clime, and a large library of rare works. The proprietor of Maplewood is a self-made man, and to-day one of the most enterprising citizens and owner of the largest block in Nashville. He donated twelve acres of valuable land for the Masonic Orphan Asylum. He built and owns the Baxter Block in Nashville, one of the world's largest office-buildings, and the most imposing edifice in the city. Mr. Baxter will probably be the next Governor of Tennessee. His income from his business is upward of \$50,000 per year.



ANDREW JACKSON'S LOG-CABIN, AND RELICS PRESERVED AT THE HERMITAGE.



THE TOMB OF JACKSON, AND CANOPY PROTECTING IT.



THE HERMITAGE.

The Hermitage comprises nearly 700 acres of land, owned by the State, but for many years it was not well preserved. It is now occupied by the grandson of General Jackson, and soon will be erected here a home for the Confederate dead by the Ladies' Hermitage Association, similar to that caring for Mount Vernon. The association is repairing the mansion, restoring the tomb, adorning and beautifying the grounds, preserving the relics and furniture, and making the place a

Mecca for visitors. The American people, each one of whom has as much pride and ownership of Old Hickory as any Tennessean can possibly have, will be glad to know that the Hermitage is to be so well cared for. The mansion is the old style, common everywhere South, with high pillars and double porticoes. The granite tomb and columns are well preserved, and there is a grand old drive leading to the house from the pike, bordered with rows of spreading trees. The greatest curiosity



ROOM IN THE HERMITAGE IN WHICH JACKSON DIED.

here is the original log-house in which the general lived. Other curiosities on the place are the old spring-house, the negro quarters, and the chair of General Washington in the drawing-room of the mansion. Near the Hermitage is the Clover Bottom Race-course, at which Jackson and contemporaries raced their thoroughbred horses. The Hermitage Club of Nashville was named after this estate. Before reaching the Hermitage, on the pike from Nashville are the notable estates of James Taylor, David McGarvock and John Harding, who married the sister of Judge H. E. and General W. H. Jackson.

The remaining pikes comprise Nolanville, Murfreesborough, Granny, White, Charlotte, Hyde's Ferry, etc., on which are many beautiful estates. In Williamson County are numerous fine farms for twenty miles along the Franklin Pike. Of these, the most celebrated is that owned by Major Campbell, at Spring Hill, near Franklin, where are bred the finest Jersey cattle.

The most noted landmark in Nashville is the old residence of ex-President James K. Polk, wherein Mrs. Polk still lives, together with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Fall, the latter being her niece, and Miss Sadie Polk Fall, her grandniece. Mrs. Polk is now eighty-four years old, in good health and the enjoyment of life. She relates an unpublished incident concerning her husband. When Mr. Polk was a candidate for Governor against James C. Jones, the campaign was very like that between Lincoln and Douglas. Jones was an unknown and raw farmer, who had been sent to the Legislature, where he found he could make a speech. He was put on the Harrison ticket as an Elector. He made sufficient reputation, so that he was next pitted against Polk for the Gubernatorial race. Mrs. Polk states that after her husband had canvassed West Tennessee and returned to her, he remarked: "When the election is over we will return to Columbia."

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"I mean that I am about to be defeated."

"Isn't that rather strange?"

"Yes," he replied; "but Jones will be elected by less than 500 majority."

It was even as predicted, showing how closely Mr. Polk knew politics, and there was no better politician in his time. The Polk residence is a large, old-time structure, on the lawn of which is the tomb of the departed President. It is not merely a familiar figure to Nashvillians, but the young men of the country have all heard of it, and not a few of them have been there to pay devotion at the shrine of beauty. Mr. Polk's law-office in Columbia was demolished a few years since to make room for the Bethell House. At that place, as in Nashville, his residence remains, both objects of veneration. Not far to the west

of Columbia are the Polk farms, large estates, where before the war was open house, in which numerous guests, from thirty to fifty, were entertained daily. Those were the days of whole roast oxen, champagne, great feasts and baronial splendors. The church still stands on the farm of the late Andrew Polk, where the families worshiped, but the grand old family mansion on this farm was destroyed by fire. Colonel William Polk, of Revolutionary fame, located a 5,000-acre farm here. He had six sons—the bishop, Leonidas, Lucius J., George W., Rufus K., William J. and Andrew J. George Polk is still living, and occupies the old home. He is now quite old and very much esteemed. The Presidential Polk family belonged to another branch, but located at Columbia, the father being Major Samuel Polk. He had two sons and a daughter—Colonel William, James K., and Jane.

As one walks toward Fort Negley, in Nashville, there is one of the most curious pieces of architecture visible. Undoubtedly it is the only specimen of its peculiar type. This is the Church of the Holy Trinity, an ante-war relic. Very little of the edifice is visible save an imposing front, on one corner of which is an enormous tower capped by an unhoused bell. The tower resembles the defenses of a citadel, having little openings, which in a fort would pass for embrasures. The only openings in this remarkable front are a window of small dimensions and the door-way.

Fort Negley, like that of Meisner at Columbia, was used only as a lookout fortress during the war, there being no fights for possession, and both forces using it alternately, as occasion required, to observe the movements of the enemy at a distance. It was not a strategic point. It is mentioned in this article that future generations may remember that the site of the new magnificent reservoir at Nashville was once Fort Negley. The Columbia parallel must still be carried out, as Fort Parnassus has been utilized for the same purpose in that city. Nashville is about to emerge from the use of Cumberland River water, which has ever left the person more unclean after using than before, and have a system supplied with clean liquid taken from a responsible source.

Nashville had 46,000 inhabitants when the census was taken in 1880, but to-day there are 110,000.* Its growth is quite as marvelous as

* STATISTICS OF NASHVILLE.—There are 2,576 business houses, of which 728 are manufactories. There are \$20,000,000 invested in manufactories—\$2,000,000 in machinery. There are 7,300 skilled laborers employed. The wholesale trade amounts annually to \$115,000,000, employing over 700 druggists. It is the hardware, drug and dry-goods centre of the South. Of the 360 radii of the circle with a diameter of 240 miles, of which Nashville is the centre, 110 span inexhaustible fields of iron-ore,

the much advertised cities of the West, but Southern modesty, or, rather, Tennessee modesty, has prevented this fact from becoming known. The city is noted for many reasons, chiefly, one must admit, for the beauty of its fair sex, the type of whose loveliness is exceptional and singular on this continent. Like Kentucky, Tennessee is noted for its women, fast horses and whisky—the fast horse being the boasted product of the blue-grass region.

As the traveler approaches Columbia, the country is rolling, intersected by hog-backs, but which generally have the same quality of soil as the lowlands. The entire distance between Columbia along the Louisville and Nashville Railway is rich in glorious views and natural wealth. Columbia is in the lower arc of the blue-grass section. This grass has a deceptive name, being green, and not materially different in appearance from timothy, except that it is undoubtedly the most luxuriant and nutritious of all grasses. No doubt it owes its strength to the immense deposits of shell-marl beneath it, which is the best of fertilizers, and as such practically indestructible. Around Columbia the country is everywhere penetrated by magnificent pikes, as at Nashville, which afford endless drives past vast farms, and groves of enormous maples, poplars, oaks and indigenous trees, which become larger and larger in size as one approaches the Tennessee River. At Columbia, everything visible is beautiful and graceful, whether it be the superb farm-girl, world-traveled and refined; the horse, unparalleled in strength, pace and pedigree; the cattle, sheep, trees, landscape, homes, and much that is animate and inanimate. Climb with me up Mount Parnassus, that hill builded by the inhabitants of lost oceans, and within a diameter of sixty miles I will show you the rise and fall of hills, clad in the grandeur of their green, of stately streams caressed, and of the haze all robed in blue, like all weddings of the year, in one assemblage, kirk-messed, beautiful.

Columbia* was brought into prominence last

and 50, exhaustless fields of coal. The International Mineral and Metallic Exposition will be held here in 1890. The institutions comprise the Vanderbilt and Fisk Universities, Ward's and Price's Female Schools, Nashville School for the Blind, in which are some 40 pupils, a charity maintained largely by Judge John M. Lee; and the Mehary Medical College, the only institution of the kind for negroes in the world. Six railroads, forming the Louisville and Nashville system, centre here, and connect the city with New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans. There is also the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, connecting the city with the the South-east. Other lines are in process of formation.

* STATISTICS CONCERNING COLUMBIA.—The city has a fair-ground, and race-track for the training of fast pacers. It is a cotton centre, and has a prosperous cotton factory.

year by an Act of Congress to erect an arsenal there, and make it the leading distributing-point of munitions of war. It is a beautiful little city of some 5,000 inhabitants, which aspires, with much reason, to be the intellectual centre of Tennessee. The Tennessee State Chautauqua holds annual sessions here, and in May the National Scotch-Irish Association will deliberate. Columbia has two of the best schools for girls—the Institute and the Athenæum. These noble institutions, which have done much for a half-century to mold the Southern woman, are located on high grounds with beautiful lawns, shaded by large maples and poplars.

The old Bank of Tennessee Building still stands at Columbia, on Main Street. It was constructed in 1839, and was once a powerful institution in the State. There are many reminiscences about Columbia destined to invest it with historic interest. Not only was it at one time the home of President Polk: Thomas H. Benton practiced law there. Thomas was a colonel in Andrew Jackson's army, and it was he whom the general sent to Washington on horseback to make peace with the Secretary of War for Jackson's disobedience. He was successful, but on his arrival at Nashville he found that Jackson had been acting as second for an opponent of his brother in a duel, and declined to speak to him. The result was a duel in a saloon, in which both were wounded. They did not speak again for a quarter of a century, until Benton was United States Senator and Jackson President. Then Benton, after a hard fight, got a previous censure of Jackson by the Senate removed, and thereafter they were the closest friends for life.

Stanley Matthews not only practiced law at Columbia, but kept an inn there. A special statute still remains in force prohibiting him from

Farm-land is held at \$100 and upward per acre, and 4,000 farms in Maury County are valued at over \$8,000,000. There are some 500 varieties of marble, of all sizes and colors, the richest varieties known. The soil is largely calcareous, with red clay, black loam and sand. The product comprises wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, millet, Hungarian and herd's grass, timothy, sorghum, tobacco, cotton, etc. Potatoes yield from 200 to 300 bushels per acre, and there are two and three crops per season raised of all products. Limestone quarries abound. Wheat attains 38 bushels per acre, and the crop is ready to harvest six weeks earlier than in the North. Farmers raise and sell from \$20,000 to \$50,000 worth of mules annually. The product of Maury County last year was 8,000 bales of cotton, 58,000 pounds of tobacco, 78,000 bushels of potatoes, 85,000 bushels of sweet potatoes, 10,000 tons of hay, 1,750,000 bushels of corn, 386,000 bushels of wheat, 125,000 bushels of oats, 5,000 bushels of rye, 14,000 bushels of barley, 20,000 horses, 18,500 mules, 17,000 sheep, 60,000 hogs, 70,000 pounds of wool, 15,500 gallons of milk, 393,000 pounds of butter, 18,000 pounds of cheese, and 70,000 pounds of dressed turkeys.

selling more liquor on Sunday than was necessary. His father-in-law, James Black, of that place, was also grandfather of Henry Waterson. General Gideon J. Pillow lived there, and returned from the Mexican War with the rank of major-general. Here, too, emanated the Hon. A. O. P. Nicholson, doctor, lawyer, State legislator, State Senator, United States Senator, United States Supreme Judge, and editor. The unhappy Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, lies buried near Columbia. When a very young man he was a favorite with Thomas Jefferson, who, on account of the extreme melancholy of the youth, sent him to the Rocky Mountains on an exploring expedition. The trip did not effect any good result, and on his return, Lewis was appointed Governor of Louisiana, with headquarters at St. Louis. In a fit of melancholy he set out on horseback for Memphis, then Chickasaw Bluffs, from whence he started for Washington by the old Natchez Trace. In Maury County, one night, he put up with some plantation people, who, after he had retired, heard a pistol-shot and found him dead. Parts of the old Natchez



MRS. JAMES K. POLK.

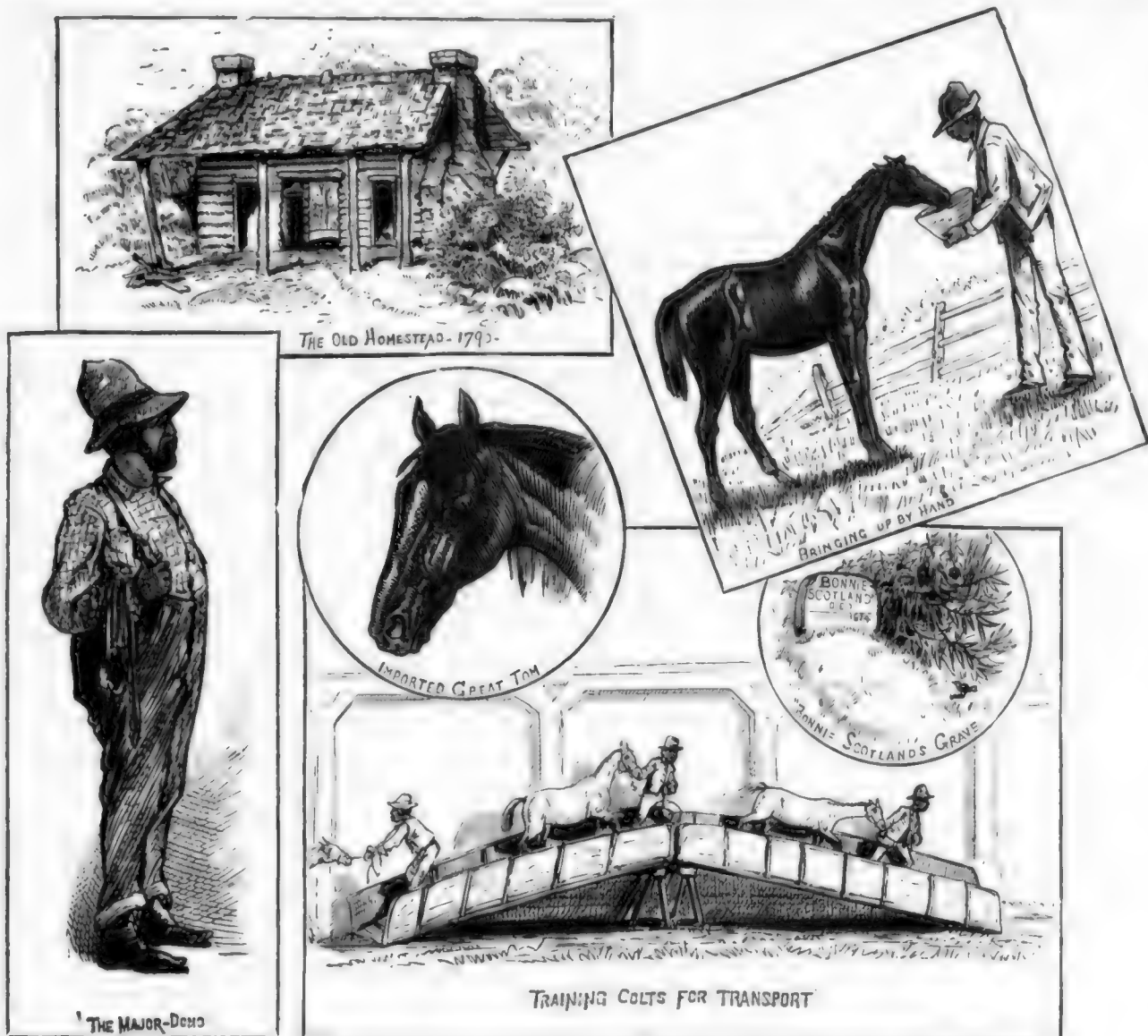
Trace are still visible, from Nashville southward. General Jackson used it, when he went to Pensacola and thrashed the British; and Aaron Burr, when returning from Louisiana.

This is the land of milk and honey; the land of the highest civilization, of the Mound-builders, of the battles of Cherokees, Chickasaws and Shawnees; a land surrounded by a wall of sandstone, underlaid with a floor of limestone, and inlaid with shells of lost oceans; a land of tall, straight cedars, immense hickories, oaks, chestnuts, sugar-maples, poplars, locusts, cherries, walnuts, beeches, lindens; a land of immense beds of hema-

tite ores, free from sulphur and phosphorus; of large streams cutting through the sub-carboniferous strata of the Lower Limestone, and giving ample facilities for obtaining flux for the manufacture of iron. No doubt these same streams washed away the Upper Silurian which crops out on the hill-tops. The immense body of hematite ores extends entirely across the State in a belt forty miles wide. With freedom from deleterious substances, contiguity to water, abundance of limestone, charcoal and timber, and plentiful



HOUSE AND TOMB OF JAMES K. POLK, NASHVILLE.



facilities for transportation, this section invites the attention of the world.

fast thoroughbred running-horses, I found it a great pleasure to listen, while enjoying his hospitality, to what General W. H. Jackson had to say

As this region produces the most noted of the



YEARLINGS AT PLAY

SKETCHES AT BELLE MEADE.

concerning the origin, development and training of these animals to their present advanced condition. General Jackson lives at the Belle Meade Farm, in an old-style Southern mansion of the early Tennessee style, such as characterized the homes of Presidents Jackson and Polk, and which have double porticoes, supported by lofty and massive pillars. On being asked concerning the pedigree of the thoroughbred fast horse, he said: "The animal traces back with certainty, through a long line of distinguished ancestry, to the beautiful and game little creatures which were imported into England from the deserts of Arabia about the middle of the sixteenth century. How they came to Arabia, and by what means they had been brought to the degree of perfection they presented at that early period, I am not able to answer.

"In beauty, the thoroughbred fast horse is without a rival; his coat, fine as satin; his eye, in repose as mild and gentle as a lamb, under excitement as bright as the eagle's and as bold as the lion, denoting the energy of his nature. His skin is thin and elastic as the fawn's; his form, perfect and well placed as beautifully defined muscles can make it. This is his exterior, or that which is visible to the naked eye; but there is also an interior or invisible structure, which constitutes more, perhaps, his powers, than even his exterior, for motion. His large heart and capacious lungs give him the wind of the high-bred hound. His large blood-vessels and soft, thin skin enable him to throw off the excess of heat that must be generated by great and rapid exertion, especially in a heated atmosphere. His muscles are firm and beautifully defined, with bone of ivory texture. All of these combine to give him strength, endurance, action and beauty far exceeding all the equine race."

General Jackson, on suggestion, took up the subject of the human resources brought to bear on the improvement of the horse.

"From the time of the introduction of this horse into England to the present, the best talent of the intelligent breeders has been zealously and energetically employed throughout the world, aided by the leading governments (except our own), to develop and improve this noble animal. There has been no failure. By attention to his comfort, with a liberal supply of proper food from infancy to maturity, his size has been enlarged, consequently his strength and speed increased. Although he was beautiful when brought from Arabia, he has attained such perfection in symmetry and strength, that breeders of the present are puzzled to know what further improvement can be anticipated."

"What do you consider the chief value of the thoroughbred?"

"The thoroughbred's chief mission is to improve all of his race. The pure blood that flows in his veins improves and gives additional value to all the horse family. To the child's pony it imparts more action; to the saddle-horse, more action, durability and style; to the trotter this blood is indispensable, for without it, with all his strength, when pressed, his muscles will tire, and he will grow weak for want of breath—the natural result, not of his exterior formation, but of his defective interior organization. So far as is known, there is no individual fast trotter, nor admitted family of trotters, whose blood is not traceable to the thoroughbred. There is no speed without blood, and I think the inference fair that none can be expected."

"How do you esteem the blood-horse for all-around work?"

"I do not esteem him for such. That would be a misnomer. No such horse or breed exists. The horse is now an inhabitant of all countries, of nearly every clime, in use by all peoples in civilization, under varied and totally different circumstances and for different purposes. Of course, no single animal or breed can be best adapted to a greater variety of uses in all climates than the equine product of some one of those climates. Still, General Harding stated to me, after forty years' experience, that the most durable plow-horse he ever used was the thoroughbred. On a hot day, in high corn (the most severe test for farm stock), he could kill all the horses and mules that would keep up with the blood-horse, without injury to it. The best, most active and durable saddle-horse I have ever owned was a blood-horse. I rode him until he was twenty-four years old, before he ever fell or made a bad blunder, when I set him free, and had the pleasure of providing for his comfort for several years afterward. The best harness-horses I have ever used have been well bred. I find them more sensible, and consequently more safe and reliable. The best mules I have ever worked were from thoroughbred mares. Indeed, no animal is more improved by a dash of blood than the mule; it imparts to him the action and spirit which he so greatly needs."

"Can you give an idea of the power of blood in the horse?"

"We will suppose his weight to be 950 pounds, the usual weight of the race-horse. By the strength of his muscle he carries this weight and that of his rider, 110 pounds, making 1,060 pounds, not on a down-grade, but on a horizontal line, a mile in one minute and thirty-nine and three-fourths seconds, almost equaling the power of steam. Of all animated nature, the feathered tribe alone can equal his speed. If we could imagine a feathered monster of equal weight, I doubt much if he could surpass him in flight. People

not versed in breeding this animal have but an imperfect idea of his history, or all the care and labor bestowed in his propagation from the Arab down to the present time; no human history equals it in point of accuracy, nor human pedigree in points of blood.

"How essential, then, is the race-course to the human family! It is there where the horse has been brought to his high perfection and condition of usefulness. It is easy to judge of the powers and qualities of men by the eye, and all admit the fallibility of such judgment. We can only judge of the intellectual and moral worth of our great men when we view them on the world's stage in competition with each other. Without a race-course, the world would never have known of the great powers of Lexington and Vandal, the horses which have contributed more to the improvement of our blood-horses in later years than any others."

I asked General Jackson to explain the process by which the fast runner is developed. He said: "To breed this running-stock successfully, one requires a knowledge of the English thoroughbred for the past century, and the American thoroughbred since the foundation of this Government; that is, to know what strains of blood, commingled, have produced the best results. The breeder must understand the anatomy of the horse in order to mate sire and dam with the view of correcting the defects in form of either one. Thus, the weak points in racers are being constantly obliterated. After conception, much care is exercised in order that the mare does not get too fat or too poor, one being as objectionable as the other in the production of a strong foal. A fat mare produces a weak and spindling foal. If the weather permits, the mare is permitted to foal in an open lot where there is no running water, else, being feverish, the animal will select a place near the stream, and if the foal falls in, it will be drowned, three inches of water being sufficient to dispatch its life. The foal is gently handled for seven or eight days, when it will take salt from the hand. It is this early handling which is never forgotten in after-life. The foal is afraid of man, and it is at this time that it must be taught that man is its best friend. The same formula applies to the boy. If he is early taught that truth is the basis of character, he will revere and confide in the parent, and never get away from his influence.

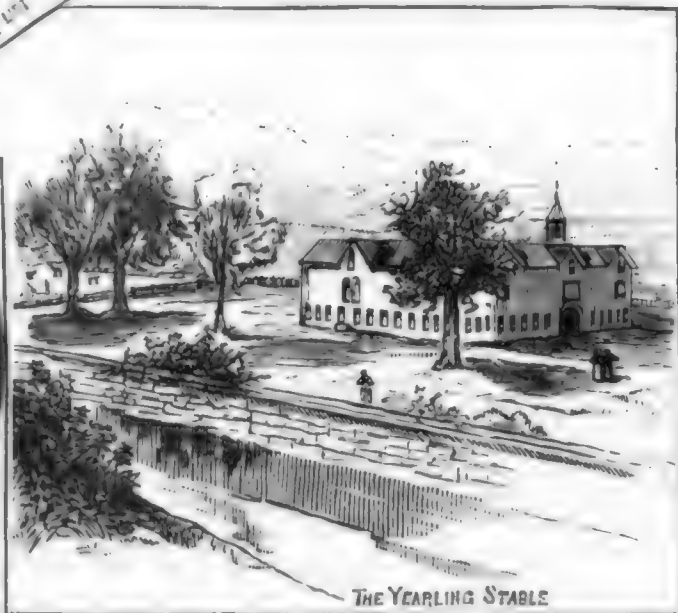
"The mare and foal are turned out in a distant paddock. At the age of two months, the colt is given a little pen, where it is fed on ground barley and oats, which the mare cannot get at, and is relieved of the constant tugging at the dam and strain at her milk. The colt alternately goes to her and the pen for food, and in this lies

the secret, in supplementing her milk, of producing a much larger colt in the yearling. The grain is muscle, sinew and bone producing. Corn is never used, because it is too fattening and too heating. Thus the colt is carefully nurtured until the middle of October when it is weaned. When the weaning takes place, the mare and colt are led into a stall, and placed in the angle of the wall. The colt has the inside place, and several persons crowd the mare against it, where it is held fast by the two walls and the mare. It can breathe, but cannot stir. The stud-groom then goes under the neck of the mare and slips a halter over the colt's head. The little fellow is next turned loose, with some eight feet of rope dangling from its neck. The mare is then milked carefully, and the bag bathed in camphor and salt, and well greased. She is looked after for several days, and the process repeated several times if necessary. Any neglect of this important operation causes the bag to be spoiled. No young mare is permitted to make her first foal in any climate until there is an abundance of grass to distend her lacteal vessels and make her a good milker. The same rule is followed in Tennessee with young cows. After the first foal, the second can be bred as early as it may be convenient.

"After the halter episode, the mare is turned away from the colt. The effect of eight feet of rope on the ground gives the colt its first lesson in obedience. Every time he treads on it, he is compelled to check up. The groom is also enabled to step into the stall and take up the end of the rope without having the trouble to catch the little fellow, and without scaring him. For the first several days after weaning, the colt is gentled by picking up the end of the rope and pulling the head to the left and right, drawing its head to the person and rubbing the head and ear with the hand. After these preliminaries, eight feet more of rope are added to the halter. The colt is next led out and, gently guided about the pasture, allowed to feed on the grass if it will; if not, the groom pulls the grass and feeds it, being careful not to weary the colt in its first lessons. The object of all this care is to teach the future fast horse that man is the friend in whom it can trust. The process is continued until the colt can be left by itself, and be readily caught without alarm and taken to the stall. Plentiful supply of barley or oats, or both, is given, also of hay. The stalls are kept excessively clean, and bedded every day until the annual sale—a horse-fair of the most animated and picturesque character—which occurs about the 1st of May in Tennessee. After the sale the colts are kept for the owners until September, when they are taken to their respective training-stables.

"The yearling is first broken to ride by putting on the halter and saddle in the stable, crossing the stirrup-leathers over the saddle and turning the animal loose in the stable. He is apt to buck at this treatment for some little time, as he might if some one attempted to mount his back. In an hour or two all is quiet, and the colt has become used to its saddle and bridle. The operation is

of the yearling, and leads it along with the boy mounted. The colt is thus broken without knowing it. When broken to the saddle, the yearling is given walking exercise, with slow trots and gallops, and educated gently in that way until October, when he is given a spin of three furlongs to test its speed. The yearling will run as fast at that distance and time as it ever will. The train



ON THE HARDING PIECE.

repeated for several days when the groom goes into the stable. He lets down the left stirrup, putting in his left foot, and rises up, pressing his hand on the saddle, but does not mount. When the yearling is accustomed to this process, he is led out. A boy rises in the stirrup in the same way, and, when the animal is not expecting it, vaults into the saddle. Another man on a gentle horse takes hold of the rope attached to the bridle

ing, after this test, for the balance of the Winter, consists of mere walking exercise. The following January or February the colts are put to regular work again, exercised gradually, strengthening bone and muscle, until brought up to the first race, which occurs in Tennessee about the 1st of May, having been taught to run, to break away in company for a start, and to encounter all difficulties that are likely to be met in a race."

THE GRASSBORO BANK-ROBBERY.

BY JESSE C. JOY.

IN 187- I was appointed Cashier of the First National Bank of Grassboro, a little town off up among the Vermont hills, and for the first six months of my stay there I thoroughly enjoyed it. Before this I had been in Wall Street, and Wall Street, as frequently happens, had cleaned me out. The day after Black Friday I was without a dollar, and looking for a job. Fortunately, I found this one, and having borrowed the price of my railroad ticket to Grassboro, felt myself happy among the New England hills, where business was no longer a burden.

The bank was a small, square brick building in the main street of the village, divided into two square little offices, in one of which, behind the railing, stood the huge square iron safe. Everything about the bank was square, in fact, including the president and directors, who were all solid men, and never known to lose anything, or give anything away. In this respect they were model officials.

I lived at the hotel, the Grassboro House, whereof the proprietor was the jolliest fisherman and the best story-teller in Greenrock County. His shrew of a wife, with her two sharp-nosed daughters, certainly added no social charms to the establishment, but they were faultless housekeepers and cooks; and more than one State Senator had been known, when the Legislature was in session, to travel miles out of his way that he might eat of their pies and puddings.

I soon grew into the ways of the country, becoming meditative and deliberate, like most of the Grassboreans, and fond of sauntering along Main Street with a straw between my teeth. I only thought of Wall Street and the Stock Exchange as places in some foreign country, thousands of miles away. My duties were not laborious, and laborious occupation was not just then to my taste; and although my salary was small, board at the Grassboro House was cheap. My one clerk was an excellent young fellow, faithful and honest, with a taste for theology, and a secret ambi-

tion to fill a pulpit—an ambition which, however, was never gratified beyond the assumption of a clerical tie and side-whiskers.

One warm afternoon, a stranger came into my office to inquire about negotiating some bonds lately issued by a neighboring township. He called my attention to the form of the document, and being anxious that I should examine it in every particular, we buried our heads in the large outspread sheet, with its elaborate engraving and tiers of coupons. Everything seemed to be in regular form, and I proceeded to fold up and hand back the paper, when, to my astonishment, the man was gone. Something else was gone, as well. Joe never could tell exactly how it happened, having turned his back to his window for a moment. But during that moment a man had climbed over the counter, grabbed a package



"I TOOK THE BLOTTER-PAPER FROM MY BREAST-POCKET, WHERE I ALWAYS CARRIED IT, AND COMPARED THE IMPRESSION THEREON WITH THE BOOT-HEEL. THEY WERE IDENTICAL."

containing \$10,000 in bank-notes, with which he was just now disappearing through the front door. He was a rather stout man with a black beard entirely covering his face, and the gentlemanly stranger, now also invisible, was undoubtedly his confederate. Where and how they vanished so quickly will always remain a mystery. If Main Street had opened and swallowed them up, they could not have disappeared more completely. Strangely enough, nobody in the town ever discovered that anything extraordinary had happened, and the bank very wisely decided not to publish its mishap.

Although the loss was quite a serious one, it would in no way cripple the concern. But Joe and I had a very bad day of it, indeed. We recounted every circumstance connected with the robbery, the confederate covering my face, as it were, with the blanket-sheet of the bond; the black-whiskered man appearing at the window, with the request for certain denominations of money which he knew would oblige the teller to turn his back upon him and go to the safe—it was all plain enough now, after the thing was done.

By and by, I discovered something. It was only a piece of blotting-paper, but it was a clue: for upon it was a semicircle of little dents, and, what was of still more importance, there were two blank spaces in the semicircle. It was the print of a boot-heel, from which two of the nails were missing. Then Joe had no difficulty in remembering that, when the thief went over the counter with the money, his heel had been planted upon this identical piece of blotter, which, upon further examination, showed the outline of a boot-heel distinctly imprinted upon its soft, yielding surface. Now, I had heard of a case where the imprint of a boot-heel on a bank-counter, under similar circumstances, had led to the detection of the thief, who incautiously reclined at ease on a hotel-veranda, with the tell-tale heels projecting over the railing. Boots hoisted upon chairs and banisters from thenceforth became my study. In bar-rooms and hotel-porches, or wherever men did congregate, I studied every shape and size of pedal covering, but without avail. That particular boot, with two missing nails in the heel, must have kept pretty close to the ground. At any rate, I never got sight of it. I kept the blotter, and my own counsel, and cautioned Joe to do the same.

"Don't breathe it to anybody," said I, "not even to Dr. Wynkoop;" and Joe promised he wouldn't.

Dr. Wynkoop boarded at our hotel, where he had the room next to mine, and although he appeared to be a Pecksniffian sort of personage, Joe set great store by him. He appeared to be a

species of preacher, and came out strong on the doctrines of grace. I thought I detected the odor of gin beneath the grace, but Joe's faith was immovable.

One of Packerton's detectives was employed to work up the case, but without result, beyond presenting a bill of \$350.

Shortly after this, I had occasion to go down to Boston, and there I did a very funny thing. I consulted a clairvoyant. Lucky numbers, speedy marriages, lost property restored—thus ran the glib advertisement of Mme. Celeste. Neither in the Louisiana Lottery nor in the lottery of love did I wish to take a chance just then. But the restoration of our stolen bank-bills was a thing to be desired. Why not invest a dollar in Mme. Celeste! Her face alone might be worth the price of admission. It was, for she was young, pretty, and—a fraud. These were self-evident facts. Still, I did not try to disconcert or confuse her in any way, and when she went into her trance, and her lips began to move—pretty red lips they were, like two lines of poetry—I listened intently so as not to miss a syllable. "Not far, but near, among familiar faces; not in the depths, but close to the surface," these were the words of my pretty oracle, to whom I paid my dollar, well content.

"Not far, but near," I kept repeating to myself on the way back to Grassboro, and then remembered how Mme. Celeste actually blushed when her little purse snapped over the bank-note which I handed her. That night I dreamt a good deal of the pretty madame and her message from the spirit-world. "Not far, but near," kept running through my head, and when I left my room in the morning, I stopped in front of Dr. Wynkoop's door. Before the door stood a pair of boots, neatly blacked. From this latter circumstance, I opined he was going on a journey. Moved by some impulse, I took up the boots and turned them over. What! could it be possible? Two of the nails in the heel of the right boot were missing. I took the blotting-paper from my breast-pocket, where I always carried it, and compared the impression thereon with the boot-heel. They were identical. Then I laid the boot down, and thought over the matter. Naturally, my first impulse was to have this Dr. Wynkoop, or whoever he might be, put into custody. Still, I could not but realize that my blotting-pad, after all, was a rather slender piece of evidence. Better have the room searched before his suspicions were aroused. What we wanted most was the money. I went down-stairs and confided my discovery to the landlord, who readily agreed to my conjectures. He, too, had his suspicions, in spite of his lodger's promptly paid board-bill.

Wynkoop was going over to East Grassboro to attend a Sunday-school convention, from which he would probably return in the evening. In the meantime his room could be searched. Soon after breakfast, our suspected exhorter, with his smooth, sanctimonious visage, departed. His features, like his shirt-front, seemed always done up in proper, pious fashion. He took no baggage with him, evidently expecting to return early, so we had need to be expeditious.

A skeleton-key made quick work of his door, but beyond an empty valise, a pair of trousers or two, and a few books, the room was empty save of the ordinary scant hotel-furniture. Not a trace of the money, or anything suspicious, could be found either in the bureau-drawers or under the carpet, nor yet behind the plaster, which was sounded for any "breaks."

"Not far, but near," kept running through my mind, along with the dreamy expression in the young clairvoyant's eyes when she uttered the words. I sat down in the cane-bottomed chair beside the bureau, and, in an absent-minded fashion, ran a long pin into a cushion that stood before the glass. The cushion, by the way, was quite an elaborate structure of rose-wood and raw silk, evidently the work of some of the doctor's female admirers. Something seemed to retard the progress of the pin, and then an idea struck me. Taking a penknife from my pocket, I ripped the silk across. It bled profusely of sawdust, and when the cover was entirely collapsed, a package of bank-notes was found snugly packed away in the interior. The paper band, with the name of the bank upon it, had been taken off, but the bills were all there, ten of them, of \$1,000 each. They were readily identified by Joe, who had taken the numbers of them.

Poor Joe! Happy as he was to get the money back, the exposure of Dr. Wynkoop's villainy was a great blow to him, and permanently interrupted his theological studies. All that survived of his ministerial ambitions, after he became cashier, were his clerical tie and whiskers.

Wynkoop, *alias* Slippery Jim, *alias* Wink the Skipper, etc., was never again seen in Grassboro. How he got wind of our doings, I never knew, although the sudden disappearance, on that very morning, of a stable-boy—himself something of a mysterious character—was supposed by many to account for it. And, finally, the landlord fished up, one day, in a trout-stream, the mask and false whiskers which concealed the man's smooth-shaven features when he went over the counter.

So that Mme. Celeste did help to recover stolen property, after all. She even brought about speedy marriages—two of them, at least, hers and my own, for we married each other. As for lucky numbers, she used to say that 2 was one

of them. But that was something over a year ago, and now, as she bends over a very small face in a very small cradle, she is pretty sure that 3 will also bring good fortune.

Of course, her name was not Mme. Celeste at all, but how she came to be masquerading in such outlandish company, and we came to be married, may do, perhaps, to tell another time.

FORTUNES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

CRESUS possessed in landed property a fortune equal to \$8,500,000 besides a large sum of money, slaves and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum. He used to say that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army or a legion did not deserve the title of a rich man.

The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of \$13,000,000. Lentulus, "the soothsayer," had \$18,000,000. The Emperor Tiberius, at his death, left \$118,125,000, which Caligula spent in less than six months.

Caesar, before he entered upon any office, owed \$5,000,000; yet he purchased the friendship of Curio for \$2,500,000, and that of Lucius Paulus for \$1,500,000. He gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of \$40,000. Apicius expended in debauchery \$1,500,000, and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, that he had no more than \$200,000 left, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance.

One single dish cost Æsopus \$400,000. Caligula spent for one supper \$400,000, and Heliogabalus \$100,000. The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was \$100,000. The fish from his ponds were sold for \$175,000. Scaurus's country house was destroyed by fire, and his loss was estimated at \$4,250,000.

IN the Forty-third Annual English Report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, just issued, it is stated that there were, on New Year's Day, 84,340 insane persons under restraint. Of these, 7,970 were of the private class, 75,632 were paupers, and 738 were criminals. The Commissioners believe that during recent years medical men have become increasingly unwilling to certify to the insanity of persons requiring treatment, in consequence of the results of litigation so often connected with this part of their duties. The causes of insanity are set forth in a table covering 136,478 cases. These are very diverse. Thus 9,569 persons lost their reason from domestic trouble, 8,060 from adverse circumstances, 8,278 from overwork and worry; 3,769 from religious excitement, and 18,290 from intemperance. The influence of heredity was ascertained in 28,063 cases, and congenital defect in 5,881.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.

II.—THE SECOND SILESIAN WAR, 1744-1745—TEN YEARS OF PEACE, 1746-1756.

BY A. H. GUERNSEY.

By the Treaty of Breslau, June, 1742, Maria Therese ceded Silesia to Frederick; he engaging to take no further part in the contest for the Austrian succession, leaving his ally Louis XV. of France in the lurch. "I abandoned the French," he says, "because I gained Silesia by that step. If I had escorted them from Prague to Vienna, they would never have given me so much." The neutrality of Frederick left Maria Theresa free to turn her whole force against the new Emperor Charles VII. and the King of France. The largest body of the French troops, under Marshal Belle-Isle, were shut up in Prague, where they were beleaguered by the Austrians under Prince Lobkowitz, while all the region around was scoured by Pandours, Uhlans, and other wild horsemen from the debatable region on the boundary between the lands of the Crescent and the Cross.

About the middle of September, 1742, Belle-Isle succeeded in eluding the beleaguering force, and making his escape. "I stole a march," he says, "of twenty-four hours good on Prince Lobkowitz, who was only five leagues from me. I traversed ten leagues of plain, having to plod along with 11,000 foot and 3,250 worn-out horsemen, M. de Lobkowitz having 8,000 good cavalry and 12,000 infantry. I made such dispatch that I arrived at the defiles before he could come up with me, and at last arrived at Egra on the tenth day without a check, though continually harassed by hussars in front, rear and flank." Colonel Chevert had been left at Prague with 6,000 sick and wounded men, and the city was summoned to surrender. "Tell your general," replied Chevert, "that if he will not grant me the honors of war I will fire the four corners of Prague, and bury myself under its ruins." His demand was

yielded to, and he joined Belle-Isle at Egra, serving still more to crowd the already overcrowded hospitals there. "People," says Guizot, "compared the retreat from Prague to Xenophon's 'Retreat of the Ten Thousand,' but the truth came out, for all the fictions of flattery and national pride. At the outset of the war 100,000 Frenchmen had entered Germany; at the commencement of the year 1743 the 35,000 soldiers

in Bavaria were nearly all that remained to withstand the increasing efforts of the Austrians." The Emperor Charles VII., ousted from Bohemia, of which he had been crowned King, and driven from his hereditary Bavaria, which was seized and held by the Austrians, fled to Frankfort, taking with him only his empty title.

One more hard blow soon came to France from another quarter. England had all along held to the validity of the Pragmatic Sanction, but had aided Maria Theresa only by an annual subsidy of half a million pounds sterling. She now sent over a considerable force, the command of which



MARIA THERESA.

was taken by George II. in person. The French and English came into collision, on June 27th, 1743, at Dettingen, some thirty miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main. "This battle," says Guizot, "skillfully commenced by Marshal Noailles, and lost by the imprudence of the Duke of Grammont, completely shook the confidence of the French. The confidence of the Austrians, on the other hand, rose to the highest pitch. They began to talk of completing the work begun fifty years before by Marlborough and Prince Eugène, and wresting from Louis XV. all that Louis XIV. had acquired in Flanders and on the Rhine. The French Court now began to look for an ally in Frederick of Prussia. True, he



THE BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG.

had coolly left them in the lurch a year before, when he found it for his interest to do so—the more reason that for believing he would as readily violate his pledge of neutrality to Maria Theresa, if that should seem to be for his interest. Louis XV. was wholly ruled by his mistress, whom he had created Duchess de Châteauroux, and she was an admirer of Voltaire. At her instigation he was sent as a kind of unaccredited ambassador to Frederick. The King of Prussia also worshiped the genius of Voltaire; but with him poetry was one thing, and politics quite another. The poet wanted to confer about balances of power and treaties; the King wished to speak with him only of rhymes and rhetoric. So the diplomatic mission came to nothing. “Voltaire had no credentials,” said Frederick; “the whole mission was a mere farce.”

But Frederick was by no means content with the way things were tending. Austria was gaining the upper hand of France; and the preponderance of the House of Hapsburg over that of Bourbon was of ill omen to the House of Hohenzollern. His own theory of political morals is formulated in the instructions which he long afterward drew up for the guidance of his successors: “Learn, once for all, that where a king-

dom is concerned, you take all you can; and that you are never wrong when you are not compelled to hand over.” A decided preponderance of Austria over France would result in a determined effort on the part of Maria Theresa to recover Silesia. His power thrown into either scale would give it the preponderance. The most immediate danger to him lay on the side of Austria. But, on the other hand, if France should win, the Bourbons would become dangerously powerful. There seemed to be a course by which both perils might be avoided. That was to establish a State sufficiently strong to hold in check both France and Austria. Such a possible Power lay in the “Reich” or German Empire, now in a state of suspended animation, but most likely capable of being revived.

But the thing nearest at hand for Frederick was to come to the aid of France against Austria and England, now practically leagued together. We need not here attempt to unravel the tangled thread of negotiations which ensued. But things had been practically arranged early in 1744, for on March 10th Louis XV. declared war against Austria and Great Britain, not now as an auxiliary of the Emperor of Germany, but in his own behalf as King of France. Louis XV. was

emboldened to this by Frederick, who had thus admonished him: "The operations which we are about to undertake must be in large force. There must be no mere scratching the surface; but we must go down to the very roots."

Frederick had been preparing himself for such operations. He had quietly increased his army to nearly 150,000 men; he had filled his magazines and replenished his military chest; and he had, moreover, succeeded in getting up what was called the "Frankfort Union"—a league which promised everything, though it practically came to nothing. There were only four members of this Union: the Emperor Charles VII.; Frederick, King of Prussia, and likewise, as Elector of Brandenburg, a Prince of the Reich; the Elector of the Palatinate; and the Margrave of Hesse-Cassel: but the other German Princes were invited to become members of the Union.

The articles of this Frankfort Union were made public late in June. The essential points were: The members should support the Emperor in the maintenance of all his just rights and dignities; they would use their best efforts to persuade the House of Austria to restore to him his hereditary dominion of Bavaria of which he had been unjustly deprived; and should any member be attacked, the others should come to his aid. Thus far it was merely a league for mutual defense, with not a syllable about war. But there was a secret article of very different tenor. By this it was provided that if any necessity for taking up arms should arise, the Union should endeavor to reconquer for Charles VII. the Kingdom of Bohemia, and as this work would fall mainly upon the King of Prussia, he should receive certain lordships belonging to Bohemia, which lay very convenient for him, and were not of much consequence to the restored King. In this secret article—of which it is not probable the French Government knew anything—lay the gist of Frederick's Frankfort Union; for it involved not merely the humbling of the House of Hapsburg, but the great exaltation of Germany—one of the last things which could be desired by France.

A formal treaty was about this time made between Frederick and Louis, and it was announced that the King of France was about to take the field in person at the head of his army. But there were delays, amongst which is one quite notable as the occasion of the surname of "The Well-beloved," which was given to Louis XV. up to his death thirty years later, when he had come to be thoroughly hated, as well as despised. On August 8th, 1744, Louis was taken suddenly ill at Metz; in a few days news reached Paris that his recovery was hopeless, and it was not till another week when tidings came that he was getting better. Voltaire, in his "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*,"

says: "The courier who brought to Paris the news of the King's convalescence was embraced and almost stifled by the people; they kissed his horse, they escorted him in triumph; all the streets resounded with a shout of joy, 'The King is well!' When the monarch was told of the unparalleled transports of joy which had succeeded those of despair, he was affected to tears, and in a thrill of emotion he exclaimed: 'Ah, how sweet it is to be so loved!' Upon which M. Guizot comments: "What had he done, indeed? and what was he destined to do? France had just experienced the last gush of that monarchial passion and fidelity which had so long distinguished her." And elsewhere, when speaking of the death of this loathsome King: "Louis XV. was dead; France breathed once more. She was weary of the weakness as well as the vices of the King, who had untaught her all respect for him; and she turned with joyous hope toward his successor, already impatiently awaited by his people. 'He must be called Louis le Désiré,' was the saying in the streets before the death-rattle of Louis XV. had summoned his grandson to the throne."

On October 7th, 1744, the day before that illness of Louis XV., Frederick opened the Second Silesian War against Maria Theresa. On that day his ambassador at Vienna formally announced that, "though the King of Prussia cherished the best wishes for Her Majesty the Queen of Hungary, yet the German princes were bound to maintain the rights of the Emperor Charles VII." In a week the Prussian armies, from 80,000 to 100,000 strong, were on their march by different routes for Bohemia. Their way led through Saxony. The Elector Augustus would gladly have prevented this, for although he had formerly laid some claim to the Hapsburg heritage, he had abandoned these pretensions, and was now in accord with Maria Theresa. But he had been formally notified by the Emperor Charles VII.: "Our august ally, the King of Prussia, being on our imperial business, requires a passage through your territories." This gave Frederick an indisputable right to march his army through Saxony.

Passing through Saxony, the Prussians reached Prague, the capital of Bohemia, early in September. The city held out until the end of the month, when it surrendered, and was heavily mulcted for its rebellion. Frederick pursued his march southward toward Bavaria. At every step the Austrian light cavalry pressed thicker and thicker upon his rear and flanks. He sought in vain to bring them to a decided action. They were commanded by the wary Marshal von Traun, who would not risk a battle until he should be strengthened by the army of Prince Charles of Lorraine, which was still at a distance. Fred-

erick's apparent advance was really a forced retreat through a hostile country, and he was glad to get out of Bohemia, and place the Elbe between him and the annoying swarms behind. Frederick himself is one of the best commentators on this unfortunate campaign, and the best eulogist of his opponent. "No general," he wrote long afterward, "committed more faults than did the King in this campaign. The conduct of M. de Traun is a model of perfection which every soldier ought to study, and try to imitate, if he have the ability. The King admits that he regards this campaign as his school in the art of war, and M. de Traun as his teacher."

Prince Charles of Lorraine, after ravaging Alsace, recrossed the Rhine, and was heading toward Bavaria. Augustus III., in his double capacity of Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, had made an alliance with Maria Theresa, and the Austrian, Polish and Saxon forces were moving from different directions toward Silesia. In December, 1744, Maria Theresa issued a manifesto to the people who had so recently been her subjects: "The Treaty of Breslau, having been broken by no fault of ours, is thereby abrogated. The ever-faithful Silesians are thus absolved from their oath of allegiance to the King of Prussia, and must hold themselves in readiness to swear anew to their rightful sovereign. We have the fixed Christian hope—Omnipotence blessing our arms—of speedily delivering you from this recent yoke. You can pray in the meanwhile for the success of Her Majesty's arms. Good fighting, aided by prayer, in a cause so clearly Heaven's will, to all appearance, soon bring things right again."

The Emperor Charles VII. died in January, 1745, and his young son renounced the claim which his father had set up to the Bohemian crown, and was restored by Maria Theresa to his hereditary Electorate of Bavaria. There was no longer an Emperor whose rights were to be maintained, nor an Elector of Bavaria to be restored to what was rightfully his own. The plausible pretext under which Frederick, in the name of the Frankfort Union, had made war against Austria no longer existed. All this, he saw, was to result in a determined effort to wrest Silesia from his grasp. During the Spring months he kept up a brisk correspondence with Podewils, his trusted Minister and faithful friend. On March 17th, he writes: "We find ourselves in a great crisis. If we do not, by mediation of England, get peace, our enemies from different sides will come plunging in upon us. Peace I cannot force them to; but if they must have war, we will either beat them or none of us will ever see Berlin again." Again, April 20th: "My determination is taken. If we must fight, we will do it like

men driven to desperation. Never was there a greater peril than the one I am now in." Again, a few days later: "I have done more than another to the building up of my house, and have played a distinguished part among the crowned heads of Europe. I will maintain my power, or it may go to ruin, and the Prussian name be buried underneath it."

The situation became more perilous day by day. Prince Charles of Lorraine stood near him with a mighty force of Austrians and Saxons. Frederick's only hope was to induce Prince Charles to give battle before his already greatly superior force should become still stronger. He moved into Silesia, giving his apparent retreat all the appearance of a flight. He did not obstruct the difficult passes through the Giant Mountains. Some one called his attention to this seeming negligence. "One does not shut the door of the mouse-trap when he wants to catch a mouse," replied Frederick. Prince Charles walked into the well-baited trap set for him. Passing through the unguarded defiles, he emerged upon the Silesian plain, and toward the evening of June 3d came in sight of the Prussians encamped near Strigau. "As sure as there's a God in heaven," he exclaimed, "we've got 'em!" He then proceeded to make some arrangements for the attack which he proposed to make the next morning.

Frederick had been waiting for them some days, and had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the region. In the gray dawn he fell upon the enemy, who were just thinking of getting ready to begin the fight themselves. The Prussian assault fell upon the flank composed of a Saxon corps, which was soon broken in pieces. The Austrians, who came next, made a stout though vain resistance. But the sun still stood high in the heavens when the battle was over. The final blow was given by the Anspach-Baireuth Dragoons of the Royal Body-guard, who broke through the wavering Austrian line, overran or huddled together 20 battalions, took more than 60 flags and all their guns, and 2,500 prisoners. The entire Austrian force numbered 76,000; that of the Prussians, 58,000. The Prussian loss was about 4,000; that of the Austrians, including prisoners, some four times as great. The Austrians made a hurried and disorderly retreat through the mountains out of Silesia, thoroughly broken up as an army.

This action is sometimes called the battle of Friedberg; but the Prussians, who have the best right to name it, call it Hohenfriedberg, from a conspicuous eminence overlooking the whole field. Frederick thanked his troops in moving words. "My brothers and all," he said, "fought like lions; my troops excelled themselves; the old Romans never did anything so brilliant. To

Providence and my brave officers I owe all my success." A few days after the battle, the Anspach-Baireuth Dragoons paraded before the King to receive his special congratulations. Not a man of them who could ride or limp was absent. Frederick had little occasion to thank the French for any aid he had received from them. But five weeks before this battle the French King—or, rather, Marshal Saxe—had gained a victory over the English at Fontenoy—"a victory," said Frederick, "about as useful to us as a battle gained on the banks of the Scamander." He now wrote to Louis XV.: "I have honored the bill of exchange you drew on me at Fontenoy." He evidently considered the account between them squared, for Hohenfriedberg was of just as much use to Louis as Fontenoy had been to Frederick.

The signal defeat at Hohenfriedberg was in the mind of Maria Theresa more than compensated on September 13th, when her husband, the Archduke Francis of Lorraine, was elected Emperor of Germany. The Empress-Queen, as she was henceforth to be styled, was the real ruler, not only of her own hereditary dominions of Austria, Hungary and Bohemia, but of the Reich; and she was more than ever bent on the reconquest of Silesia.

On September 30th a body of Prussians 19,000 strong, under Frederick himself, were encamped at Soor, in Bohemia, not far from the frontier of Silesia. They were fallen upon by an Austrian force stronger by half. The royal camp was seized and plundered by a troop of hussars, while the King with his infantry were driving the Austrians up the heights from which they had descended. The Prussian victory was complete, though it cost them a quarter of their numbers. The Empress-Queen and the Saxons now agreed to unite their forces, and make a sudden inroad upon Brandenburg, while the Russians, who had begun to take a hand in the war, should fall upon East-Prussen. But Frederick was too quick for them. He divided his force into two corps; with one of these he fell upon the Austrians at Hennes-

dorf, in the Lausitz, and drove them back into the mountains of Bohemia.

The other division was led by Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, already known for many years as "the Old Dessauer." From Halle he marched upon Leipsic, which he took. Frederick had given him stringent orders to "go at the neck of these folks." Nothing loath, he turned toward Dresden. On December 15th he came upon the Saxons strongly posted at Kesseldorf. Their position seemed impregnable, being covered by heavy batteries, crowning ice-covered cliffs. But the stout Old Dessauer would try it. Bracing his gray head, as was his wont before going into

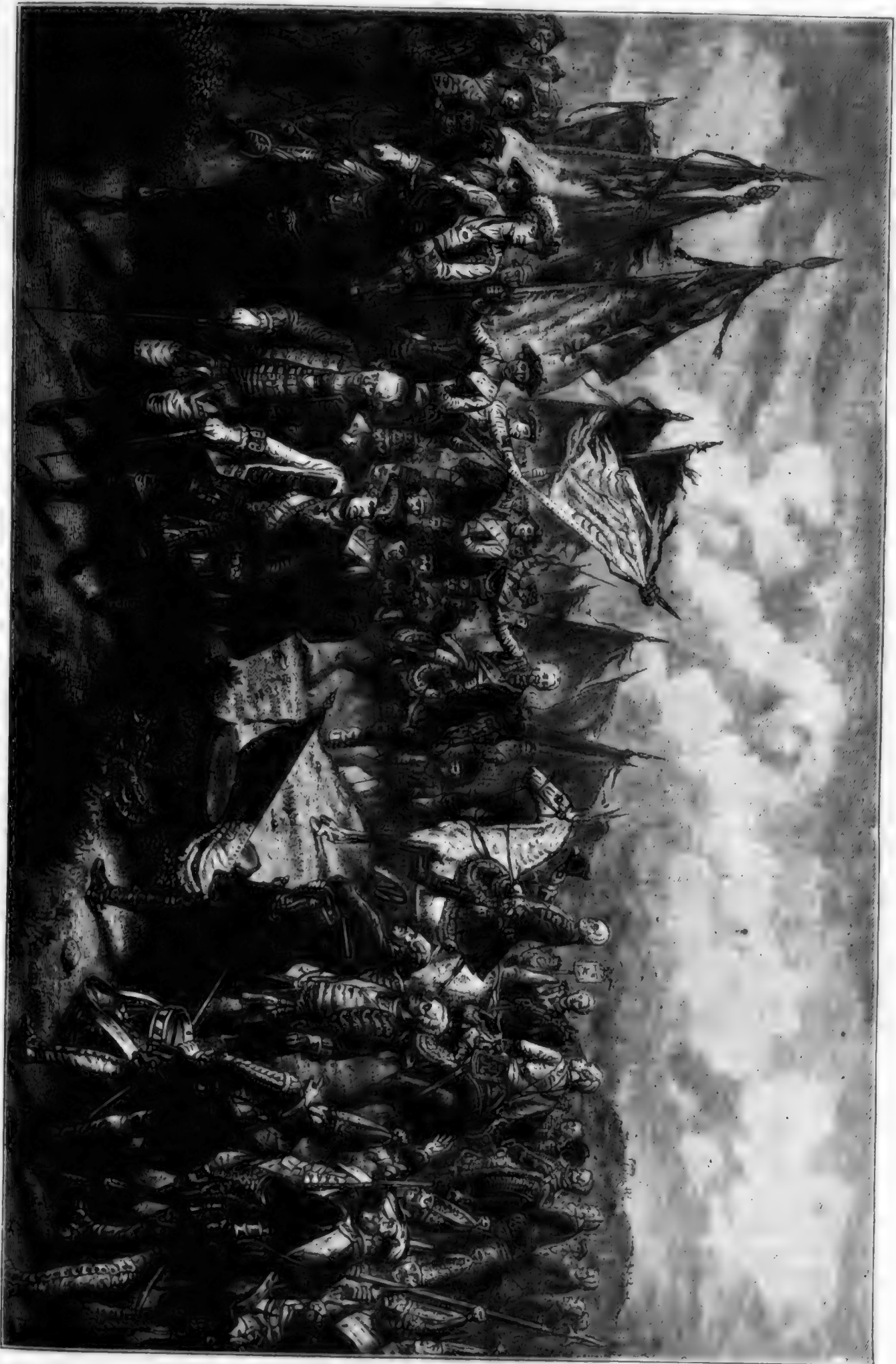
action, he put up a fervent prayer, though somewhat rudely worded: "O Lord God! help me this once more; and don't let those rapsallions (*Hund-vögel*—dog-birds) wallop me!" Then shouting his old battle-cry, "In God's name!" he placed himself at the head of his men, who charged with the quick-step which he had taught them. The assault was repelled at first, and the enemy sallied out from their strong position, but were repulsed in turn, and driven up the heights. After several hours of hard fighting the Prussians remained masters of the field, and the enemy were in full flight for Bohemia. The Old Dessauer seemed to bear a charmed



FREDERICK'S BODY-GUARD.

life; his cloak was pierced with bullets, but he himself was not touched.

The battle of Kesseldorf closed the Second Silesian War. Dresden soon surrendered. The Elector-King had already had enough of fighting, and he made proposals for peace. The Empress-Queen had nothing for it but to come also to terms, and on Christmas Day, 1745, the Treaty of Dresden was signed, which left matters, as far as Frederick was concerned, precisely as they had stood before. Silesia was assured to him, and he wisely forbore to claim any further accession of territory. His announcement of this treaty to Louis XV. has a somewhat ironical tone: "The Austrians and the Saxons have just sent ministers to negotiate for peace; so I have no course open



THE ANSPACH-BAYREUTH DRAGOONS AFTER THE BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG.

but to sign. After discharging my duty toward the State I govern, and toward my house, no object will be dearer to my heart than that of being able to render myself of service to your Majesty's interests."

On the the third day after the peace was made Frederick returned to his capital. The streets through which he passed were strewed with flowers and alive with processions and banners, one of which bore an inscription of four words which struck the key-note of popular feeling, and forthwith from lip to lip passed the shout, "*Hoch Friedrich der Grosse!*" These words, first written or spoken on that day, will go down through the ages. Blame him as much as men may and must, they will never know him as other than "*Frederick the Great.*"

After the Second Silesian War came ten years of peace, so far as Prussia was concerned, though war raged or spluttered all around. England, France and Spain fought upon all seas. "*No peace beyond the Line.*" came to be the half-recognized law of nations. Frederick certainly desired peace for himself; but he knew that he could be secure of peace only by being ready for instant war. He kept his great army fully up to its war-footing. Every seventh man in Prussia was a soldier. His revenue amounted to about 36,000,000 marks—equal to about half as many dollars of our money. Of this, 6,000,000 marks were laid by, not to be touched except in time of war. From the remainder must be defrayed the cost of a standing army of 150,000 men, and all the expense of civil government. This compelled the most rigid economy in every department. Frederick had indeed one expensive proclivity. He was fond of building, and of adorning public edifices and grounds. At Berlin he built a stately palace for his young brother Heinrich—an edifice which in our days has become the home of the Berlin University. He built the fine Opera-house at Berlin: he laid out the park-like *Thiergarten*. For his own especial residence he built the elegant villa, rather than palace, of *Sanssouci*, in the outskirts of Potsdam. All the royal Schlosses were adorned with antique statues, and with paintings by the best Italian artists of the day. But all this apparent extravagance had the very practical aim of proclaiming the power of the Prussian State. The King who had his vaults filled with barrels of coin, who never borrowed a mark, and who nevertheless, after maintaining an army of 150,000 men, was able to expend so much money in ostentation, must seem to all men a sovereign whom it would be better to have for a friend than for an enemy. And considerable as his expenditures in this direction undoubtedly were, their amount was generally set down as much greater than it really was.

During those peaceful days as Crown-prince at Rheinsberg, of which we have already spoken, Frederick had gathered around him a group of clever men, to whom was given the name of the "*Round Table.*" This was revived at *Sanssouci* upon a larger scale. Among the men some of whom were pretty sure of being seated at the Round Table every evening, were several men of note in their day, though most of them are shadowy enough now. Most of these men were Frenchmen by birth or training; two of whom—*Maupertuis* and *Voltaire*—deserve special mention. *Maupertuis*, styled the "*Flattener of the Globe.*" had been sent by the French Government to Lapland to measure the length of a degree of latitude as near the North Pole as one could conveniently get. His measurement, compared with a simultaneous one at the Equator, in South America, showed that the earth was flattened a little at the Poles, and bulged out a little at the Equator. His treatise, "*De la Figure de la Terre.*" excited no little attention; and one of the first acts of Frederick, after accession, in 1740, was to invite him to Berlin, as Perpetual President of the newly founded Academy. More notable still was *Voltaire*, who, in 1750, came to Berlin at the invitation of Frederick, and remained there nearly four years. Of *Voltaire* and his quarrels something further will be said.

To those who saw most of Frederick during these ten years of peace, he seemed a good-looking gentleman of middle age, of good estate, good capacity, good culture, and tolerably good temper; fond of good dress, good food, good wine, good company, and a good deal of it. He not unfrequently appeared at the opera, especially if *La Barbarina* was to dance; frequently he had concerts at *Sanssouci*, in which he was wont to take part with his flute. He was fond of French poetry; spoke French fluently, but with a German intonation; was much given to scribbling in French, oftener in verse than in prose; and had set up a private printing-room in a turret of the Berlin Schloss, whence his own productions were issued anonymously, "*with the Privilege of the Muses,*" though their royal authorship was an open secret.

Few persons who saw this elegant flute-playing, verse-making gentleman in the afternoon or evening would imagine that he had already performed a hard day's work. Summer and Winter he was wont to rise two hours before daylight. A page then brought in a huge basket containing all the letters which had come during the previous day. He read these rapidly, making upon each of them a sign to indicate the tenor of the answer to be returned. Usually this was a mere mark, signifying "*Yes*" or "*No*," as the case might be; sometimes there were a few words;

now and then a satirical couplet or two. The letters were then sorted into four piles, one for each of the secretaries who were in waiting. This part of the day's work would probably be over by eight o'clock. Then the King gave an audience to the Adjutant-general, who received specific directions as to the details of all military arrangements for the day. Then the Royal Guards were inspected and reviewed by Frederick in person. Then he went back to his cabinet to examine the work of the four secretaries. From each pile he would take a few at random, and read them carefully. No one could be sure that any particular letter of his might not be one of those which would thus come under the royal eye; and any detected dereliction was certain to meet with severe punishment—quite likely a long imprisonment in a fortress. Frederick affixed his signature to each letter, and all were at once sent to their several destinations. Any man at Berlin who had written to the King yesterday might count upon receiving a reply to-morrow. For the remainder of the day the King was his own man, free to play the flute, scribble verse, or hear it read, or enjoy the converse of the Round Table.

In 1750 Voltaire was a man of fifty-four. For nearly twenty years his had been the foremost name among French men of letters. His success, and the use he made of it, had roused up a host of enemies and detractors. He was jealous of everybody who might possibly become his rival; he hated everybody of whom he was jealous, and lampooned everybody whom he hated. He scandalized the clergy by his gibes at faith in general, and at ecclesiastics in particular. He had set his heart upon gaining the royal favor, but he had offended Pompadour, the royal mistress, who had taken the place of Châteauroux. Courtesans and priests, philosophers and scribblers made common cause against Voltaire. In 1746 he found great difficulty in being admitted a member of the French Academy. In 1750 he proposed himself for the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions, and was rejected by both. Old Crébillon produced the beastly new tragedy of "Cathiline," which was pronounced to be worthy of Racine or Molière, while Voltaire's "Zaire" was adjudged to be merely clever. Crébillon received a royal pension, while Voltaire was excluded from court. In a sudden fit of pique, he resolved to shake the dust of France from his feet.

Frederick had for some time been urging Voltaire to come to Berlin. As Crown-prince he had worshiped Voltaire as a poet and philosopher; as King he clung to that veneration, notwithstanding the light esteem in which he held him as a would-be diplomatist. He was profuse in his offers of money, for which Voltaire was as greedy as he was for fame. If he would come to Berlin

he should receive 1,000 louis—equivalent to 5,000 dollars of our money—for traveling expenses; he should be sumptuously lodged under a royal roof; should receive the golden key of Chamberlain and the jeweled cross of a noble Order; he should have a patent of 800 louis a year; and should his widowed niece, Mme. Denis, survive him, she should have a pension of 160 louis for life. When Voltaire came to Berlin he was received literally with open arms by Frederick, who kissed his hand, and said that he had now acquired a title prouder than any of those he had received by inheritance or won by his sword. Henceforth his style should be, "Frederick, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, and Possessor of Voltaire."

For a time everything wore a rosy hue at Berlin and Sanssouci. To the Abbé Chaulieu, at Paris, Voltaire wrote: "A hundred thousand victorious soldiers: no attorneys: opera, plays, philosophy, poetry: a hero who is a philosopher and a poet; grandeur and graces, grenadiers and muses, trumpets and violins; Plato's symposiums, society and freedom! Who would believe it? Nevertheless, it is true. It is Caesar, it is Marcus Aurelius, it is Julian, it is sometimes the Abbé Chaulieu with whom I sup. There is the charm of retirement, there is country freedom, with all those little delights of life which the lord of a castle, who is a king, can procure for his very obedient humble servants and guests. My own duties are to do nothing. I enjoy my leisure. I give an hour a day to the King of Prussia to touch up a bit his works in prose and verse. I am his Grammarian, not his Chamberlain. The rest of the day is my own, and the evening ends with a pleasant supper. Never in any place in the world was there more freedom of speech touching the superstitions of men, and never were they treated with more banter and contempt. God is respected, but all those who have cajoled men in His name are treated unsparingly."

But it was not long before Voltaire found that these Brandenburg roses were not of the thornless species. To Mme. Denis he writes: "So it is known by this time in Paris that we have played the 'Mort de César' at Potsdam; that Prince Henry is a good actor, has no grunting accent, and is very amiable; and that this is the place for pleasure. All that is true: but—The King's parties are delightful. At them men talk reason, wit, science; freedom prevails thereat. The King is the soul of it all; no ill temper, no clouds—at any rate, no storms. My life is free and well occupied: but—Opera, plays, carousals, suppers at Sanssouci, military manoeuvres, concerts, studies, readings: but—The City of Berlin grand, better laid out than Paris; palaces, play-houses, affable parish priests, charming

princesses, maids of honor beautiful and well-formed: but—My dear child, the weather is beginning to settle down into a fine frost."

A sharp nip—by no means the earliest of the season—came before the first Winter had fairly set in. Voltaire, after quarreling with one person and another, became involved in an unsavory lawsuit, growing out of some stock-gambling transaction—a kind of business to which he was always addicted. To Frederick's clever sister, Wilhelmina, Margravine of Baireuth, he writes: "Brother Voltaire is doing penance here. He has a beast of a lawsuit with a Jew; and according to the law of the Old Testament, there will be something to pay for having been robbed." Wilhelmina asks her brother what all this is about. Frederick writes in reply: "You ask me what the lawsuit is in which Voltaire is involved with a Jew. It is a case of a rogue wanting to cheat a thief. The affair is in the hands of justice, and in a few days we shall know from the sentence which is the greater rogue of the two. I am waiting for the affair to be over to put his

head a-rook (*lui laver la tête*), and see whether, at the age of fifty-six, one cannot make him, if not reasonable, at any rate less of a rogue."

Not long after Frederick wrote to Voltaire a long letter, of which the following is a part: "I was very glad to receive you. I esteemed your wit, your talents, your acquirements; and I was bound to suppose that a man of your age, tired of wrangling with authors, and exposing yourself to tempests, was coming hither to take refuge as in a quiet harbor: but you—" The King enumerates several of Voltaire's misdoings, and concludes: "Then you have the most ridiculous squabble in the world with that Jew. You created a fearful uproar all through the city. For my part, I kept peace in my household until your arrival, and I warn you that if you are fond of intrigue and cabal, you have come to the wrong place."

Voltaire made all sorts of excuses and apologies; Frederick was mollified; and Voltaire went on "washing the King's dirty linen," as he phrased it. To a friend he wrote: "I am at present correcting the second edition which the King of Prussia is going to publish of the history of his country. Fancy! in order to appear more impartial, he falls tooth and nail upon his grandfather, the first King of Prussia. I have lightened the blows as much as I could. I rather like this grandfather; he displayed magnificence, and has left some fine monuments. I had great difficulty in softening down the terms in which the grandson reproaches the grandfather for his vanity in having got himself made a king. At last I said, 'It is your grandfather, not mine; do what you please with him,' and I confined myself to weeding the expressions."

At last came another quarrel, which, after not quite four years, put an end to Voltaire's sojourn in Prussia. He had never got along well with the "Flattener of the Globe." His growing dislike to Maupertuis found vent in "*La Diatribe du Docteur Akakea*," a *brochure* in which Maupertuis was caricatured, but so cleverly that



FREDERICK AND VOLTAIRE IN THE LIBRARY AT SANS-SOUCI.

nobody could fail to perceive the likeness. This was widely circulated in manuscript; everybody laughed at it, and nobody more heartily than did Frederick himself. But by and by printed copies appeared. To Frederick, this was a different thing from a private circulation, of which no one was supposed to know anything. To publicly ridicule the King's Perpetual President was, as it were, to ridicule the King himself. Frederick took the author sharply to account. Voltaire denied some things, and humbly apologized for others; but finally delivered, as he said, all the copies to the King, and they were summarily burned in the royal presence. Other copies soon made their appearance, brought by post from Dresden. Frederick had these seized and publicly burned by the common hangman. Voltaire was again called to account. He denied having anything to do with this; but Frederick did not believe a word he said. To Voltaire he wrote: "Your effrontery astounds me, after what you have just done. If you carry matters too far, I will have everything printed, and then it will be seen that if your works deserve that statues be raised to you, your conduct deserves handcuffs."

The quarrel was never made up, though Frederick rather liked to have Voltaire about him. Voltaire had just published his "*Siècle de Louis XIV.*," which he hoped would find favor with the French King, and longed to get back to France. At last, in a sudden pet, he took a step which he describes in a letter to his niece, dated January 13th, 1753: "I sent to the Solomon of the North the cap and bells [the golden key and jeweled cross] which he gave me. I wrote him a very respectful letter, for I asked of him leave to go. What do you think he did? He sent his great factotum Federshof, who brought me back my toys; he wrote me a letter, saying that he would rather have me to live with him than Maupertuis. What is quite certain is that I would rather not live with either of them." Voltaire seems to have kept away from Sanssouci; but one day in April he approached the King on the parade-ground. "Ah, M. de Voltaire, you really intend going away?" said Frederick. "Sir, private affairs,



THE OLD DESSAUER AT KESSELDORF.

and especially my health, leave me no alternative." - "Monsieur, I wish you a pleasant journey." And thus the two men parted, to see each other no more.

Voltaire lost no time in getting out of the King's dominions. He went first to Leipzig, where his luggage was left, while he rode over to Gotha to pay a visit to the Duke and Duchess. The visit was prolonged for more than a month, and he did not reach Frankfort-on-the-Main until the close of May. Here he found that Frederick had not forgotten him. "At Frankfort," writes Voltaire, "there was one Freytag, who had been banished from Dresden, and had become an agent for the King of Prussia." Freytag notified Voltaire, on behalf of his master, that he could not leave Frankfort until he had given up certain valuables belonging to Frederick. Voltaire assured him that he was carrying nothing from that country, "not even the smallest regret." It was explained that the specially valuable thing was a volume of the King's productions, which had been corrected by Voltaire. "Oh," said Voltaire, "I will give him back his verse and prose with all my heart; though, after all, I have more than one right to the book. He made me a present of a beautiful copy, printed at his own

expense. Unluckily this copy is at Leipsic with my other luggage." "This volume," says Guizot, "which Frederick considered so important to reclaim from Voltaire, contained, among other things, a burlesque and licentious poem entitled, 'The Palladium,' wherein the King scoffed at everything and everybody in terms which he did not care to make public."

The volume arrived from Leipsic in due time, and was handed over to Freytag. Voltaire, accompanied by his niece, who had just come from Paris to meet him, lost no time in starting for France. But, he writes, "The moment I was off I was arrested—I, my secretary and my people. My niece is arrested; four soldiers drag her through the mud to a cheese-monger's who had some title or other of Privy Councillor to the King of Prussia. My niece had a passport from the King of France; and—what is more—she had never corrected the King of Prussia's verses. They huddled us all into a sort of hostelry, at the door of which were posted a dozen soldiers. We were for twelve days prisoners of war, and we had to pay 140 crowns a day."

Frederick was, or affected to be, very indignant at this second arrest, for which he took Freytag to task. He excused himself by his zeal for the service of his master. "We would," he said, "have risked our lives rather than let him get away; and if I had not found him at the barriers, but in the open country, and he had refused to go back, I don't know but I should have lodged a bullet in his head—to such a degree had I at heart the letters and writings of the King." Frederick's displeasure could not, however, have been very deep, for Freytag was let off with a mild though rather contemptuous reproof. "I gave you no order like that," wrote Frederick. "You should never make more noise than a thing deserves. I wanted Voltaire to give up to you the key, the cross, and the volume of poems I had intrusted to him. As soon as that was given up to you, I can't see what earthly reason could have induced you to make this uproar."

Voltaire lost little time before he began to pitch into Frederick. He put forth "*La Loi Naturelle*," a little poem in which Frederick is thus maliciously portrayed:

"Of incongruity a monstrous pile:
Calling men brothers, crushing them the while;
With air humane, a philanthropic brute,
Ofttimes impulsive, sometimes too acute;
Weak midst his choler, modest in his pride,
Prating of virtue, lust personified;
Statesman and scribbler of the slippery crew;
My patron, pupil, persecutor too."

Some other lampoons followed; but they were soon intermitted, apparently in compliance with the advice of his niece, who wrote to him:

"There is nobody in France who has not condemned this violence mingled with so much that is ridiculous and cruel. It makes a deeper impression than you would believe. We shall do very well to hold our tongues; the public speak quite enough." Mme. Denis was most likely induced to this wise counsel by a minatory letter which she received from George Keith, who stood high in Frederick's confidence, and might be presumed to speak in his name. "Let us see," wrote Keith, "in what countries M. de Voltaire has not had some squabbles, and made himself many enemies. Every country where the Inquisition prevails must be mistrusted by him, and he would put his foot in the Inquisition sooner or later. The Mussulmans must be as little pleased with his 'Mahomet' as good Christians were. He is too old to go to China and turn Mandarin. In a word, there is no place but France for him. You are quite aware that if he were to indulge in speech or epigrams offensive to the King, my master, a word which he might order me to speak to the Court of France would suffice to prevent M. de Voltaire from returning, and he would be sorry for it when it was too late."

After several years, however, the intimacy between Frederick and Voltaire was renewed by letter, and kept up. Now and then the old sores would break out again. "Remember how you behaved to me," wrote Voltaire. "You have great talents, you have good qualities; but you have one odious vice—you delight in the abasement of your fellow-creatures. You have brought disgrace on the name of philosopher; you have given some color to the slanders of bigots, who say that no confidence can be placed in the justice or humanity of those who reject the Christian faith."

Frederick retorted with equal bitterness: "You know that you behaved shamefully in Prussia. It was well for you that you had to deal with a man so indulgent to the infirmities of genius as I am. You richly deserved to see the inside of a dungeon. Your talents are not more widely known than your faithlessness and your malevolence. The grave itself is no asylum from your spite. Maupertuis is dead; but you still go on calumniating and deriding him, as if you had not made him miserable enough while he was living;" and much more of like purport on both sides.

But these outbursts grew rarer and rarer. As years passed on the letters became complimentary, then cordial and affectionate. The two old men told each other what they had done and what they hoped to do. "The King," says his latest German biographer, "rested his whole heart in this correspondence. In his worship of the genius of the poet he forgot the dark spots on the character of the man; and finally, after

Voltaire's death, he sought to do honor to his memory in a touching academic discourse."

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But the ten years of peace were hardly half over before ominous clouds began to darken the political sky. The Empress-Queen had never abandoned her fixed idea of recovering Silesia, "the fairest jewel in her crown," which had been torn off by Frederick. But she must bide her time. Her wide dominions required rest for recovery from the exhaustion of the last few years of almost constant war. To this administrative work she devoted herself with an energy and capacity which give her a foremost place among female sovereigns. In all her aims and endeavors she found an able supporter in her Minister, Prince von Kaunitz, who has been styled "the ablest statesman of the eighteenth century." If not altogether that, he was capable of forming complicated plans and of working with unremitting dexterity to carry them out.

The cardinal idea in the policy of the Empress-Queen and her Minister was to unite the Great Powers of the Continent in a league with Austria for the overthrow of Prussia. England was evidently out of the question; Italy had no national existence, and Spain was geographically so situated that she need not be taken into consideration. Russia, Sweden and Poland were easily gained; but to win France seemed almost hopeless, and to this every effort was directed. It has passed into current history, and is repeated by one writer from another, that the high-born Empress-Queen, the most pure of matrons, wrote letters to the low-born Pompadour, the shameless strumpet who, as mistress of Louis XV., was the real ruler of France, addressing her as "Dear Cousin." This statement has been denied, and may be set down as doubtful. But it is certain that Frederick had offended Pompadour, while Kaunitz had won her favor. The favor of Pompadour assured the assent of Louis; and on May 1st, 1756, the Treaty of Versailles for the subjugation and partition of Prussia was signed. Of the possessions of the Hohenzollerns, Austria was to have Silesia; East-Prussen was to be divided between Russia and Poland, as they might agree; Saxony was to have a part of Pomerania, and Sweden was to have the rest of it. To the House of Hohenzollern was to be left only the Electorate of Brandenburg. There was to be no longer any Kingdom of Prussia. No part of the Prussian territories was left for France; but the House of Bourbon should have an equivalent in Flanders, or elsewhere—perhaps in Italy or in some part of Germany itself.

To all human seeming there could be but one issue, and that a speedy one, to the contest. The subjects of the allied sovereigns numbered not

less than 100,000,000; those of the King of Prussia, not much more than 5,000,000. The armies which the allies could at once bring into the field numbered perhaps 500,000, and might be largely increased; those of the King of Prussia not more than 200,000, and these embraced the utmost possible military strength of the kingdom. Prussia was open to invasion from every side. There was no great river to cross, no mountain defiles to force, and, except in Silesia, no strong fortress to besiege or capture. The Delphic oracle announced that Hellas could be defended against the Persians only by wooden walls—that is, by ships. Prussia could be defended only by iron walls—that is, by bayonets.

Secretly as the plot against Frederick had been concocted, he could not be kept ignorant of its existence, and he could divine more of its purport than he really knew. He knew that the Empress-Queen was eager for war against him, without pretext, if necessary, but with abundance of plausible pretexts at command. He formally demanded of her an explicit statement of her intentions. He received, as he anticipated, evasive replies. "That woman," he said to the English ambassador, and pointing to a portrait of Maria Theresa which hung upon the wall—"that woman wants war; and war she shall speedily have. I am not the man to have my nose snubbed." On August 28th, 1756, he gave the order for his army to march upon Austria. On that day the ten years of peace came to an end, and the Seven Years' War began.

SEPTUAGENARIAN MONARCHS.

WE live in an age of old monarchs, grand or otherwise, as well as of old statesmen. A throne in our century seems to give its possessor a fair prospect of longevity. The Pope is, of course, expected to be an old man. The two oldest men next to him are the King of Holland and the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, both of whom were born in the year 1817. Next come the King of Denmark, the Grand Duke of Weimar, and the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, Prince Albert's brother, all of whom first saw the light in 1818. The following year, 1819, was marked by the birth of Queen Victoria, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Thus we have seven septuagenarian rulers in Europe, if we may extend the term ruler to the small German princes who, since the foundation of the new Empire, have not been allowed to do much ruling.

ALPINE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

THE light that plays upon the Alps continually recreates them. They silently lift their faces

heavenward in a repose which nothing disturbs ; but it is a repose not of death, but of a life too vast and high to be affected by the changes below it. Mont Blanc, the Matterhorn and the Jungfrau are wrapped in a solitude upon which it is perilous to intrude ; but on those sublime heights the light glances and lingers as if there it found its home and disclosed all the miracle of its revealing power. For in the light one finds the only revelation of the mountains ; it is the light which discloses their infinite resources of strength and beauty. At Interlachen I saw, not long ago, a wonderful illustration of this power of revelation. It was late one evening when I arrived, and only the dark masses of the hills which hem in the little valley were visible ; one would not have

until the Jungfrau stood revealed—a bride indeed, remote, stainless, sublimely beautiful in a mood which seemed rather of the spirit than of the form. It was one of those revelations which leave an ineffaceable stamp on one's life.

Who shall do justice to the shadows of the Alps ? Not less marvelous are they than the light which they follow, and whose glory they exalt by relief and contrast. One may drive through the Lauterbrunnen or the Grindelwald or over one of the great passes in the morning, and returning toward evening, find himself in a new country—so vast and transforming are the effects which the shadows produce. Linger or walking along the rushing torrent which finds its way through almost every Alpine valley, one watches



FREDERICK THE GREAT, KING OF PRUSSIA.—SANS-SOUCI.—SEE PAGE 420.

known that he was within a thousand miles of the Jungfrau. It was a clear, starlit evening, but between these great black hills it seemed strangely dark and solemn. There was to be a moon later, and we sat on one of the balconies of the hotel and waited for its coming. Presently the lights about us were extinguished ; one by one the houses became dark and the little town became silent. Then upon the solitude of the midnight a wonderful vision slowly grew. The eastern sky began to grow brighter, and through the mountain-gorge directly in front—the hills on either side remaining in the dense shadow—a mountain defined itself as in the sublime silence of the creative hour. The light fell on one snowy ridge after another, touched successively pinnacle after pinnacle, traced imperceptibly the great outline,

with a sense of awe the deep shadows slowly engulfing the world about him. Above, the long streams of light fall like silent cataracts over the edges of the hills, and still higher the snowy summits are warm and soft in unbroken light ; but about one there is dense shadow, gathering darkness, the night becoming visible at the base of the very throne of day. Then the roaring mountain-stream sings a wilder song to the mind which has come under a kindred spell ; and the long lines of spray leaping noiselessly here and there down the precipitous rocks, the echo perhaps of a distant Alpine horn, the solitude and sublimity of those remote and awful heights, are borne in upon the very soul, and one feels that among these hills he has found the true sanctuary, the inmost shrine of nature.

A MYSTERIOUS MALADY.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I WAS really surprised to see Flora Worden enter my office during my consultation hours, a few weeks ago. She had never called me in, or had even come to ask my advice, since her marriage with Luther Worden, and that was seven years past, for her wedded life had lasted full six years, and she had been a widow for over fourteen months. Yet I had been the family physi-

cian of the Carrs ever since Flora was born, and had attended her through all her childish ailments, and Mrs. Dale and I had been amongst the first persons informed of her engagement and the earliest bidden to the wedding. Flora had been an only child, and the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Carr had occurred within a few months of each other, not two years after her marriage, so I had seen literally nothing of her for a long time. To be sure I knew the reason. Luther Worden had never forgiven me for testifying against him, concerning the injury he had inflicted one day on his coachman, whom he had knocked down with the butt-end of his carriage-whip during an altercation respecting the amount of oats to be fed to a favorite horse. So he had prohibited his wife not only from sending for me when she was ill, but even from calling to see my wife.

I do not think that Flora had had a happy life



"THAT'S RIGHT, MRS. WORDEN!" CRIED JACOB BRYAN, RUSHING FROM A CAREFULLY ARRANGED HIDING-PLACE UNDER THE STAIRS, AND POUNCING UPON THE SKELETON DANCER."

of it since she became Mrs. Worden. But, at all events, her matrimonial troubles, if troubles there were, had not lasted very long.

She was always a timid, fragile, sensitive creature, nervous and impressionable to the highest degree, and when she glided into my office in her deep widow's mourning, her face and form almost entirely concealed by her long crape veil, she looked as delicate and frail as a lily. She greeted me shyly, as she put back her veil, revealing a fair, sweet face but little changed from the features I had known as those of Flora Carr.

"Well, my child," I said to her, encouragingly—for after she had taken her seat I saw that she still hesitated to speak—"have you come just to renew your acquaintance with your father's old friend, or have you need of my professional services? Not the latter, I hope. You look very well, though rather pale. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

To my utter amazement, Flora at these words burst into a passion of tears, though what I had said was by no means calculated to arouse any violent emotion. I hastened to supply her with cold water, smelling-salts, a glass of wine, etc.; but despite all the remedies that I could offer, she wept long and uncontrollably, showing how terribly her nerves must have been strained to give way so completely, and without adequate cause.

Finally, she cried herself into a state of comparative calm, being, indeed, altogether exhausted, and then I ventured once more to question her relative to the object of her visit.

"Dear doctor, will you not tell me?—I want so much to know," she murmured between her fast-recurring sobs—"were either my mother or my father ever—ever—insane?"

She brought the last word out with a spasmodic effort, and I hastened to reassure her.

"Neither of them, Flora. Nor was there ever the slightest trace of insanity in their respective families. Remember, I knew both your parents intimately before they were married, when I was a very young man, just commencing the study of my profession. I can vouch, therefore, for the fact that there was no taint of hereditary disease, either mental or physical, anywhere amongst their connections. Why do you ask me this question?"

"Because—I fear—I think—that I myself am going mad!"

I was both shocked and astonished at this announcement. Yet, on careful investigation of her pulse, her expression and her general symptoms, I could discover no evidences of insanity.

"I assure you, Flora," I said, when I had completed my examination, and had obtained from her full and accurate answers to my questions concerning her general health, "that I can find

no basis on which you can ground your fears. Tell me candidly, what cause have you to dread the loss of your reason."

She trembled like an aspen-leaf, and began to weep afresh.

"I can scarcely bear to tell you," she sobbed.

"But I must know the truth, else how can I prescribe for you, or even convince you that your terrors are wholly imaginary, as I trust and believe that they are?"

Thus adjured, she struggled, not unsuccessfully, to regain her composure, and finally managed to begin her story.

"You know, doctor, that I was left a widow a little over a year ago. For a few months after my husband's death I staid in my house in New York, but about six months ago I went to Staten Island, to spend some time with my late husband's sister, Mrs. Gardiner Green. Mr. and Mrs. Green have not always been either very kind or wholly congenial to me, but I had grown tired of living alone in that great house on Madison Avenue, and Augusta begged me so cordially to come and spend some months with them, that I finally consented. I think the change did me good at first; at least, I felt much better, and was rapidly regaining my health and spirits, when a strange thing occurred."

She took my hand in both of her own. The poor slender palms were as cold as ice, and I could feel by the contact how her delicate frame was shaken by the effort she made to control the emotion aroused by the remembrance of the incident she was about to narrate.

"I was sitting, one day last June, with Augusta in the library at the Green Lawn, as they call their place. She was writing a letter, and I was at work at a pincushion-cover, which I was embroidering with beads on blue velvet. I tell you this that you may know that I was not excited in any way, or even nervous. It was bright daylight, about four o'clock in the afternoon, I should say. I looked up from my work to get a fresh supply of beads, and I saw, standing in the door-way, a horrible figure—a tall form all in white drapery, that covered head and all except the face. Oh, doctor, that face—that face!"

"Calm yourself, dear child, and tell me all. What was the face like?"

"It was that of a corpse, no hair showing under the white folds thrown over the head, but with bluish lips just drawn apart to show the teeth, and closed eyelids, and all of a yellowish-white like—like——"

"Like what, Flora?"

"Like the face of my husband when I last saw it, just before the undertaker closed the coffin. I suppose that I must have uttered a shriek, for Augusta looked up from her writing and asked

me what was the matter. 'See—see there!' I cried, pointing to the dreadful shape that still stood on the threshold. 'There?—there is nothing there, Flora.' 'Do you not see that hideous figure in the door-way?' I repeated. 'My poor little sister,' she said, soothingly, 'you must have fallen asleep over your work, and are still dreaming. Look here!' She rose from her chair and went toward the door. The shrouded form retreated backward as she advanced, and disappeared."

"Disappeared? Do you mean that it suddenly vanished, or did it go down the passage-way at either side of the door?"

Flora paused a moment, in order to collect her thoughts.

"No," she said, finally. "I know it did not vanish or melt into air, for amid all my terror I remember wondering where it went to, and if any of the servants might chance to meet it in the hall."

"And Mrs. Green—what did she say about it?"

"She came back to her seat at the writing-table, and merely remarked, 'You see, Flora, you were mistaken—there is nothing there.'"

"Was that the only time you were ever troubled in that way?"

"No—oh, no! If only I had never seen any other hideous spectre, I could have set the appearance of that strange, corpse-like figure to the effect of my imagination, or of some passing indisposition. But, some ten days later, when I had nearly recovered from the terror of that first experience, I saw, one evening while I was playing chess in the drawing-room with Mr. Green, a grotesque figure standing in the curve of the bay-window just within the curtains—a tall form, all in black, with a huge head like that of a parrot, with a black beak and staring black eyes, and covered with dull-red plumage. That time I controlled myself sufficiently merely to ask Mr. Green if he would close the curtains of the bay-window for me. He complied at once, and the thing retreated backward, as the first had done. He saw nothing, evidently, for he came back and resumed his game without making any observation."

"Was Mrs. Green present on that occasion?"

"No; she was lying down in her own room, ill with a sick headache. But that was not the last of my terrors. Once a great ape came dancing and grinning into my room. At another time a tall black form, one mass of black drapery from head to feet, with a single thin white hand visible amongst the folds, glided through the library and beckoned to me to follow. Then there were other shapes, some ghastly, some only strange and grotesque; but nothing was ever seen by my sister-in-law or by her husband."

"Were they always present when these apparitions made their appearance?"

"Always, I think—either one or the other of them, but never, so far as I can remember, were they both there at one time."

"Did you ever see any of these spectres when you were alone?"

"Only once—one moonlight night, when I was awakened by a tapping at the window, and on looking up I saw the head and neck of a gigantic serpent waving around outside the casement. I think I must have swooned from the shock, for I lay insensible for a long time, and when I regained my senses it was broad daylight, and the snake had disappeared. But you can imagine, doctor, how terrible my sufferings have been. Never to make a step, or to cast a glance around, without the dread of seeing something horrible that no one else can see. Oh, doctor, help me! Save me from this torment that is worse than the agonies of death! Am I not going mad?—is not insanity the cause of these dreadful hallucinations?"

She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, for her tears were again flowing. Meanwhile I sat and pondered in silence over the very strange nature of her case and its symptoms. Fragile and nervous though she was, Flora presented none of the peculiar traits of a maniac. Finally, I resolved to question her still further.

"Have you ever been free from a recurrence of these visions for any length of time?"

She thought intently for a moment. "Yes," she said; "there was one fortnight in the month of July during which I was entirely free from them."

"Was there anything noteworthy about your mode of life during that fortnight—any change that you can remember?"

"Nothing, except the presence of my cousin, Miss Harwood, who came up from Long Branch to see me, and whom I invited, with Augusta's consent, to stay two weeks at Green Lawn."

"And you saw nothing whilst she was with you?"

"Nothing at all. But the very day after she left my troubles began again."

"Well, Flora, I think I can relieve you of them without doubt. Go back to Green Lawn, and come to see me again in three days hence. I will give the time to an exhaustive study of your case, and I am certain that I shall hit upon an effectual remedy. Cheer up, my child—you are neither mad nor are you going mad—take an old doctor's word for it."

She left me with a faint attempt at a smile, only half convinced by my cheering words, as I could very well see. Poor little woman! And closing my doors against all other patients, I gave



NOTES ABOUT NUREMBERG.—THE CITY WALLS.—SEE PAGE 439.

myself up to profound meditation concerning her and her mysterious malady.

What *could* be the cause of these sights that haunted her? Was it possible that, like the German book-seller Nicolai, whose case is celebrated in all works on apparitions, she was the victim of hallucinations caused by disease? She was apparently in perfect health. A little blood-letting cured Nicolai of his phantom, but Flora was not troubled with excess of blood.

The more I thought the matter over, the more it seemed to me that she was the victim of some heartless and cruel trickery. But by whom was it practiced, and for whose benefit? This I could not say. Certain points, however, in her narrative seemed to indicate clearly the conclusion at which I had arrived. These were, first, the fact that she had never been annoyed by the apparitions whilst she was alone, excepting on a single occasion. Secondly, they left her altogether during the presence of a strange visitor at Green Lawn.

Now, the shapes that are the creation of a diseased brain or disordered nerves are almost invariably visible when the sufferer is alone. But who could be the actor or actors in this cruel deception, if deception it were? Not the servants, certainly. It could only be Mr. or Mrs. Gardiner Green, as one or the other was almost invariably present when Mrs. Worden saw these spectres, and they never saw anything—or, at least, they declared that they did not. If the whole thing was a trick, they were certainly the perpetrators of it.

But for what purpose?—what could their motives be in working out such an elaborate piece of deception? I puzzled over the matter till I

went to bed, half inclined to believe that poor Flora's wits were forsaking her, after all.

The next morning I started out early on foot to visit a patient in the neighborhood, to whom I had been unexpectedly summoned, and on my way back to breakfast I was met and

stopped by Clifford Stewart, the well-known lawyer.

"Out early this morning, doctor, I see. By the way, how is my little friend Mrs. Luther Worden? I saw her leaving your office yesterday when I was passing by. I hope she is not ill, doctor."

"Only nervous, I think—inclined to be hypochondriacal."

"As an old friend of the family, you ought to advise her to make her will—that is, unless she wants her sister-in-law, Augusta Green, to inherit the fortune that Luther Worden left her."

"How is that? I never heard anything about Mr. Worden's will," I said, with a sudden, keen interest in the matter.

"Did you never hear that Luther Worden bequeathed all his property to his wife, with the single stipulation that if she died without issue, or died intestate, the entire fortune should revert to his sister?"



THE BURG.

"You don't say so! Are you certain of what you tell me, Mr. Stewart?"

"I should rather think so, since I was Luther Worden's lawyer, and drew up the will myself. But stop—where are you going in such a hurry? What is the matter?"

"Nothing—a prescription that I must see to at once. Glad to have seen you. Good-morning!"

And I hurried home to prepare forthwith an epistle to be sent to Flora by a confidential messenger, begging her to come to see me early the next day.

I felt certain that I now held the clew to the whole mystery. The hideous conspiracy was unveiled before me. If Flora could be driven mad, or if by a series of machinations she could be proved, however falsely, to be insane, she would be legally incapable of making a will, and might hereafter be shut up in an asylum where all chance of her marrying again would

be at an end. It remained now for me to prove to the poor sufferer, at once and conclusively, the imaginary nature of her terrors, and also the villainy of those who had practiced so cruelly on her timid, nervous nature.

Flora came to call on me, in obedience to my summons, the next morning, looking already much better and brighter for the hope that I had given her.

"Now, dear," I said, after a few preliminary

questions, "you must promise to follow my instructions blindly for awhile. You promise? That is right. This is what I want you to do. You must set up a man-servant of your own—a valet. Mrs. Green will not object to that addition to her household, I presume?"

"Oh, no. Augusta is very kind. She lets me have my own way in everything."

"Very good. Now, you must let me supply you with your new adherent." I rang the bell.

"Send up Jacob Bryan, Thomas," I said to the office-boy, and in a moment Jacob appeared, a tall, wiry fellow, about thirty years of age, who bowed very civilly to the young widow. "He has had his instructions from me, Flora. Listen attentively, dear, to what I want you to do. The next time that you see anything strange or unaccountable, you must scream just as loud as your lungs will let you. That is all. Jacob and I will see to the rest; but remember—not a word concerning your visits to me, or the

true office of your man-servant, to Mr. or Mrs. Green. If you disobey me in that respect, I cannot answer for your recovery."

About a week from that time, Flora, who up to that date had been left unmolested by her phantom foes, was sitting with Mrs. Green in the library, enjoying the balmy twilight of a lovely September evening. It was growing dusk, and she turned to her sister-in-law with a proposal that they should ring for lights. But the words



ANTIQUE GARGOYLE AND SIGN-BOARD, NEAR THE MAXTHOR.

died half uttered on her lips, for in the open door-way leading to the hall there stood a figure more horrible than any one of those that had heretofore affrighted her—a skeleton with a ghastly grin on its fleshless jaws, dancing and jiggling on its bony legs, and waving its arms in a hideous mockery of gayety. One look, and then Flora remembered my orders, and shrieked loudly and repeatedly.

"That's right, Mrs. Worden!" cried Jacob Bryan, rushing from a carefully arranged hiding-place under the stairs, and pouncing upon the skeleton dancer. "What—would you, sir—would you? Here! bring lights, if you please! Look, ma'am—look! We have caught the ghost at last!"

And, sure enough, when lights were brought Gardiner Green stood revealed in a tight-fitting suit of black stockinet, painted to represent a skeleton, and with a mask formed of a real death's head, a figure well calculated to frighten a nervous, excitable spectator out of his or her seven senses.

"Let me go, I tell you!—it was only a joke—a trick to make a little fun with Mrs. Worden," panted the detected masquerader. His wife had hurried out of sight the moment she saw that detection was inevitable.

"A pretty trick, and one that you will have to answer for to Mrs. Worden's lawyer, I think. Look here, ma'am. Did you ever see such a get-up? And here," he continued, releasing the imitation skeleton, which instantly fled up-stairs with a rapidity appropriate to his spectral impersonation, "just look at this mass of things." And Jacob Bryan dragged a big bundle out of the closet under the stairs. "Here are all the rigs the ghosts wore that have so frightened you—the black gown and the white one, the wax mask that was the corpse-face, and the pasteboard one that the baboon wore; and here, too, is the stuffed serpent, and the ape's hide, and the big bird's head, and all the other horrors. Bless me, ma'am, it did not need six years' experience in the detective police force of New York to make a fellow able to unearth so shallow a trick as this! Now, put on your bonnet, Mrs. Worden, if you please, and we'll go straight down to New Brighton, where Mrs. Dale is waiting for you at the Pavilion Hotel. It's the doctor's orders that you were not to stop in this house an hour after the detection of the cruel hoax that has been played upon you."

That was the end of Flora Worden's terrors. She would listen to no advice from any one concerning the prosecution of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Green, so they got off scot-free, after all. As for Jacob Bryan, the reward that she bestowed upon him was of such magnitude that he has got

married, left the police force, and set up business in a neat corner grocery of his own.

Flora suffered for a long time from nervous depression and weakness, but my wife and I took good care of her, and finally, to complete her cure, Mrs. Dale planned an expedition to take her to Paris to see the Exhibition. My eldest son, Horace, accompanied the ladies, to act as their escort. The party is to sail from Liverpool next week for home. But before they start there is to be a quiet wedding in London, and my son will bring our dear Flora back to me as our own daughter—Mrs. Horace Dale.

EDISON'S SARCASTIC CLOCK.

THOMAS EDISON, the phenomenal inventor, has reached a critical stage in his career, and it would be a strange sarcasm of fate if his latest invention should make him perfectly abhorrent to the growing generation. In his laboratory at Llewellyn Park is this invention. It has been tried and found perfect, and it is a phonographic clock which, instead of chiming the hours, calls them out at every quarter in a voice full of clearness. It may be fitted with any set to suit the purposes for which it may be intended. To a visitor it was exhibited recently.

The inventor was cheerful and playful. "The clock," said he, "is an improvement, and if it were only in the market now, it might save you reporters a great deal of worryment. For instance, say, you are at a political meeting with a dozen speakers carded. They are to have a half-hour. You know what a fiction that is. But now, if you had a clock like this, see how it would work"—and here Mr. Edison placed a set within it. He placed the hand to the quarter of an hour, and a voice came ringing out: "This speaker is half through." At the half-hour the clock blurted out: "The audience will please not encore. The gentleman now gives way to another."

"The one fear I have," continued Mr. Edison, "is that the young unmarried folks may not relish it. You are married? No? Well, I don't give this out as a bribe, but when you get entangled in the preliminaries come to me and I will give you one that you may present to the family into which you aspire to be admitted. It will be a fibber. I'm a little in doubt about the popularity of the parlor-clock with the younger people."

Mr. Edison has good reason to fear. A more tantalizing ornament to a pair of ardent lovers than a matrimonial parlor phonographic clock cannot be imagined. Fancy, for instance, a Sunday evening in a cozy parlor with two hearts beating as one startled by a voice from the mantel: "Good-night, a fond good-night. In another

hour it will be midnight." Then dolefully at a quarter past and each succeeding quarter comes out its hoarse croakings, until 11:55, when it blurts out: "In five minutes more it will be to-morrow," and every ten minutes subsequently the air is filled with its maudlins, such as: "Ah! how still the hour." "Mabel, I am watching thee—ha, ha!" "Methinks I hear the spirit of thy mamma upon the stairs." "Please don't heed me; it is my misfortune that I must warn you that the hour is half-past twelve." "Did I hear you ask me to get that hat?" "Will you kindly remember me in your prayers?" "Look out! I hear a footstep. Ha, ha! I was only fooling thee." "I'll soon have to call father to go to his office." And so the clock jabbers on exasperatingly. Of course the words are set to suit the circumstances. If the wooer be a favored person, the language will be different, the tone of the clock will be sweet and simpering, and the words coy and captivating.

FACTS ABOUT CALIFORNIA.

SECOND largest State in the Union; area, 157,801 square miles. Acquired by United States, 1847. Gold discovered February, 1848. First State in value of gold product. Total value gold and silver product since 1848, \$1,353,150,000. Most diversified agricultural State in the Union. Fifteenth State in agricultural products 1880. Probable rank in agriculture in 1890, tenth. Largest producer of honey. Leading wine-producing State. Only raisin-producing State in the Union. The only State in which the olive thrives. The home of the orange and the fig. Leading producer of almonds, walnuts, etc. Finest climate in the world—for Californians. Value of the mineral products in 1889, \$18,000,000. Quicksilver product, average annual output in eight years, 40,000 flasks. Admitted to Union, September 9th, 1850. Population (census of 1880), 864,694. Population 1889, estimated, 1,465,000. Ranked twenty-fourth State in population in 1880. Probably ranks fifteenth in 1890. Ranked first State in per capita wealth, census of 1880. Ranked ninth State in aggregate wealth, census 1880. Twelfth State in manufacturing importance in 1880. Assessed value of all property in 1889, \$1,111,590,979. Total deposits, all banks, July 1st, 1889, \$160,451,776. Net debt of State, \$339,500. Value of manufactured products, 1889, estimated \$160,400,000. Number of newspapers in 1889, 524. Acres in forest, 20,000,000. Acres in farms, 1,672,973. San Francisco third largest port of entry in United States. Value of public-school property, \$10,513,000. Public-school expenditures, 1889, \$4,996,865. Number of acres

devoted to vine-growing, 200,000. Capital invested in vineyards, \$70,000,000. Annual average wine product for five years, 15,000,000 gallons. Raisins and dried-grape product 1889, 1,400,000 pounds. Prune crop, 1889, 18,000,000 pounds. Canned-goods shipments, 1889, 35,000,000 pounds. Green deciduous fruits shipped out of State, 1889, 50,000,000 pounds. Dried fruits shipped East, 1889, 40,000,000 pounds. Bean product of 1889, 35,000,000 pounds. Barley crops, annual average four years, 10,000,000 centals. Flour shipments, annual average for five years, 1,000,000 barrels. Dried-fruit product of 1889, 50,000,000 pounds. Fruit and vegetable pack, 1889, 1,500,000 cases. Value of cereal, hay and root crops, \$60,000,000. Number of horses, 368,400; value, \$25,857,000. Number of mules, 40,765; value, \$3,415,000. Number of cows, 258,296; value, \$8,105,000. Number of oxen and other cattle, 726,880; value, \$14,080,000. Number of sheep, 3,956,000; value, \$7,453,000. Number of swine, 647,000; value, \$3,616,000. Value of live-stock of all kinds, \$63,526,000. Orange product, season 1889-90, estimated, 1,300,000 boxes. Hop product, annual average five years, 4,200,000 pounds. Wool product, annual average ten years, 35,000,000 pounds. Surplus wheat exported, annual average of five years, 12,450,000 centals. Miles of railroad, 4,000.

FRANCESCA TO PAOLO.

BY MALVOLIO.

THOUGH I have bartered hope of heaven for thee,
One comfort comes to solace my despair—
'Tis this, that now through all eternity
Our souls must know each other, and will fare
Together o'en in hell, for sin will bear
Us to the self-same port—together we
Must guilt's red badge of shame forever wear;
And yet this thought is one so sweet to me,
That loss of heaven seems a little thing;
For there, our souls, though saved, would ever dwell
Apart, unknown to each in lofty bliss.
Ere this should be, far rather would I fling
Myself this moment to the depths of hell,
That I might live in pain to know thy kiss.

NOTES ABOUT NUREMBERG.

BY SOPHIE WORTHINGTON.

THE festivities attendant on the marriage of the daughter of the King of Saxony and the young Austrian Archduke had brought a host of Imperial, Royal and Princely Highnesses to grace the scene, and give pomp and prestige to the occasion.

For the time, at least, Dresden was a gay city. Soldiers numberless, with brilliant uniforms and martial aspect, were everywhere present. Never did more glorious sunshine illumine a sky of

brighter azure than that which domed the fair Saxon capital on those golden days of early October. No chill in the perfect weather suggested that the Summer had departed. Powder without stint had been exploded; countless casks of Bay-

duke Otto and Her Royal Highness Maria Josefa—yesterday, Königliche Prinzessin von Sachsen; to-day, Kaiserliche Frau Erzherzogin von Oesterreich!

Alas! that the wedding on which all things



ALBERT DURER AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.—(FROM THE DRAWING BY HIMSELF.)

crische-bier had been imbibed in honor of the princely nuptials.

The *Dresdner Nachrichten*, with trumpet-blare of mighty words stretching across its broad columns, had announced the marriage, on October 2d, at midday, of His Royal Highness the Arch-

seemed to shine so auspiciously should have proved so unhappy. Before three months, the lovely princess, maltreated by that bad Otto, was compelled to seek protection in her Saxon home.

We saw the bridegroom, the evening before the marriage, at the Hoftheater Altstadt. His seat

was near us, and not unfrequently he stood giving opportunity for an observation of his personal appearance. Between the acts, too, he took occasion, with his staff, to pass out, "to see a man," perhaps, after the fashion of many of his sex elsewhere. He had not a good face, but who could have believed him capable of cruelty to the young and lovely princess?

At Reichenbach, the favorite abode of gentle dullness, we had an opportunity to adjust our minds to a more quiet condition of things after the gayeties of the Saxon capital.

Disregarding the attractions of "Die Rothe Hahn" and "Weisser Hirsch," we drove directly to "Die Goldnen Lamm," a quaint old inn that had been a convent, where our apartments had been engaged, and had no reason to regret our choice.

When we came to Nuremberg we seemed to have dropped into the heart of the Middle Ages. There are older cities in Germany, but none which more perfectly materialize one's ideal of mediæval times. It would seem almost possible to convince one's self that those gray ramparts and towers, those venerable churches and ancient houses, had come there without the intervention of the hand of man—that they had stood as now since the world was young.

From the antique Burg, that formed a nucleus around which gathered the buildings of the town, standing on a height to which one ascends by a winding way, paved and walled, and passing through many an arch and gateway, a city has grown in course of time till it extends beyond the River Pegnitz, which now divides it equally. The north side is called St. Sebald's; the south, St. Laurence, from the two churches which are their most notable ornaments.

The first records of Nuremberg date from 1030. The Burg, the favorite residence of the old Franco-German and Suabian emperors, is ascribed to Conrad I. Its grand towers and chapel are of very ancient origin. Conrad III. interested him-

self in the prosperity of the town, and enlarged its boundaries. In 1147 he held here a grand levee.

Frederick Barbarossa added to the Burg from 1156 to 1188, and made it a favorite residence. Rudolf von Hapsburg, the founder of the Austrian Imperial race, who held here his first levee in 1294, made frequent visits to Nuremberg. The Emperor Ludwig der Beyer, who from 1314 to 1349 chiefly resided here, was actively friendly to the prosperity of the city. With increased privileges of trade a profitable foreign commerce sprung up between the old free city and the Far East. By way of Venice the substantial products of the North were exchanged for spices, silks and drugs, the luxuries of the Orient. The discovery of a sea-route to the East Indies diverted trade to another channel, and proved fatal to the commercial activity of the city. A succession of wars and vicissitudes followed, and the last grand pageant that was seen in Nuremberg was that which celebrated the peace with Gustavus Adolphus. Under the influence of the great artists



ALBERT DURER'S HOUSE AND STATUE.

Wolgemut, Dürer, Krafft, the Vischers, Stoss, and the meistersängers Rosenplüt, Folz and Hans Sachs, Nuremberg obtained a well-merited renown for its achievements in letters and the arts.

The venerable cathedrals, those imperishable monuments of creative skill and power, first claim admiring attention. Sebalduskirche shows the transition from the Byzantine to the old German idea and method. The northern steeple was built in 1300. Over the grand entrance is a noble sculpture in stone, representing "The Last Judgment," said to be the work of Adam Krafft. The Bridal Portal has a skillful representation of "The Wise and Foolish Virgins." Within is the tomb of St. Sebaldus, cast in brass, by Peter Vischer, 1508 to 1519. Noteworthy are four folding pictures representing miracles of the saint. Near the pulpit is a painting by Albrecht Dürer, "The Descent from the Cross"; about the high altar are beautiful carvings by Veit Stoss. In St. Peter's Chapel is one of the earliest examples of Nuremberg art, a picture by Wolgemut, 1453. In the same chapel is a bronze font, the oldest cast-work of Nuremberg, in which it is said that Wenzel, the son of the Emperor Karl IV., was baptized in 1361. Other notable paintings are, "Laying in the Grave," by Dürer, and coloring on glass by Hirschvögel, Kernberger and others.

Lorenzkirche, a splendid example of Gothic architecture, from a small church, dedicated to St. Laurence in 1162, has been gradually enlarged till, from 1439 to 1477, it attained its present imposing proportions. Its façade, with its rich rose-window and ornate portal, claim profound admiration. The interior has a remarkable sacramental pyx, by Adam Krafft, of the date of 1409. Rising sixty-four feet, its slender sculpture is crowned by a wreath of flowers. "The Salutation of Mary," life-size, and the Angel of the Annunciation, in a circlet of roses, are the marvelous carving in wood of Veit Stoss. The high altar has six candelabra in figures of angels by Burgschmidt, and a crucifix by Veit Stoss; the altars have pictures by Wolgemut. There are stained-glass windows of great beauty by Hirschvögel, 1471; Springlin, 1481; Knorr, 1471; Schlusselfelder, 1481; with the four Evangelists, and the Emperor's window by Wanderer.

Egidienkirche has a splendid altar-piece by Vandyke; behind the altar are reliefs by Vischer. In Wolfgang's Chapel, the beautiful ceiling has two old pictures of 1462-1463, a sculpture by Hans Decker, "The Interment of Christ," and reliefs in wood.

The Eucharins Chapel, in Byzantine style, is remarkable for the columns which support the ceiling and for rare pictures and wood-carvings.

In the court of the Heilig-Gheist-Spital-Kirche

is a Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, founded by the Knight Ketzell, who went to the Holy Wars with Duke Albert of Saxony. In 1424 the Emperor Sigismund caused the Imperial jewels to be brought to Nuremberg, and placed for safe-keeping in a shrine which hung in the centre of this church.

In the Johannes Kirchhof are many graves with heraldic ornaments. Here, surrounded by rich paintings and carvings, lie entombed Albrecht Dürer, man of letters, philosopher and artist; Willebald Perkheimer, Adam Krafft, sculptor; Hans Sachs, meistersänger; and Grübel, the poet. In the mortuary chapel is the last work of Adam Krafft, "The Laying in the Grave."

The Town-hall—built 1332-1340, enlarged in 1522, and rebuilt in 1616—has a *salon* 130 feet by 40, with an arched ceiling by Hans William Beheim, 1613; glass paintings by Veit Hirschvögel, 1521; and mural paintings by Dürer, representing a triumphal procession of the Emperor Maximilian.

In the venerable Burg, the Heidenturm and the chapels are very ancient. The lower one has Byzantine columns. The upper one, called Ottmar or the Emperor's Chapel, is also built in Byzantine style. In the grand *salon* are painting by Schaufelin, Culmbach, Schön, Lucas Cranach, Dürer and Holbein. In this room the Reichstag, the great Imperial Diet, was often held.

One may dimly fancy the magnificence of the scene when princes and prelates in brilliant array, powerful electors and bold barons assembled here to deliberate on business of deep import to the empire, great affairs of peace and war, with a splendid Conrad, Frederick, Henry, Rudolf, Ludwig or Karl for its central figure—one of those imperial personages whose "counterfeit presentment" may be seen in the Kaisersaal of the old Römer at Frankfurt.

The royal suite of apartments occupied by Ludwig II. of Bavaria on his last visit to Nuremberg are not richly, but very conveniently, furnished, and the gallery upon which they open commands an extensive and beautiful view of the gardens and the city beyond, with a broad outlook over the fertile plains of Franconia, and away to the picturesque forests and mountains that divide it from its neighbors, Thuringia and Suabia. The rooms that had been used by the mother of the King were attractive from the air of home-like comfort and sensible enjoyment that pervaded them; the floors had no carpets, and no splendor was visible anywhere. The aspect of the place was quite different, and doubtless an agreeable change to its occupants, from the grandeur of the Residenz at Munich.

In the court-yard of the Burg, alone, among the

stones of the old pavement, is a linden-tree, carefully nursed, and swathed in many of its ancient boughs, to retard as much as possible inevitable decay, which, it is said, was planted more than eight hundred years ago, in 1031, by the hand of the Empress Kunigunde, wife of Conrad II., the son of Hermann, Duke of Franconia, and who was elected Emperor of Germany, 1025.

The oldest architectural monument of Nuremberg, as indicated by a tablet, was a five-cornered tower that belonged to the Burggrafs of Hohenzollern, destroyed by fire, 1419. The Torture Tower, within the walls of the Burg, built, 1367, is a remarkable monument of "man's inhumanity to man." Consisting of many stories, each one is filled with mechanical inventions, clumsy, but fearfully effectual for their purpose of inflicting intolerable pain, all of which had seen service in their cruel work. The custodian cheerfully displayed them, giving the date of their latest use, and the name of their last victim. Climbing the rude, worn stair-way to the topmost story, we staid at each flight to view the various instruments of torture: the wheel, the rack, the grid-iron, the iron crown, the boot, the thumb-screw, and numberless nameless appliances for adding to the sum of human misery.

The custodian called our attention to "The Maiden," and opened the iron doors, displaying the spikes ingeniously and fiendishly arranged, so that when they inclosed in tight embrace the unhappy victim his eyes and breast would be pierced by them. He raised the-trap that concealed the *oubliette*, and we peered into the gloomy, impenetrable darkness of those unknown depths, where many a prisoner in his agony had fallen to meet a terrible death. In the corner of the apartment was a cell where, while awaiting judgment, the captive could see from between the bars the rude crucifix upon which he was to kneel as he passed to the fatal arms of "The Maiden." On the topmost floor was an iron cage where many criminals had been inclosed, and within it the image of its last occupant, clothed in the garments he had worn.

The depressing surroundings and associations of the place did not seem to have impressed the cheerful custodian, or his smiling old wife, who bestowed on us bright flowers to take away as mementoes of our visit to the Torture Tower of Nuremberg.

The Bayerische Hof, our hotel while in Nuremberg, is a place of quaintly curious interest, built in the strong, massive manner of a house that could be a fortress as well. Driving through an archway, the guest alights in a large, paved court, and is shown the way up a flight of well-worn stone stairs to the apartments above. The rooms, overlooking the street on one side of a long hall

and the court on the other, are spacious, and furnished in the comfortable German fashion, seem cheerful and restful. On the street side are many windows with cushioned sills, where one may look out upon the ancient mansions with quaint façades and door-ways, and over to the churches, public buildings, and the sleepy shops where no one is seen to enter.

Around the court are many-storied portions of the hotel made by the union of two patrician dwellings, the "House Dorrer" and the "House Bitterholz." The tall, slanting roofs, with small pointed dormer-windows dotting their sides in rows to their apex, adding yet more stories, give an Old World aspect most interesting to the pilgrim from the New.

Descending to the Speisesaal, one traverses a long hall hung with many precious engravings of Albrecht Dürer; and the dining-room itself, with its store floor, its antique tables and chairs, and the curious cupboards in the wall, harmonizes with the mediæval aspect of all things in Nuremberg.

In the market-place the women sit all day with their knitting or other work in their hands, and the children run about as if accustomed to living out-of-doors. Customers inspect and buy the various wares, fruits and vegetables offered for sale. The boys go clattering along the streets with wooden shoes, old weather-beaten leather knapsacks containing their school-books strapped, soldier-fashion, to their shoulders; the girls with their white stockings and quaint gowns, in fashion, if not in fact, those of their grandmothers.

The scenery in the opera of "Faust" at the Grand Opera House in Paris has in it a square of Nuremberg, where *Marguerite*, with modest steps and downcast eyes, is wending toward the great cathedral when she is first seen by *Dr. Faustus*. The scenery used by Henry Irving in his version of the Faust legend is also copied from Nuremberg. The streets and the houses of the Nurembergers and their appearance need little change to adapt them to the representation of a sixteenth-century scene.

A glance at the record of the Bayerische Hof reads like a leaf from an old romance. For example, says the chronicle: "On the 22d of September, 1575, Salentin von Ysemberg, Elector of Cologne, on his journey to the Reichstag in Regensburg, passed through Nuremberg and staid at Bitterholz, then called "The Prince's Tavern," with a train of 211 horses; and Jacob von Elz, Elector of Trier, on the 8th of November of the same year returning from the Reichstag, came here with a numerous following. Julius Echter, of Mespelbrunn, Bishop of Würzburg, who so-journed at Bitterholz on the 21st of August, 1577, had 150 horses. Duke Ernest von Bayern, later

Electeur of Cologne, abode here on the 18th of October, 1580; and the successor of the Trier Elector, Jacob John von Schonberg, on the 3d of May stopped by Bitterholz."

In the course of years changes occurred, but "the House of Bitterholz," continues the record, "remained the most sought for by high personages. Count Charles von Mansfield, on the 26th of February, 1595, and Duke William of Livonia and Courland, on the 12th of March, 1596, were guests here. Duke Philip Emanuel von Lothringen, Duke of Mercœur, on the 11th of December, 1599, and Graf Frederick of Hohenlohe, on the 29th of March, abode in the princely chamber of the Prince's Tavern."

Looking into the quiet court where the employés of the house go silently about their work

purchased by G. L. Aremheimer, in whose family it remains, and in whose time its name became the "Bayerische Hof." Among the many honored guests are named King Max Joseph-Ludwig I., Max II. of Bavaria, Emperor Nicholas and the Russian Empress and Prince Imperial Alexander. Among later names are those of the German Emperor, Empress and Crown-prince, the Sultan Abdul Aziz, the King of Sweden, and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

We have lingered so long with this curious and unique old inn, that we can hardly give due notice to the museums, public and private, so richly stored with art-treasures. The city is replete with architectural and historical and antiquarian interest. The house of Albrecht Dürer—the pride of Nuremberg—stands near the Thiergarten, his statue in the

Dürer Platz, the statue of Melancthon near the Egidienkirche. The German National Museum is a treasure-house of remarkable and valuable objects, books, manuscripts, costumes, paintings and engravings, armor, weapons, and objects of art, old and modern. The collection of the King is rich in paintings of the German school.

In the Maxplatz is the beautiful fountain called the Tugendbrunnen, and in the Hauptmarkt the Schöne Brunnen. This last is sixty feet

in height, and its four divisions are adorned with figures of heroes, national, Christian, Jewish and mythological, while above are statues of Moses and the Prophets.

Few tourists pass without at least looking in at the curious old Bratroürstglöcklein, said to have been a resort for Albrecht Dürer, Krafft, Hans Sachs and their *confrères*, and now frequented by artists, Bohemians and *burschen* of the present day. It clings to one side of an ancient church like some parasitic growth, a long, narrow lean-to of three rooms, with tables where may be found abundant beer and sausage, of which the traveler, in deference to tradition, partakes if he can; at least, he walks through the place and buys a pipe as a memento of the ancient Bratroürstglöcklein of Nuremberg. They like the visitor to inscribe



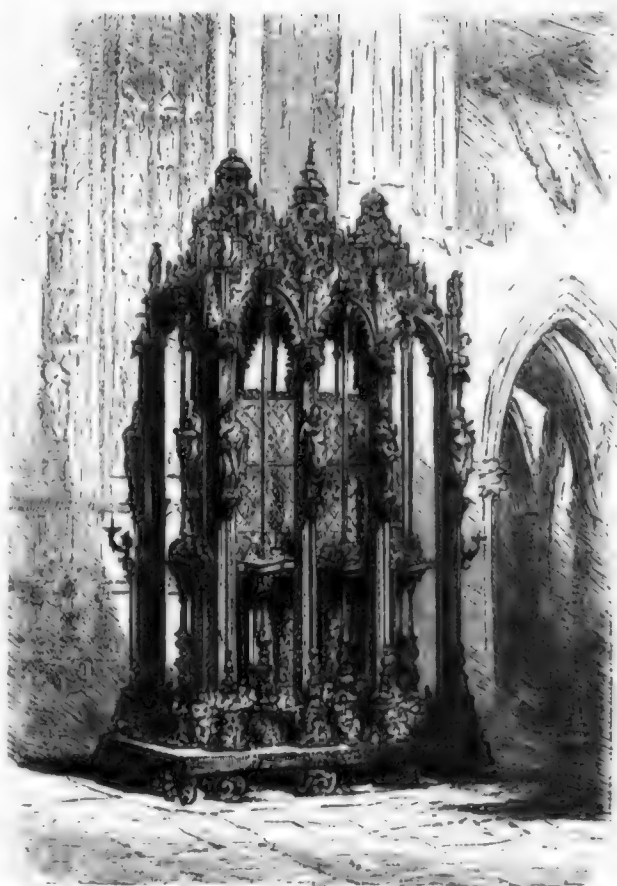
ON THE PEONITZ.

with only the clumsiest mechanical aids, one thinks of the contrast to those old times of stir and commotion, when princes ecclesiastical and secular, electors, burggravin, knights, ritters and junkers clattered through the low archway and halted in the wide old court. What rattling of chain mail, what clang of weapons, what jingling of spurs, what ringing of iron-shod heels on the stones as they dismount, and fill the Speisesaal, the corridors and chambers of the ancient hostelry, hungry and thirsty every one—a motley, noisy, imperious crowd. There also lodged at this inn a Persian embassy sent by Shah Abbas the Great to the Emperor Rudolf II., which passed from Praag, through Nuremberg to Augsburg, on the 2d of February, 1601. In 1817 we read that the ancient hostelry of Bitterholz was

his name on a book kept for that purpose, with the place and country of his residence. Among the autographs, with a few kind words appended, which they proudly show, is one, handsomely framed, of Elizabeth of Roumania, the good and gifted Carmen Sylva.

Nuremberg is said, on the whole, to have profited by its transfer to the Bavarian Government in 1806. Its sovereigns have interested themselves in its prosperity, and under their favoring auspices trade and manufactures have acquired considerable activity. Jewelers, engravers, manufacturers of artist's colors, watches and musical instruments, wood-carvers and toy-makers are busy. The bronze-factory and the great pencil-works of Faber are well known in both hemispheres.

One might believe that the red beard of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa stirred in the Thuringian mountain-cave where, surrounded by his Paladins, he awaits the call to sally forth with his knights and make the German land the first of earthly dominions, when in 1835 the steam-engine, that strong young giant of the nineteenth century, sounded a shrill, defiant challenge at the gates of his old, well-beloved Imperial City of Nuremberg. The spirits of mediæval lethargy started with a strange surprise at a sound that heralded new activities—at which upsprung the iron-foundry, the machine-shop, the car-manufactory. The sleepy old town, now in daily com-



THE SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD.



THE MARIENTHOR.

munication with the rest of the world, could not choose but waken at the new condition of affairs, and better itself a little after a slumber of ages.

One could not describe Nuremberg and forget due mention of the Antiquitäten shops, the most bewildering and irresistible of their kind. Such carven coffers, such cabinets, such antique furniture, tapestries, embroideries in silken and golden thread; such bronzes, marbles, wrought silver, and Venetian crystal; such rare and unique porcelains; such carvings in wood and stone, such relics of ancient and mediæval art, such ancestral plate, such archaic jewels, such paintings and engravings, such marvels of patient skilled handiwork in precious lace, in carven rings and gems; spoils of old cathedrals, in robes and vestments, redolent of incense and sanctity; cups and chalices, screens and altar-cloths; such historic armor and weapons, dinted on many battle-fields; heirlooms from castle and palace to beguile the gold of the most judicious. How, then, can the unwary lover of the beautiful, the venerable and wonderful resist the manifold allurements of the Nuremberg Antiquitäten?

SIX HUNDRED MILES UP THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.

By J. O.

THE Yang-tse-Kiang, the third largest river in the world, and more than 3,000 miles long in all its windings, from its rise in the north-western

mountains of China to its discharge into the Yellow Sea, is navigable by steam-boat as far as Jehang—1,000 miles up from Shanghai.

There are three companies which run steamers up the river, and it was in one belonging to the China Navigation Company, the *Nganking*, a fine vessel of 3,000 tons, fitted up with every latest improvement, that we recently made the journey, to and fro, from Shanghai to Hankow. The distance is 600 miles, and the trip there and back, which occupied nine days, proved in every way interesting and enjoyable.

Large numbers of "Chasus" go up every May to the river ports, and even as early as April we had quite a crowd of them in the *Nganking*. We had learned to look upon the "Chasu" with mingled fear and dread, for every one kept saying, apropos of our trip, "Better go early, and so avoid the 'Chasus.'" It was a great relief to our mind, therefore, to discover him, later on, to be neither more nor less than a simple tea-taster. Our "Chasus" were all Russians, and bound for Hankow, which is one of the largest marts on the river for the tea-trade. At the house of the hospitable Commissioner of Customs we tasted some tea which I should imagine for delicacy of flavor must be unequalled; it was some that he had received as a gift from a "chop" sent to the Emperor of Russia, and is not to be bought for money, being reserved exclusively for the use of the Imperial Court.

The Yang-tse-Kiang possesses, to a great extent, the charm of variety. Owing to its floods, its opposing currents, and its soft and yielding soil, it is constantly changing its aspect; and what at one time is a shoal in a few years transforms itself into an island, or attaches itself to the main-land, to disappear, perhaps, as expeditiously as it arose.

At the delta of the river, opposite Wusung and twelve miles from Shanghai, lies the largest alluvial island in the world—Tsong-Ming; this island is sixty miles long and ten wide, and possesses about 1,000,000 inhabitants; yet a few hundred years ago it was not in existence, and perhaps in a century or two more the water will again flow fathoms deep over the spot where it once flourished.

The first day of our journey the scenery was monotonous and uninteresting; the low, flat banks being too far distant to afford us even the poor excitement of the sight of a Chinaman's coffin. The casual way in which these coffins lie promiscuously about in all portions of China on the river-banks is at first almost disconcerting to a stranger, but very soon one grows accustomed to the sight.

In the evening, at dinner, among other delicacies on the bill of fare was the "Samli," the

far-famed white salmon of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Some one at table told us the same fish is found in the Hooghly, and that it is also similar to the American shad.

At sunset we came in sight of Chinkiang, where the Grand Canal crosses the river on its way from Hang-Chau to Pekin. We were disappointed at not being able to go on shore and visit the scene of the riots of the previous month, but the downward stream had possession of the Company's hulk, and so we were obliged to anchor till midnight at Silver Island, two miles away. Next morning we were awakened at daylight by a great rattling of chains, as the *Nganking* loosened her hold on the hulk, and swung out into the river on her way to the once celebrated but now insignificant and third-rate city of Nanking. The scenery soon began to get very pretty; hills rose on either side, and little villages and long stretches of peach-orchards broke the monotony of the low banks, while here and there on some rocky eminence, outlined against the sky, was perched a tall-storied pagoda. The Chinese always choose the highest places for the erection of these sacred edifices, as according to their belief the gods love to dwell in high places.

As Nanking is not a "treaty port," we only stopped there a few minutes to disembark a boat-load of Chinamen. This once famous city, twice the capital of China, contains now but little of interest or attraction. Of the beautiful Porcelain Pagoda not a vestige remains, the students having carried away every atom left after its destruction in the Taiping Rebellion.

At near intervals, all along the river-banks, are little mud-hovels similar in shape to, and not much bigger than, an ordinary dog-kennel. Here the fisherman lives and plies his trade all day, occasionally, by means of a bamboo pulley, raising his net from the water when he imagines he has made a good haul of fish.

"I've been on this river over twenty years," said our captain, "and I never saw one of them catch anything yet."

As he spoke, the fisherman at whom he had been looking drew up his net, and lo! there was a great fish in it, some two feet long. Oddly enough, it was the only fish I saw caught while on the river.

All that day we passed walled towns built on the slope of the hill-side, and occasionally bristling with fortifications; and now and again we would see a group of children playing beside the water, far from any signs of habitation, or a water-buffalo would appear to enliven the scene, but as a rule there was a still, desolate air over everything.

In the evening we arrived at Wuhu, one of the treaty ports. There is nothing of much interest

about this place, except that here the tide in the river ceases; also, it possesses an old decayed pagoda which is zealously guarded, because tradition says that when that pagoda falls, then falls Wuhu. If this prophecy is to be relied upon, Wuhu, judging from the appearance of the pagoda at the present time, is destined to have a very short reign of it.

Next day we passed close to the walled town of Nganking. It wore a peaceful air in the early morning—the drooping willows and brown sails of the fishing-junks beneath the old gray wall, and the slender pagodas, and the quaint joss-houses within the city, rising from amid green foliage, lent a pretty and picturesque charm to the scene; but those who could read between the lines, and who knew what an amount of degradation, squalor and vice a Chinese town is capable of containing, were not deceived by this outward appearance of slumbrous calm and peace. It was horrible to think that even as we looked some poor wretch behind those walls might be undergoing tortures indescribable.

We were all glad to see the last of Nganking, for this suggestion of torture, lightly thrown out by some one, recalled to us too vividly for our mental comfort a description of the punishment at Canton of a state offender, which we had read recently in a Shanghai paper. The wretched man had been buried up to his neck in sand close by a convenient ant-hill; his mouth had then been tied open and his face plentifully besmeared with treacle, a train of which, so that no mistake might be made, having then been laid to the ant-hill.

After we had left Nganking some miles behind us, the captain pointed out the place, close to where we were then passing, in eight fathoms of water, where, sixteen years before, there had been a populous island, two miles long, covered with farms and stock. Even as lately as three years ago, he said, all traces of the land had not disappeared; now there is nothing to mark the spot but a waste of waters. He further told us that the river had in the last month risen thirty feet, and yet, about a half-mile away, across some green meadows, we noticed a bank of rocky cliffs, the high-water mark on which, some distance up, showed the height to which the waters might still rise.

After leaving Tunglin, the scenery for the first time began to be wild, rugged and rocky. Just before dusk we passed within a stone's throw of the "Little Orphan," a pretty little wooded island, surmounted by a joss-house and a monastery, from the walls of which a melancholy-eyed priest looked down; and then a little further on we passed the "Great Orphan," standing like a guardian at the entrance to Lake Poyang. This

lake is fifty miles long, and the scenery on it is said to be extremely beautiful; it has large towns and extensive manufactories on its shores, but as yet is closed to European trade. That night we passed Tenikiang, so famous for its pottery, and in the neighborhood of which both gold and silver are found, and next morning we arrived at Hankow, and dropped anchor alongside the Company's hulk. Between Nganking and Hankow the river rises higher than in any other part, and although generally about three-quarters of a mile across, it has been known to reach below Hankow a width of twenty miles, forming one vast sheet of water with no land visible on either side. These floods naturally cause great distress to the villagers and farmers. It is not at all an uncommon thing for the inhabitants of Hankow to be flooded out of their houses. Sometimes they have to migrate to Wuchang, which lies on the higher ground, on the opposite side of the river.

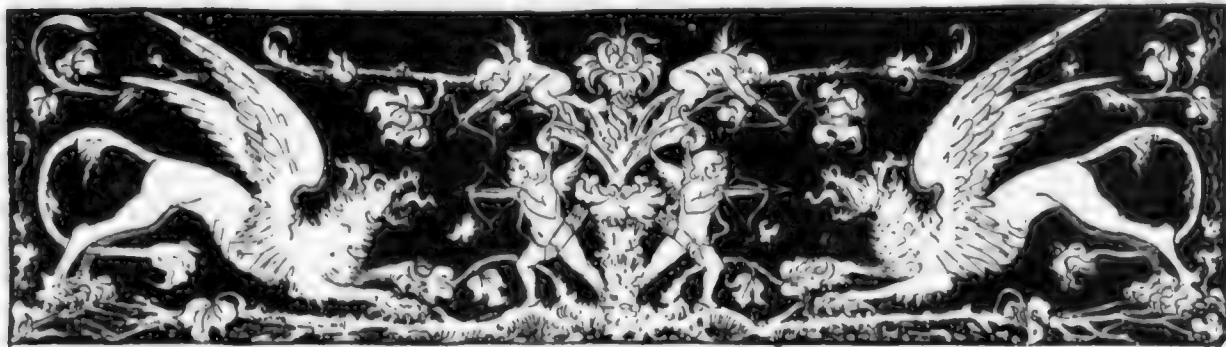
After a three-days stay, during which time we were most hospitably entertained, we left Hankow, and started on our return trip to Shanghai. This time we landed at Chinkiang, and visited the ruins of the British Consulate and other places, wrecked and looted by the mob of 30,000 howling Celestials in March, 1889. We saw also the wall through which the Consul and his family and friends managed to break, as they fled for safety to the steamer *Kiangyu*, fortunately then in harbor.

It is marvelous how they managed to get through a wall eight feet high and proportionately thick in such a short space of time; but, perhaps, the sound of the rioters as they clamored, mad with excitement, at the gates below, may have helped them somewhat. The Chinese Government have paid, willingly enough, the indemnity demanded for the damage sustained, and affairs seem to have settled down quietly again, but there are those who shake their heads, and say there should always be a gun-boat stationed on the river.

Poor Chinkiang has undergone four other sieges since that memorable and terrible one of 1842, during the war between England and China. Throughout the whole of the Taiping Rebellion it was continually suffering from dissensions within and assaults without; twice it was taken by the rebels and twice retaken by the Imperialists, till at one time there was hardly a house left standing. Hankow also suffered terribly during this civil war, being six times taken by assault, while at Nganking, during one of the sieges, human flesh, says Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," was sold on the butchers' stalls. He further states that 20,000,000 lives were lost in connection with the Taiping Rebellion, during the fifteen years it lasted.



NOTES ABOUT NUREMBERG.—THE "BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN" AND MARKET-PLACE, NUREMBERG.—SEE PAGE 439.



HERON'S WIFE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXI.—HAZEL SPEAKS.

"Oh, what has happened?" I cried, wildly. "Is she dead, Colonel Rivers—is Sergia dead?"

My host, usually so gentle and genial, so full of what the French call *bonhomie*, surveyed me with a scowl.

"You here!" and his tone implied that he wished me leagues away.

I wrung my hands in terror.

"See! there is blood on her dress. I saw some one rush by the window; I heard a woman scream. Is she killed—pray, pray tell me!"

Holding Sergia's inanimate body in his arms, he smiled at me in a ghastly way.

"You dear little simpleton, no, she is not killed, and you heard no one scream but Sergia herself. Some Blackbird was hiding here behind the vines; he aimed a blow at me, and it fell upon her."

He strained the white form to his breast—he was as pale as ashes. The conviction came to me that Sergia could never escape the man who held her in that way—who looked at her with such gloating eyes.

"I had no idea that you were anywhere about, Miss Ferrers!" he said, sharply. "Make no outcry, but run at once for Jael, and see that you tell no other person what has occurred here. It will never do to spoil the pleasure of our guests before the ball is half done."

I cast one last look at Sergia, as she lay, in her blood-dabbled ball-dress, unconscious on his arm; and, never dreaming of the dreadful events that must happen before I should again see her dear, beautiful face, I rushed wildly away to find Jael.

"Oh!" I said to myself, as I went, "Sergia's forebodings are all realized—the night has brought her ill luck, indeed!"

Jael chanced to be waiting in an up-stairs dressing-room.

I burst upon her, trembling, breathless, and with such coherence as I could muster, told her of the catastrophe on the terrace.

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"Colonel Rivers wants you at once!" I gasped. "Go—go! I fear Miss Pole is badly hurt, and he does not wish the guests below to know it."

"Certainly not," answered Jael, laconically. She seemed neither surprised nor agitated by my story; but she started toward the door, like a person used to unquestioning obedience. "You had better hurry back to the ball-room, Miss Ferrers," she stopped to say, "and behave there as if nothing were wrong. Once before I ventured to offer you some good advice, but you would not accept it. Remember our conversation in the garden, when you first came to Wolfsden. Why did you distrust me then? I told you to quit the place—I warned you that it was not good for you to stay. Well, as it seems, my breath was wasted, miss, for you are still here!"

I was mortally afraid of the creature, and I answered, in a conciliatory tone:

"I dare say you meant well, Jael, but I am glad I did not take your advice—in doing so, I should have missed a very great happiness."

She looked at me askance.

"Are you quite sure? Happiness has many wings, miss—it often flies away at unexpected times. You would *not* believe me, I say—I failed to convince you that I was your friend. Well, one word in your ear, Miss Ferrers. To show you that I can see below the surface of things, I will just mention how this stabbing of Miss Pole came about to-night—Colonel Rivers was making love to her!"

I was greatly startled, for I had taken care not to intimate anything of the kind in my story.

"How did you know that?" I demanded.

"As I knew, weeks ago, that Wolfsden was no safe abiding-place for the girl called Hazel Ferrers! Now go straight back to Sir Griffin Hope-wood, and mind you tell no one of the thing that has befallen Miss Pole."

She vanished down the stair, leaving me in a tumult of mingled fright and wonder. Much as

I longed to do so, I dared not follow her, or disobey the injunction which I had received, first from the master and then from the servant. It was my task to conceal, as best I could, the mysterious stabbing; so, in a most unenviable state of mind, I fared back to the ball-room.

Under the *portière*, where Mrs. Van Wert had clasped her diamond bracelets on my arms, Sir Griffin was stationed, glowering upon all passers-by. At sight of me, he rushed forward in great irritation.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," he cried. "You found Francis Heron's company particularly pleasant, did you not?"

I had quite forgotten Heron. My mind was full of poor Sergia. With a flash of jealous wrath, Sir Griffin went on:

"For the best part of an hour you have been absent from the ball-room with that man! I consider it decidedly bad form, Hazel."

My heart swelled, but I tried to smile, as I answered:

"You must not expect a little ignoramus like me to discriminate betwixt bad form and good. I have *not* been all this time with Francis Heron, but mostly alone in an adjoining room. There was a person here to-night whom I much wished to see—Heron was good enough to take me to find him. I can make no further explanations."

He marked my pallor and confusion, and his choler increased.

"You have been crying!" sharply. "I did not dream that Heron possessed the power to make you cry. Ah, how stupid of me! I remember now. He is an old friend of yours—maybe, an old lover."

"Yes, he is my friend," I answered, with spirit, "and a very good one, too. I am sure he would never, never say cruel or insulting things to any lady."

We were on the verge of a lovers' quarrel.

"Heron is in luck!" sneered Sir Griffin. "I offer him my congratulations. 'Pon my soul, you defend the fellow as though your heart was in it." Then, seeing that I was about to turn silently away, he seized my hand remorsefully. "Forgive me, Hazel—I am a brute! Not for a thousand Herons will I quarrel with you to-night! I do not care in the least who the party was that you wanted to see—I can even bear to hear you praise Heron, since I am the victor and he the vanquished. Pray let us be friends again! I cannot live, darling, if you are angry with me."

He looked so wretched and penitent, that I was forced to forgive him on the spot. Peace was restored. I looked around the ball-room. No one there appeared to notice the absence of Sergia or her guardian. I plunged into a quadrille with Sir Griffin, but my eyes strayed constantly to the

door, and my thoughts to the affair on the terrace. Was Sergia seriously hurt? Who had done the stabbing? And why did Pitt Rivers treat me like a child? He knew that I loved my friend devotedly, yet he had sent me from her in an agony of fear, and with the most meagre information concerning the whole affair.

"How pale and *distract* you look!" whispered Sir Griffin in my ear. "Something has surely gone wrong with you."

"Yes—everything!" I answered, recklessly, "but I cannot tell you about it."

Then the quadrille ended, and as my lover was leading me to a seat, Colonel Rivers pushed his way through the crowd and joined us. He was smiling and collected—the master, evidently, of the situation.

"One of our fair rosebuds has been seized with sudden indisposition," he said to Sir Griffin. "I mean my ward—she will not appear again to-night, and little Hazel must break hearts enough for both." Bending over me, he continued, in a low murmur: "Sergia is doing well—the hurt is slight. Be silent. I have put a secret in your possession. Show me that, unlike the majority of your sex, you can keep it."

"But, surely, sir, you will not permit the person who did the deed to escape unpunished?" I whispered back.

"No, no! that is why I enjoin secrecy. Remember it was at *my* heart that he aimed. We will first secure the miscreant, and afterward make the affair public."

"I will do as you wish," I answered, meekly, and he smiled upon me in a paternal way, and hurried off to answer the beckoning of Mrs. Van Wert's ostrich fan from a corner.

Shortly after, twelve o'clock struck, and I went in to supper with Sir Griffin.

The splendid tables groaned with all sorts of French delicacies. Crystal and champagne sparkled, terrapin and spiced meats steamed. On one side Gwen Talcott buzzed in my ear like a good-natured bee.

"What is the matter with Sergia?" she demanded. "Sudden illness is usually feigned." Her sharp eyes were taking a swift survey of the supper-room. "Dear me! It seems that Francis Heron has also vanished from this gay and festive scene. Perhaps the departure of Mr. Vivian has something to do with his early flitting. You are aware, I dare say, that the handsome preacher leaves Heroncroft to-morrow?"

"No."

"It is a sad fact. I understand that several calls have lately been extended to the man—one especially from a rich church in the Hub—a Back Bay church, where he would have been greatly lionized. It was a tooth-and-nail fight

to secure him; but his superior mind was set on the howling deserts of Africa, and could not be swayed right nor left. Try this little bird, molded of *pâté de foie gras*, Miss Ferrers—you will find it unspeakably delightful."

But the delicacy mentioned was plunged in a jelly so highly seasoned as to bring tears to my eyes. I pushed it away. Verily I had no appetite. The trail of the serpent had fallen on Colonel Rivers's ball. Everybody looked flushed and disheveled. The flowers were fading, the heat was unbearable. Sir Griffin, absorbed in truffles and champagne, no longer noticed me. Gwen had danced so furiously that her powder was caked, her face red, her hair rumped in mad disorder. She reminded me of a Bacchante. I was glad when it was all over—supper, dancing, farewells—when

"Low on the sand, and loud on the stone,
The last wheel echoed away."

I flew to Colonel Rivers, before he was done with the final adieux.

"I must see Sergia!" I cried, as I stood before him in my tumbled finery. "Let me go to her chamber, Colonel Rivers—let me look at her once before I sleep."

"Not for the world!" he answered. "She must not be disturbed at this hour. Jael is with her. Get to bed immediately, Miss Ferrers, or to-morrow you will look like a withered crone, and Sir Griffin's ardor will begin to wane. Most of the men danced abominably, did they not?"—and he kissed his hand to me, and waved me off up the stair.

I went to my room, and took off my ball-dress and my faded roses. Before extinguishing the light, I crept to a window opening toward Heroncroft, and gazed long and anxiously at the dark, distant hollow, wherein the house nestled. My thoughts were divided betwixt Sergia and my grandfather.

"He is over there," was my last conscious reflection. "I wonder if he sleeps well, or does my mother's memory haunt him to-night?"

Then I laid my head on my pillow, and in spite of all that had happened to disturb me, I was straightway buried in the deep slumber of youth and health.

When I awoke it was broad daylight. Some one had entered my chamber, and was standing by the bed, wringing a pair of distracted hands, and screaming: "My bracelets! My bracelets!"

I started up confusedly, and held out my arms.

"I have them!" I muttered, still half asleep.

"Wake up!" screamed my unceremonious visitor. "They are gone, I tell you—they are stolen—my diamonds!"

That cry brought me to my senses.

Mrs. Van Wert, disheveled and incoherent, was clinging to the carved post of the bed, and making the lamentation above recorded.

"Of course, it was almost dawn before the ball was over," she sobbed, "and Annette, half dead with sleep, left all my jewels on the dressing-table—careless creature! I shall discharge her at once. She had wit enough, however, to look the door and windows; and what do you think?—we found all their fastenings undisturbed this morning. How can one explain *that*? It is more mysterious than the robbery in Miss Carbury's room, when her dog Punch failed to bark at the thief."

"Be calm, Mrs. Van Wert," I entreated. "If you found your locks secure, no robber could have passed them in the night. Probably the bracelets are only mislaid."

"I tell you they are gone from the table—from the other jewels!" she screamed. "My Indian Rajah diamonds, that you admired so much last night, Miss Ferrers! Oh, come and help me! Annette is so frightened that she is quite useless."

I struggled into my garments, and ran with Mrs. Van Wert to her chamber.

The maid Annette slept in an adjoining closet. The poor thing was rushing aimlessly around the room, in a state of utter demoralization, lamenting the loss of the diamonds and asserting her own innocence with "vain repetitions."

"Madame, madame," she cried, "it is the Blackbirds who have been at Wolfsden again!"

"One was certainly in the garden last night," said I, thinking of Sergia; but Mrs. Van Wert answered, sharply:

"A Blackbird would have swept up *all* my jewels. None are missing, you observe, but the bracelets. Besides, such a thief could never have secured doors and windows after his own retreat."

This was a convincing argument. Still, a faint hope remained that the missing jewels had been somehow overlooked. Together we searched every nook and corner of the chamber, but found no trace of the Rajah's diamonds.

Mrs. Van Wert flew out into the corridors, loudly proclaiming her loss as she went. The whole household was still sleeping off the fatigue of the ball—in a few moments she had alarmed everybody.

I met Colonel Rivers on his way to Mrs. Van Wert's room. He looked stern and sombre, as a man might whose rest had been rudely broken. He did not speak or notice me in any way.

"I shall sift the matter to the very bottom," I heard him say to the half-distracted widow. "This time the thief will not escape detection."

And shortly after, he ordered his trap, and drove off in hot haste to the town.

"What! Another robbery!" exclaimed Sir Griffin, in deep disgust, as we all met—a cross, sleepy, yawning company, in the breakfast-room. "The boast you made on a former occasion, Mrs. Van Wert, was a little premature. It seems that the ungallant Blackbirds could not pass you by unmolested, after all."

"Colonel Rivers is confident that the thief is no Blackbird," replied Mrs. Van Wert, tartly. "He has gone to town to telegraph for a skilled detective. He assures me that my bracelets are in this very house, and that they will be recovered before night-fall."

Everybody looked suddenly grave. In silence and abstraction we sat down to table. It was understood that Sergia was ill—nobody seemed to think of her. Miss Carbury, pale and nervous, looked in upon us for a moment, but speedily vanished. Mrs. Van Wert talked solely of her diamonds—she was inconsolable for their loss. After all the light and music and joy of the night, such a morning seemed doubly wretched.

At close of the meal the gentlemen went off to the billiard-room, over the stables, and I ascended to Sergia's chamber, and rapped softly. Jael opened the door. She seemed to shrink a little at sight of me.

"May I come in?" I whispered. She put her finger on her lip.

"Impossible. Miss Pole is still asleep—it will not do to disturb her."

"At least," I pleaded, "let me look at her dear face for one moment, Jael. I will be very quiet. You see, I have not really been told anything about her hurt! What is the meaning of all this secrecy?"

The handsome giantess filled the opening of the door, so that I could not look beyond her, and holding me thus at bay, she answered calmly:

"Ask me no questions, miss—I have my orders, and I must obey them. Nobody can see Miss Pole without Colonel Rivers's permission. She has a slight fever, the doctor says, and must not be agitated in any way."

"Oh!" I whispered, "then a doctor has been called?"

"Of course—last night, at the time of the—accident. You may rest quite easy about your friend, miss, for Miss Carbury is nursing her."

I went meekly away to the garden, to meditate a little by myself. The person who had stabbed Sergia, and the purloiner of Mrs. Van Wert's jewels, must, I thought, be one and the same party. Doubtless Colonel Rivers suspected this fact, and had assured the widow that her diamonds were at Wolfsden, simply to pacify her. From the strict silence which he maintained regarding

Sergia, I felt sure that he had some scheme of his own afoot for the punishment of the guilty party, and that he meant to work it out successfully before the day was done. Everybody placed implicit confidence in Colonel Rivers—why should not I?

As I reached the long avenue stretching down to the high-road, a pony-carriage stopped at the gate, and Gwen Talcott alighted, and joined me under the chestnut-trees.

"More robberies at Wolfsden?" she began. "Is this thing to go on forever, like Tennyson's Brook? A murder would be more diverting."

I could hardly refrain from telling her that we had barely escaped one on the preceding night. In a lively tone she continued:

"Knowing that Sergia was ill, I hurried to Wolfsden to assist in keeping your spirits up. You must find it very disagreeable to remain in a house that is constantly beset with thieves and marauders."

"Sergia is here," I answered, smiling; "her presence would reconcile me to anything."

"Dear me! How you do love that girl! I wonder if she returns your affection in full. Look! who is this party coming with the colonel?"

I looked, and saw Pitt Rivers advancing up the Chestnut Avenue with—yes, it was a detective. He had telegraphed to town for his man, and waited at the Black River Station till his arrival. The colonel bowed silently as he passed us by. We turned to gaze after him, and both shivered.

"Ugh!" said Gwen; "I feel the presence of tragedy! It would now be a relief to know beyond doubt that the Blackbirds *did* steal Mrs. Van Wert's diamonds. Ridiculous woman! why did she bring such jewels to a country house, and worse yet, leave them exposed on her dressing-table over night? Serves her right to lose them, say I!"

We loitered uneasily in the Chestnut Walk for a space, then joined the rest of the household in the drawing-room. Colonel Rivers and the detective were closeted with Mrs. Van Wert and her maid. The very air seemed throbbing with intense expectation.

"It is quite as oppressive as a thunder-storm," said Gwen Talcott. "My curiosity has reached fever-heat. I certainly must stay by till the search is over—of course there will be a search."

Yes. Colonel Rivers soon appeared in the doorway, with a gracious smile on his brown, bearded face.

"I am greatly embarrassed," he began, "for I have a most unpleasant request to make. The officer whom I brought to the house just now insists upon searching every apartment, and the trunks of my guests as well as those of the serv-



THE LADY OF THE MANOR.

ants. Of course it is a mere form, and none of you, I am sure, can take offense. My own chamber will be the first to undergo a thorough examination; those of the professor and Sir Griffin must follow, and then the ladies will be called to submit to the same ordeal."

We all acquiesced cheerfully enough. A detective, as we well knew, was no respecter of persons. Keys were promptly and smilingly surrendered, and the officer, after the fashion of his kind, went about his very unpleasant business in a cool, matter-of-fact way. First the rooms of Mrs. Steele and the servants were visited, then those of Colonel Rivers and his guests. We were all hoping, I think, that in Mrs. Van Wert's own quarters the missing jewels would be found; but the most rigorous examination failed to bring them to light. The officer went through the luggage of the terrified maid, who shrieked and protested wildly; then he stepped out into the corridor and entered my chamber.

CHAPTER XXII.

HAZEL SPEAKS.

SIR GRIFFIN, irritated and frowning, had stationed himself at the head of the staircase. I stood in the door with Gwen Talcott—silent, for nobody cared to talk just then. With a practiced hand, the officer began turning over the contents of my trunks. There were but two. He searched the first, and dropped its lid, with a little thud, to plunge into the depths of the other. The colonel was just brushing past me into the room. I heard, of a sudden, a sharp exclamation—a cry from Mrs. Van Wert, who was standing beside the detective.

"Look! look!" she screamed, and I moved forward with the others, and saw, lying at the bottom of my trunk, the missing bracelets, and with them a purse and a ring.

"There is some mistake!" shouted Gwen Talcott. "I will not believe it! Why do you not speak? Hazel—why do you not explain?"

But I stood dumb, dazed, uncomprehending—I could not utter a sound.

"Oh, you dreadful girl!" screamed Mrs. Van Wert. "This morning, when I ran to your bedside with news of my loss, you declared that you had my diamonds; but I thought you dreaming. Now it is plain that your conscience for a moment urged you to confess. Oh! oh! how *could* you do such a thing?"

Colonel Rivers picked up the purse and ring which lay beside the bracelets.

"Miss Carbury!" he called.

That lady had joined the group. She flew to his side.

"Are these the same valuables that were stolen

from your chamber while I was absent from Wolfsden?" he asked.

"My ring—my purse!" gasped Miss Carbury.

She hurriedly opened the latter, and drawing forth a roll of bills, counted five one-hundred-dollar notes.

"Yes! the thief of that time is the thief of this. Oh, wretched, wretched child! Whatever possessed you to plunge into such depths of wickedness!"

I remember a circle of faces, blank with horror and dismay; the sunshine falling through the window, the breezy rustle of the chestnut-leaves outside, the bracelets winking mockingly at me from all their diamond eyes, the impassive air of the detective, who had performed his task so speedily and triumphantly. And still I did not stir or speak.

Colonel Rivers seemed deeply moved.

"For years," he said, in a pained voice, "Miss Ferrers has been the school-mate and friend of my ward—she is now my guest. Her youth must plead for her—yes, and the curse of inherited tendencies. My dear Miss Carbury—my dear Mrs. Van Wert, I beg you to be merciful to the child, and decline to prosecute. This is, perhaps, her first offense; let us hope that it may be her last. At any rate, we will treat her with great leniency."

"I will never believe it—never!" cried Gwen Talcott again—hers was the only voice raised in my behalf. She started toward me, but Colonel Rivers interposed.

"I am under the necessity of asking you to leave the room, Miss Talcott—pardon me if I remind you that you really have no business here. I will take charge of this most unfortunate affair."

"Hazel, speak!" urged Gwen, quite undismayed; "*do* speak, dear! Tell us who put these detestable things in your trunk. The Blackbirds!—surely, it must have been the Blackbirds!"

Colonel Rivers shook his head sadly.

"The Blackbirds have long been the scape-goats of this region, Miss Talcott, but never, by any stretch of prejudice, can you compel them to shoulder this crime."

"Oh, Hazel, *will* you not explain?" implored Gwen for the last time.

"I cannot!" I answered.

Colonel Rivers took her gently by the hand, and led her from the room.

Miss Carbury began to weep bitterly.

"You poor dreadful child!" she sobbed. "Indeed I will not prosecute—I will not seek to punish you in any way. I am quite satisfied to recover my money and ring. But after this deed, you must know that you can be allowed to have

no further intercourse with Sergia. I am glad she is not present to witness your disgrace. What your future will be I dare not think. You can never be tolerated again in respectable society."

Mrs. Van Wert, with the Rajah's diamonds safe in her grasp, stamped her small foot at me.

"Vile little creature!" she cried, angrily. "You ought to go straight to prison; and in spite of Colonel Rivers, I am sure it is my duty to send you there!"

With that she fled from my chamber—the others followed. Directly I found myself alone, sitting on the side of my white bed, and feeling as though a thunder-bolt had smitten me. I tried to pinch my nerveless flesh—to awake from what seemed to be a shocking dream. The fact was as plain as the day—I had robbed Miss Carbury of her money and ring weeks before, and hidden the booty at the bottom of my trunk. I had also stolen Mrs. Van Wert's diamond bracelets. Could one do such things, and be ignorant of the doing? Strange stories of somnambulists rushed upon my mind. Was I one? The strongest of circumstantial evidence pointed to me as a thief—a creature fit only for scorn, contempt and swift punishment. Yet, as regarded my crime—the time, the manner of its commitment—my memory was a blank. Obeying some awful impulse of hereditary sin, had I appropriated the jewels and money all unconsciously? I remembered Colonel Rivers's insinuation. Perhaps my wicked father, the professional "cracksman," had, indeed, transmitted to me his wickedness, and this was the mysterious outgrowth of it.

The daughter of a thief, and a thief myself, what should I now do? Leave Wolfsden immediately, of course; but, perhaps, I might not be allowed to leave. Mrs. Van Wert was very angry—she would probably arrest and imprison me.

As I sat staring blankly at the sickening sunshine on the floor, I heard wheels whirl down the drive, under the chestnut-trees, and go rattling off through the gate. The swiftness of the vehicle suggested flight—confusion. A moment after, a rap echoed on my door.

"Miss Ferrers," called the voice of Jael, "here is a letter for you," and a white object was thrust into the room. "Oh, miss, can I do you any service?"

"No," I answered; "go away."

After a space I arose from the side of the bed and picked up the letter.

It contained these lines:

"I could forgive your father's sins in his own person, but in yours—when they appear as your heritage—never! You have dishonored my love, and killed it in a moment. I cast you out of my heart and my memory together. Farewell. God forbid that I should ever look upon your face again."

I did not need to glance at the signature. Sir Griffin Hopewood had deserted me—he declared me guilty, like the others—I had lost my lover! I knew at once that he had fled in hot haste from Wolfsden. At last, my apathy was broken. With a stifled shriek I dropped the cruel letter. It was false—I was not a thief! In all my life I had never taken a pin's worth from anybody—I did *not* inherit my father's wickedness! Why was I sitting passive under a roof where such calumny was cast at me? I tore Sir Griffin's ring from my hand and flung it into the farthest corner of the room. Then I ran to my wardrobe, seized a hand-bag, and began to fill it with—I know not what. Whither should I fly?—to whom turn in my desperate need? With this black disgrace overshadowing me, I had absolutely no refuge left upon earth. Nevertheless, I continued to make ready for immediate departure. I was just throwing on my outer garments, when another knock sounded at the door. Again I heard the voice of Jael:

"Come down at once to the drawing-room. Miss Ferrers—a friend is waiting to see you there."

"I have no friends," I answered; but I stepped mechanically out into the corridor, stumbling against the girl, who was watching me with stern, strange eyes.

"Great Heavens!" she cried, trying to clutch my dress, "you look as if you had received your death-blow, miss! Bear up! There's help at hand——"

But I broke from her, and rushed down the drawing-room.

As I entered, I saw that my visitor was a gentleman, and that he was standing at the far end of the apartment, with his back toward me.

At sound of my coming, he turned sharply, and advanced to meet me with a quick, decisive step.

It was Francis Heron.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAZEL SPEAKS.

"COME with me at once!" Those were his first words. "Judge Ferrers is very, very ill at Heroncroft."

I tried to speak, but I could not make a sound. As if to give me time to collect myself, Heron continued, slowly:

"Last night, Miss Ferrers, your grandfather promised to send for you when he should want you. He has now sent—do not keep him waiting."

By a prodigious effort I recovered my voice.

"Oh, do you know what has happened here at Wolfsden, Mr. Heron?"

His countenance changed.

"Yes. Jael brought me the news, just as I was starting out to fetch you."

"Jael!"

"I met her at the Heroncroft boundary, breathless, and as wild as the Witches in 'Macbeth.'"

"Indeed! why should she care about me?" I answered, listlessly. "Mr. Heron, I am accused of——"

The dark blood flew to his temples.

"Stop! don't say it!" he cried. "Why did not that poltroon, Sir Griffin Hopewood, stay and defend you against the cursed lie? I wish to God that I had my hands upon him for a moment!"

"It is not strange," I shuddered, "that Sir Griffin should believe me guilty. My father before me——"

He interrupted again:

"Hush! hush! It kills me to see you like this! We cannot talk of the matter now; other things of even greater importance are pressing upon you. It is plain that you were making ready to leave Wolfsden when Jael called you," glancing down at my dress. "May I ask whither you meant to go?"

"Into the high-road—into the world—I know not where!" I answered.

His hand closed on mine convulsively.

"Great God! I was just in time, then! Come to your grandfather—the air of this house is not fit for you to breathe longer. A crisis is at hand, and we have no time to waste here. Judge Ferrers cannot live till sunset."

I heard the announcement without emotion—it seemed of no moment to me.

Heron snatched up his hat, and drew me out into the hall. At the same instant a woman appeared at the head of the staircase, and from that height looked down upon us both.

"Farewell, Miss Ferrers," she called, with a laugh of unspeakable malice and mockery. "Farewell. I wish you a good journey!"

I lifted my eyes, and saw the spectacles, the gray puffs, the housekeeper's keys. Perhaps she had not meant to show her hand so soon, but being a woman, she could not let me depart from Wolfsden without one little outburst of triumph.

"Farewell, Miss Dee," I answered, calmly. "I have known you from the first, in spite of your disguise—in spite of Colonel Rivers's story. You vowed vengeance upon me months ago at Mme. Deland's school. Now you have it! I acknowledge myself outwitted, beaten—farewell."

Then I went out from that house, where I had been so petted and flattered—so loved and hated—its door closed behind me—I descended, with Francis Heron, to the garden.

There I turned once and looked back, like Eve at the gate of her Eden. As my eyes wandered along the dust-brown front of the mansion, I espied at an upper window the long, pale face of my arch-enemy pressed to the pane, eagerly watching my departure. Did she suspect that I was about to take shelter at Heroncroft? Even at that distance, I felt that she was disconcerted, displeased, alarmed.

Without a word Heron plunged into the shrubbery. I, quite as silent, kept pace beside him as best I could. It was high noon. Not a soul was abroad in the garden—even Martin had vanished. We went down through the pine woods, where furry rabbits scampered, and birds sang, and clematis flung its greenish-white fetters from bough to bough, and so came to Heron's own boundary.

"Shake the dust of Wolfsden from your feet," he said, as he opened a gate in the dividing wall, and held it wide for me to pass through.

Along some trim paths bordered with old-fashioned box, we approached the house. It stood up in the still noon, peaceful, kindly, secure, with its warm red bricks glowing in the sun, and the great sentinel pear-trees dropping golden fruit on the garden borders. At sound of our footsteps, a cloud of white and purple dove-wings fanned up from the smooth lawns, and melted away in the dazzling blue beyond the chimney-stacks. From the porch the hound Cossack arose fawning—he no longer regarded me as an intruder. Heron opened the door, and turning on his threshold, said, "Welcome to Heroncroft, Miss Ferrers." And I found myself in a hall where all kinds of masculine articles were thrown carelessly about, and a motherly old woman—the housekeeper—hurried forward to receive me.

"The lawyer has come from Black River, sir," she said to Heron; "he is waiting above-stairs."

Heron swept a chair free from gloves and riding-whips, and motioned me to its cushions.

"Pour a glass of wine for Miss Ferrers," he said to the housekeeper. "She has not strength for the crucial tests of this day. Has the judge asked for her in my absence?"

"Yes, sir. He is failing fast—I think," in a meaning tone, "you had better make all the speed you can, sir."

Heron forced me to taste the wine. Then we prepared to ascend to Judge Ferrers's chamber.

"I fear my grandfather was made ill by the sight of me, last night," I faltered.

"No," answered Heron. "For months his health has been failing. He is now about to write his will—how, I cannot say. I do not even know whether his heart has softened to you or not, but the fact that he desires your presence at his death-bed seems to be a favorable omen. Of



"YOUR HEALTH, PAPA!"—FROM THE PICTURE BY A. SCHÖDEL.

one thing I feel certain—this hour will decide everything for you—either you will now win your rightful inheritance, or lose it forever.”

“I must tell Judge Ferrers of what I stand accused,” I said, desperately; “he shall know the worst.”

“Hush! you will tell him nothing,” replied Heron. “Would you slay your last chance?” And he hurried me up a shallow stair, and across a landing, to the chamber where my grandfather lay dying. For it had come to that. The hard old man, who had so long despised and rejected me, was now at the very entrance of

“The steep and dreadful pass of death.”

It was a carefully darkened room, furnished in massive, brass-bound mahogany. I saw a white bed, and on it lay my grandfather, supported by many pillows. I went quietly to his side. He seemed to breathe with difficulty, and his face in the subdued light had a drawn, ashy look. The lawyer from Black River waited in the recess of a window, a physician was counting the patient's pulse. At sight of me, Judge Ferrers drew his hand from his medical attendant.

“Heron promised to bring you,” he said, in a firm, clear voice. “The lad never breaks his word. You did well to lose no time in coming, granddaughter.” At last he called me that! At last I was owned—acknowledged! Heron and the doctor lifted him higher on his pillows. His eyes, still keen and bright, dwelt upon me with close attention. I stooped and kissed his leaden hand.

“I see,” he said, with an unpleasant smile, “you are no longer afraid of the old man whose day is done. Quite right. We will not recall family affairs, girl, nor driel about the past or the present, the dead or the living. Everything has narrowed now to this one fact—I am about to die, and I have a fortune, the accumulation of generations, to dispose of before I go.” He looked over at the lawyer and the physician. “Gentlemen,” he said, “be good enough to leave the room.”

The two went out immediately. Heron was about to follow, but Judge Ferrers cried, sharply, “Hold, lad! *You* are to remain here.” Heron returned to the bedside. “For the last time I ask you, Will you accept the Ferrers fortune, Francis? You are not overrich, and I foresee that you will be poorer before you are done with the Blackbirds.”

Heron frowned.

“Not a penny, sir!” he cried. “We have discussed this subject before—you know my views concerning it.”

“I know you are stubborn beyond belief, Francis. Very well. Since I cannot move you,

my granddaughter shall have the next chance. She is penniless, you say, and alone in the world.”

“All that, and more!” muttered Heron.

“She may not know it,” said Judge Ferrers, “but for years you have been her faithful advocate—by every means in your power you have tried to entice me into acknowledging her. Such determined effort should have its reward. For your sake, I will now give her an opportunity to escape the ills she has known in life. I will make a proposal, which, if she has sense enough to accept it, will leave her no longer alone, or at the world's mercy.”

What could he mean? I felt a sudden thrill of apprehension. Immediately he fixed his formidable eyes on me, and said:

“My will is to be written at once, granddaughter. Since this foolish boy refuses to take advantage of my indifference to you, or profit by my attachment to his father's son, I am ready to make you my sole heir on one condition.”

“What is that?” I faltered.

“That you marry Francis Heron before I die!”

I had received so many shocks since morning that a fresh one did not matter: but at these words I turned and fled toward the door. Heron put himself quickly before me.

“Stop, Hazel!” he said, hoarsely. “As God hears me, I had no part in this scheme—it belongs entirely to your grandfather—I knew nothing of it till this moment.”

I looked him full in the face, and I was forced to believe him in spite of myself. He removed my hand from the door-knob—a sudden fire glowed in his eyes—his lean, sinewy figure began to tremble.

“Accept your grandfather's terms,” he urged. “Marry me, Hazel, as he desires! I offer myself as the means whereby you can, at last, grasp your inheritance. Look upon me as a stick, a stone, which you may use for that supreme purpose, and then cast aside, if you will.”

“Only as Heron's wife shall you have the money!” cried my grandfather. “Refuse it, and it will go to public charities. Don't stand there, staring like an idiot, girl! Take that which I offer you at once, or lose it forever!”

Dreadful old man! He was as cruel in death as he had been in life. Friendless, homeless, disgraced, I stood up in the temporary shelter of that death-chamber, and the temptation to grasp at any price my mother's inheritance assailed me with tremendous force. I knew the power of money—was not my need of it very great? As for marriage, did it matter to whom I gave my hand? After Sir Griffin's desertion, could anything matter more?

By some superhuman effort, my grandfather

had raised himself on his pillow, and was looking over at me with impatience.

"Time presses!" he said. "I cannot wait for long deliberation—decide quickly, girl! If you marry Heron, it must be now and here. I will see the ceremony with my own eyes before the will is signed."

"In Heaven's name, don't let your last chance slip!" implored Heron in my ear. "Accept the fortune, Hazel!"

I raised my voice recklessly.

"I—I will do as you wish, sir!" I cried.

Judge Ferrers fell back on his pillow.

"Call the lawyer and the parson," I heard him order.

Heron went to the door, and spoke to some one waiting in an adjoining room. Immediately the lawyer re-entered the chamber, followed by Graham Vivian. The latter bowed to me, and retired into the window-recess.

The legal gentleman seated himself by my grandfather's bed, at a little table whereon pen, ink and paper had been placed.

"Write my last will and testament," commanded Judge Ferrers.

Heron led me to a chair.

The lawyer's pen scratched rapidly over the paper. I heard, without comprehending, his questions, asked in a professional tone, and my grandfather's sharp, quick answers.

"To Hazel, the only child of my daughter Constance, deceased, and to her heirs and assigns forever, I give and bequeath everything of which I die possessed"—that was the pith of it all.

The will duly written, he listened with keen attention while the lawyer read it aloud.

"Yes, that is right," he nodded, "quite right. Now, Mr. Vivian, it only remains for you to marry my granddaughter to Francis Heron, and I will sign this document."

The housekeeper entered the room, and some of the servants followed her. As through a glass darkly, I saw them grouped about the door.

Francis Heron took my unresisting hand, and led me to the bedside. The necessary license was produced—he had obtained it somehow, in the time consumed by the writing of the will. Graham Vivian began the marriage-service.

I listened, as to sounds far away. There was a curious unreality about it all. A few hours before, I had been the betrothed of Sir Griffin Hope-wood—the happy, envied creature who was to reign sovereign lady of Hope Hall in far-off English Kent. Now I found myself in a dreary death-chamber, by the side of that grim, dark Heron, to whom I had never given a thought—whose hand I had but recently rejected, and over as twain Graham Vivian was saying the words that made us one till death.

When it was done—when my fate was irrevocably sealed—Judge Ferrers said to the lawyer:

"Now put the pen in my fingers."

The legal gentleman obeyed. My grandfather signed the will with a firm hand. In turn, the lawyer, the physician, the housekeeper, added their own signatures as witnesses. As the last of the trio laid down the pen, Judge Ferrers drew a long breath. A gray shadow fell upon his face.

"It is done!" he said, and sank back against the shoulder of Francis Heron, and never spoke again.

(To be continued.)

SHIFTING.

BY CHAS. HENRY WEBB.

On, the wind blows north,
And the wind blows south—
Would a man dare kiss
His love on the mouth?

But the wind now east,
And the wind now west—
She wears a dagger
Under her vest!

Ah, maids have their moods,
But a man may try—
Blow the wind as it will,
He can only die!

DOMESTIC LIFE OF PREHISTORIC AMERICANS.

BY ANDREW S. FULLER.

EVER since the discovery of America by modern Europe, there has been much wrangling among historians over the supposed origin and antiquity of the people found here in 1492. But as old ideas are often dispelled by modern discoveries and explorations, it is not at all strange that many of our learned archaeologists are now convinced that there existed on this continent a vast population of civilized people many thousands of years before Columbus ever dreamed of reaching the East Indies by sailing westward from Spain; and now, while on the eve of a grand celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of his memorable voyage, we can only regret that the great explorer died in ignorance of the fact that he had only visited a few islands, and barely touched the shores of America, instead of the East Indies, many thousands of miles further westward, and beyond a great ocean unknown to him or his people.

That the earlier civilized races of America did not inhabit the Atlantic Coast is evident from the absence of the imperishable relics of their handiwork now found in the Western States and Territories; and had they attempted to penetrate

and make settlements in these eastern regions, the dense forests and rapid growth of vegetation would have been more than a match for their crude implements used in cutting trees and cultivating the soil.

But on the western half of the continent the conditions were far more favorable, for the climate was so mild and dry, especially on the higher plateaus and plains, that with fire alone the land could be readily cleared of all natural obstructions in the form of vegetation, leaving man in almost undisputed possession of a vast region of country over which he could roam at will, obtaining food by the chase, or by cultivating the soil, at least wherever water was obtainable for irrigation and domestic use. It is under such conditions that we find the greatest number and the most perfect

relics of the ancient inhabitants of America; and that the country west of the Mississippi once contained a population nearly as large as that now found east of it can scarcely be doubted by any one who has ever examined the ruins of the cities and villages now strewn so thickly over this region.

That Mexico and all of Central America, and the west half of South America, sustained an equally dense population in prehistoric ages is proved by the innumerable

relics left as silent but incontrovertible witnesses of their time and civilization. But we need not go outside of our own country to find almost innumerable vestiges of dwellings erected by a people of whose existence even tradition is silent.

Archæologists have often attempted to calculate the antiquity of the Mound-builders of the



FIG. 1.—A WATER-JAR.



FIG. 2.—TRILOBED PITCHER.

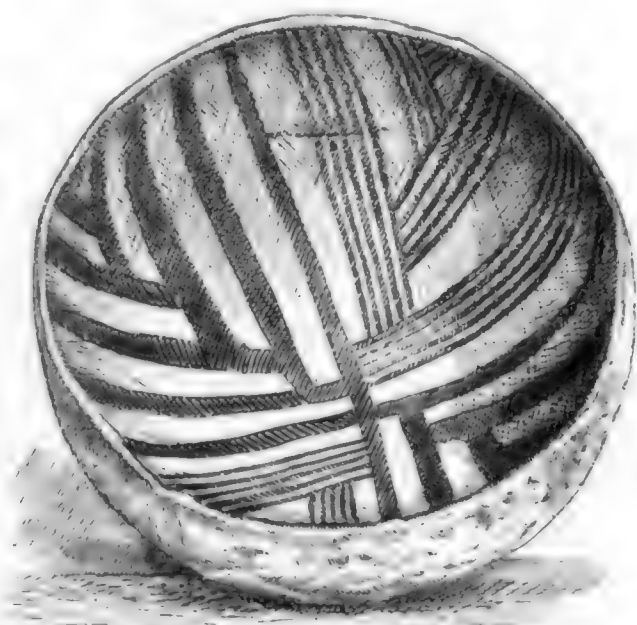


FIG. 3.—SMALL BOWL OF WHITE WARE.

Ohio Valley and other localities by the depth of vegetable matter accumulated over and around the mounds; but on the plains we have nothing of the kind to aid us in fixing the age of the ruins, for the scant herbage in these arid regions, if left to decay, would scarcely make a film of vegetable mold; and it is rarely left to decay—it is annually burned, and the ashes scattered by the winds. Furthermore, the strong and almost continuous winds which sweep over these elevated regions are not gentle zephyrs, but more like a terrific sand-blast, cutting down the rocks and exposed walls of the ancient dwellings in some instances, and heaping dust, sand and ashes over others. Where there are no forests, and no deposits of vegetable matter, we are forced to seek some other *data* to aid us in our chronology.

Then again, time deals gently even with ordinary perishable articles in these cool and arid regions, and the bones, stone and earthen relics of the people who once dwelt there would remain almost without change for many thousands of years, because all the conditions are favorable to their preservation.

As we have neither written history nor tradition to aid us in determining the period during which these ancient dwellings were constructed, we may well leave dates out of the question while



FIG. 4.—BOWL DECORATED WITH "KEY PATTERN."

seeking to learn something of the domestic life of the people who dwelt therein.

If one of our modern cities or villages should be suddenly abandoned, or the inhabitants destroyed by pestilence, famine or other similar calamity, and then remain undisturbed for a few thousands of years, the future explorer of the ruins would doubtless find enough in the way of imperishable relics to give him an idea of our domestic wealth, lives and habits. In the houses of the rich would be found gold and silver ornaments set with precious stones, also fine porcelain vessels of various kinds, and other costly imperishable articles; but in those of the poor the relics would certainly be of an inferior grade of ware, yet none the less useful and durable, and it would probably resist the tooth of time as well as the finest Sèvres or Dresden.

The Mound-builders of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys were evidently the rural population belonging to and closely related to those who built and resided in the cities and villages of the plains to the south and westward, and it is among the ruins of the latter that we find the greatest number and variety of relics which indicate at least a semi-civilization of the people of that remote period known by the rather indefinite term, prehistoric.

The best-preserved relics are found in the arid regions, and within or in close



FIGS. 5 AND 6.—LADLES, AND CHILDREN'S TOYS.

proximity to what remains of the ancient stone buildings, and as the domestic utensils found in the different ruins are similar—although rarely exactly alike—we may consider them as belonging to the same age and race of people. The few selected for illustration are from a collection of upward of two hundred specimens of pottery dug from the ruins of what was once a solid block of stone dwellings, one-half mile long, recently explored in Socorro County, New Mexico.

The walls of these houses were built of stone laid up, or at least pointed, with mortar, and then plastered on the inside, but they have nearly disappeared, for little more than their foundations remain, and these are covered with the dust of ages, and in this are found a few bones and the household utensils of their former occupants. In what manner the inhabitants were destroyed, whether by disease, war or famine, is of course unknown; but this we do know—their dwelling-place in life became their sepulchre. That the people belonged to what has been called the Stone Age is probable, as no metal implements or utensils have as yet been found in this ruin, but stone axes, hammers, knives, spear-points, arrow-heads and drilled stone heads have in considerable numbers. Among the household utensils, we find large and small earthen bowls, water flasks and jars, drinking-cups, pitchers, and various other articles for both practical use and ornament. This earthenware was made of different varieties of clay, mainly white, red and brown, but in mixing the paste for some of the heavier and larger vessels, or those evidently intended to be used for cooking food, plumbago appears to have been added; this material not only gave the vessel a dark color, but greatly increased its power of resisting heat.

Indian corn was probably one of the staple articles of food, for the black and charred grains are occasionally found in the closely packed ashes and *adobe* soil filling and covering these vessels.

While some of this pottery is roughly made, and of crude design, other specimens show a decided artistic taste both in the potter and decorator, as seen in Fig. 1. This was probably a water-jar, and is five and a half inches high, five inches in its longest diameter at the base, and four inches broad. It is made of white clay and decorated in black. The small handle, or knob, was probably intended to represent the head of a fox, or some closely allied animal, while the body of the jar is in the form of a duck.

Fig. 2 is a trilobed pitcher, four inches high by three and a quarter broad at the point of greatest diameter. The small handle is in the form of a young puppy, or perhaps the whelp of a coyote or prairie wolf. The design is certainly very pretty and artistic, although the material of

which it is made and the decorations are crude in comparison with modern pottery.

In Fig. 3 we have a bowl six inches in diameter, decorated on the inside with broad and narrow stripes of a dark-brown color. I am inclined to think that this design in ornamentation is somewhat rare among ancient American pottery, as it does not appear on any other of the three hundred specimens accompanying it. The same may be said of the bowl shown in Fig. 4, which is nine inches broad and four inches deep, decorated in black on a white ground. The design of the rectangular figure will be recognized by antiquarians as closely resembling what has been called the "Key Pattern," or "Walls of Troy." Where colors are used in decorating the bowls, the figures are all on the inside, probably to prevent defacement in case the vessel was used for cooking, and placed over a fire. But there are many bowls decorated on the outside with lines of figures made by pressure on the soft clay with bone or wooden implements, and thus by incision the figures were worked in, or the clay in some instances may have been cut out with a graver.

The scroll appears to have been a favorite design, in the incised or impressed mode of decorations as well as in the hand-painted ware, but there is an almost endless variation in the designs—the scroll, triangle, rhomb, square, etc., with what may be termed the zigzag pattern, the idea of which the artist may have obtained from chain lightning.

It is quite evident that the people who made and used these vessels had boiled vegetables, meats and soups at their meals, for soup-ladles of various sizes and designs are found among the other domestic utensils.

The ladle shown in Fig. 5 is eight inches long, bowl four inches broad, and the handle round and about one inch thick. It is white, decorated in black, as shown. This is a common form of ladle, but in Fig. 6 we have a very different design. It is eight inches long, and instead of a round handle we have a concave one, the smaller end turned up in the form of a modern spoon, and it was no doubt intended to serve a double purpose. One end could be used as a soup-ladle, and the other as a spoon. Who knows but this prehistoric spoon served to feed a family of prehistoric children!

The pitchers are of various sizes and shapes, the smallest holding about a half-gill, and from this up to a capacity of two gallons or more. The one shown in Fig. 7 will hold about a half-gallon, but I have seen no two of these pitchers either alike in size, form or decoration, showing that they were not made by pressing the paste in molds, but worked out wholly by hand. These pitchers have no spout, like the modern vessels

of this kind, and the bottoms are rounded, showing that they were never set up on a table or a shelf, but in a depression made in earth or some similar material. We may also conclude, from the form of the pitchers and water-jars, that the women of America in ancient times did not carry all the water used for domestic purposes from some distant spring or brook on their heads, as many are forced to do in so-called civilized countries at the present time.

No dishes of the form of our modern table-plates have been found, and such articles were probably unknown in very ancient times. Rude stone knives are plentiful, but no forks, although a forked twig of a shrub or tree would answer the purpose as well as the modern steel or silver fork. Still, we are not to suppose the prehistoric aristocrat would use a stick to lift a piece of hot meat from a bowl, if he could obtain a more costly and less common implement; and he certainly had the material at hand for making such, in the bones of the animals killed for food.

The metacarpal or shin-bone of the deer and antelope would naturally attract the attention of man, even in the Stone Age, as an excellent material, and of which many convenient implements could be readily made, and that he used it for such purposes is shown in the number found in the most ancient ruins, in regions favorable for the preservation of bones, and other fragile materials. Several of these bone implements have been found among the pottery I have described, some of which may have been used as forks, others as needles, and for various domestic purposes.

That the people who lived in the ancient dwellings, the ruins of which are now found scattered over our Western plains, had an eye for the beautiful in their home and surroundings, and possessed to a certain degree a refined and artistic taste, is shown not only in the designs and decorations of their domestic utensils, but also in the many articles manufactured solely for ornament. Many of the smaller articles are made to represent birds, reptiles, amphibia, and the larger animals of the region of country in which they lived, and these are often neatly decorated in colors or inlaid with bits of polished turquoise and other stone, and from these we must conclude that *bric-à-brac* was as highly valued and appreciated among the well-to-do families of prehistoric America as it is in our day.

Among the several hundred ancient earthen beads in my cabinet, the greater part do not exceed one-eighth of an inch in diameter. These beads are made of the same kind of clay employed in making the large vessels, and of the same colors—that is, white, red and black. On their manufacture, the soft paste was probably wrapped around a smooth stem of some species of grass or

carex, and then rolled out by hand, forming a long, slender tube, this being cut up into the required length, and then the beads burned in an oven or kiln. Other forms of clay beads are found, but are less abundant than the small round ones with flattened sides.

Turquoise beads are more or less common in the ancient ruins of New Mexico, Arizona, and to the southward, and they probably belonged to the more wealthy of the ancient inhabitants of the ruined cities and villages. Many other kinds of trinkets are found, some made of clay, others cut from shells, representing lizards, frogs, heads of birds, etc. The little vessel shown at the foot of the ladle in Fig. 6 is in the form of a child's sock or moccasin. The little handle is scarcely large enough to be clasped with the ends of the finger and thumb. Perhaps some fond and fair mother ages ago gave her boy baby many a drink out of this tiny cup while dreaming of his future as a great hunter, warrior or artist. Alas! her people have long since passed away, and we may hope to some happier land, while we now know them only by the relics of their handicraft. They made history somewhat differently than we are making it, it is true, but whether those who come after us in the distant future will know us better than we know those who once lived in the ruins we are now exploring, is a question not admitting of a direct answer at this time.

HE CURED THE FINGER.

NOT long ago a gentleman whose finger was growing out of shape, and becoming very painful, went to a specialist in New York, who was noted for his successful treatment of deformities. Many patients were waiting; but a note of introduction from his own physician gained for him speedy entrance into the consulting-room. There stood the portly surgeon in his shirt-sleeves, amid cords and pulleys, plaster and patients, surrounded by attendants in white frocks, "looking for all the world," said the gentleman, "like butchers." He held out his curved and swollen finger.

"Halloo!" said the surgeon; "base-ball?"

"I never have played base-ball."

"What! not base-ball?" returned the doctor, examining the finger an instant. "Your hitching-strap is gone. Plaster!" he shouted to an attendant, and rapidly inclosing the offending finger, he added: "Call and see me in the Fall—Next case!" and he turned away.

The whole operation had not occupied two minutes. The patient stood an instant wondering how to pay his fee; then addressing the surgeon by name to attract his attention, asked: "What do I owe you?"

Dr. ——— turned, with the air of having totally forgotten the whole affair.

"Well, what is it?"

The question was repeated.

"Oh! ten—ten," he said, as if the sum was a matter of entire indifference.

The "ten" was instantly tendered, and the patient escaped. Two days afterward, he threw the plaster out of the window; but, curiously enough, the finger got well!

THE "GYMNOTE."

THE French engineers have partially realized one of the dreams of M. Jules Verne, the clever novelist, whose method it is to exaggerate the powers of scientific appliances till they become almost supernatural agencies. Recently a submarine boat, about 45 feet long and 5 feet 7 inches in diameter, driven by electric accumulators, was tried in the harbor of Toulon. The



FIG. 7.—WATER-PITCHER.

boat, which is called the *Gymnote*, or electric eel, plunged under water till it became invisible, and traversed and retraversed the harbor, being accurately guided by aid of "the gyroscope," while distances were calculated by the number of turns of the screw. There were three officers and one seaman on board; but though the vessel remained in each trial ten minutes under water, the air remained quite pure, and the accumulators retained force enough for hours of work. The speed is not given. It is obvious that such a vessel may

be used for a variety of purposes, especially submarine explorations and the rescue of submerged treasure; but as yet it does not promise much aid to the great art of destruction. People who kill always want a chance of living, and the *Gymnote*, if used as a ram, as Jules Verne suggested, would crush her crew as well as the enemy.



DOMESTIC LIFE OF PREHISTORIC AMERICANS.—SIDEBOARD OF PREHISTORIC POTTERY UTENSILS (NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF J. W. ELLSWORTH, ESQ., OF CHICAGO, ILL.).—SEE PAGE 459.



"SHE COMMENCED PREPARATIONS FOR HER CAKE-MAKING, MUCH TO THE DELIGHT OF LITTLE ELEANOR, TO WHOM SHE HANDED THE DISH OF EGGS AND A FORK."

ELDER NIMBLETON'S POUND-PARTY.

BY SUSIE M. LORD.

"LAND o' goodness! jest as if I couldn't make a loaf of sugar gingerbread equal to Mis' Deacon Sam! Bless your heart, child, many's the time I made cake, and pies, too, as handsome as ever you set your eyes on, or put your jaws to, either. You jest wait, El'nor till I spat the buttermilk out of this butter and ball it up, and clear up this seullery, and your aunt Dorcas'll try her hand at cooking a bit, and I'll warrant you 'twon't be beat

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by any woman in the society, though I *do* say it."

And Miss Dorcas Grant bent to her work with more than her usual energy, if that were possible, as she worked the butter with her skillful hands. Her indignant outburst had been occasioned by little Eleanor's praise of her neighbor's skill in the culinary art, she having declared to her aunt Dorcas that "Mis' Deacon Sam had just cooked the splendedest loaf of cake that ever she see, to carry to the pound-party, and she had staid just a few minutes longer than Aunt Dorcas said she could, on purpose to see her put on the frosting.

"And oh, Aunt Dorcas, it *did* look good enough to eat when it was all done. I wish you could see it."

It was the custom in Brookvale for the "society" to give their pastor a frequent donation, and it had been decided at the last sewing-circle that a pound-party would be a novelty, as nothing of the kind had occurred for some time, and the event had been the subject of much talk among the sisters.

It was to be a surprise to the minister and his wife, and sly winks and nods and whispered conferences had been in order for a week.

Deacon Samuel Brown, or Deacon Sam, as he was usually called, was Miss Dorcas's nearest neighbor, and his wife had informed her that they should carry a barrel of apples to the elder, for if it was more'n a pound, 'twasn't no matter; and Miss Dorcas had remarked that bein's that was so, she guessed she'd speak to Brother Reuben about taking along a few 'taters, and mebbe a squash or two, for them things turned out first-rate this year.

And when Eleanor told her about the loaf of cake, she secretly resolved not to be outdone in that line, and in an incredibly short time she commenced preparations for her cake-making, much to the delight of little Eleanor, to whom she handed the dish of eggs and a fork, with the injunction to "beat 'em careful and not spill 'em all round."

Finally it was put into the oven to bake, and Miss Dorcas sat down to watch it, for she averred that everything depended upon the baking, and 'twasn't no use to be stirring round much, for jarring the stove was sure to make the cake fall.

A call from Sister Eliza Hopkins, who had "touched" in on her way home from the post-office just to drop a word or two, served to make the time less tedious.

"Beats all, don't it, about Elder Nimbleton's wife's brother?" she remarked, seating herself near Miss Dorcas.

"Why, what about him, Sister Hopkins?"

"Why, ain't you heard, I'd like to know? Well, I'm sure! But they say he's jest come home all unexpected after having been gone nigh upon fifteen year, and they give him up for dead long ago."

"Sho! that's cur'us, ain't it? But you don't suppose they've heard anything about the pound-party, do ye?"

"No, I guess not, Miss Dorcas, for like enough they're so taken up with his coming home that they ain't mistrusted anything; and besides, they must have been awful busy this week down to the elder's, for they ain't washed till to-day, and a monster big wash they've got out, too. I counted six sheets and twice as many piller-cases, and there's no end to the towels and table-cloths and lots of other things. Don't see how the elder's wife can do so much all alone; but p'raps she hires help. That puts me in mind, Miss Dorcas, they say the Widder Smith—she that goes out washing, you know—is going to be married. But there, p'raps 'tain't so; folks are so newsy nowadays, you can't tell much by what you hear. Well, I *must* be goin'. Now you come up, Miss Dorcas."

"Yes, I will, Sister Hopkins. And you come down."

"Hope you'll have good luck with that cake, Miss Dorcas," she said, opening the door and looking back. "If it tastes as nice as it smells, I know 'twill be good."

"I begun to think she'd never go," observed Miss Dorcas; "and I b'lieve to my heart it's browned too much. El'nor, jest give me a spill out of the broom, and I'll see if it's done. It's ketched on, and I'll warrant you it's burnt on the bottom," she ejaculated when it wouldn't slip out of the tin. But it'll have to do, for I'm too busy to make another."

The eventful night arrived, and the "society," having met at Deacon Sam's house at seven o'clock, started *en masse* for Elder Nimbleton's.

Deacon Sam and his wife led the way, and in answer to their loud knock the elder appeared at the door.

"Good-morning, elder," said the deacon, grasping the minister's extended hand. My wife and I thought we'd drop in and spend the evening—and bring a few of the neighbors with us," he added, as he made his way to the dining-room, followed by the "society," and before the good pastor and his wife could recover from their surprise the table fairly groaned with its weight of eatables.

"The Lord has always been good to us," reverently remarked Mrs. Nimbleton, after the usual greetings were over, "and we have reason to be especially thankful for His goodness to us the past few days. Not only has He blessed us through you, my friends, with these bountiful gifts, but also in the return to us of my dearly beloved brother, whom we expected never again to see in this world." Then, turning toward a tall, middle-aged man who was standing just outside the dining-room door, apart from the others, she continued: "Come forward, William, and make the acquaintance of these kind friends, who——"

An exclamation of surprise, followed by a prolonged scream, interrupted her, and caused all eyes to turn in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. But Dorcas Grant, unmindful of their gaze, stood staring in amaze at the stranger before her, while William Langdon—for such was his name—returned her gaze with equal astonishment.

"Dorcas Grant!—is it possible?" Then drawing nearer to her, he said, in an undertone: "After all these years, are you still Dorcas Grant?"

"Just the same, William: but I never expected to live to see this day. Dear me, how light my head feels! I do believe you could knock me down with a feather."

The sisters crowded around her, and by persistent questioning sought to obtain an explanation of the whole affair.

"However did you come to know each other, I'd like to know?" queried Mrs. Johnson.

"Oh, it's a long story, Sister Johnson, and one that's never been told," said Dorcas, between her smiles and tears.

"Tell us what this means, Brother William," demanded Mrs. Nimbleton, and several of the sisters sweetly echoed: "Yes, do tell us what it means!"

But "Brother William" said he would tell them all about it sometime; and, not a little disappointed, they fell to whispering among themselves, while William, watching his opportunity, stole quietly behind Miss Dorcas's chair.

"I was bound to find you, Dorcas, if you were in the land of the living—came home on purpose—but I didn't expect to run across you this way."

"How could you go away and stay all these years, William, without sending me a word to comfort me?"

"I own I did wrong, and am a wicked wretch; but if you love me as you did *then*, Dorcas, I know you'll forgive me."

"Yes, William, I forgive all," said Dorcas, her lonely, tired, aching heart, so nearly broken fifteen years before, and which it had often seemed to her had grown harder every year, once more filled almost to bursting with love for one whom she had worshiped long ago, and with whom she was now brought so unexpectedly face to face.

Eliza Hopkins, ever ready to grasp an item of news, that she might scatter it broadcast through the town, stood eying them furtively, nettled almost beyond endurance because she couldn't hear a word they said, and now and then she was heard to ejaculate, under her breath:

"Well, I'm sure! Don't it beat all?"

When the pound-party broke up, William Langdon walked home with Dorcas Grant. We will not dwell upon the incidents connected with his wanderings in foreign lands; of the many, many times he had resolved to return to Dorcas and seek forgiveness, but that the distressing fear that she might be wed to another caused him as often to abandon the resolution; that at last a secret longing to see his home and friends had possessed

him, and he had appeared unexpectedly among them, hardly daring to indulge the hope that Dorcas was still waiting for him. But Dorcas, with a woman's trusting, loving heart, was true to the last, and a reconciliation was effected. She told him how at the death of her brother's wife, several years before, she had left her old home and the scenes of her youthful days in Granton, and taken up her abode in Brookvale, to care for her brother Reuben and his motherless child; that Providence had smiled upon her for so doing, inasmuch as William had been returned to her, and she was quite certain that she should not forget Elder Nimbleton's pound-party even if she lived to be as old as Methuselah; whereupon William begged that he might be allowed to escort her to the elder's house quite soon for the purpose of having the marriage ceremony performed. Dorcas replied that "well—perhaps—she didn't know—at least she'd think about it," and blushed and looked as pretty (so thought William Langdon) as she did fifteen years ago.

To Eleanor's eager inquiries, on the following morning, concerning the pound-party, Miss Dorcas gave curt and disconnected answers, and after vainly trying to accomplish her morning's work with her accustomed precision and dispatch, she declared it didn't pay for one of her years to stay up so late nights, and it did seem as if everything was going wrong; but judging from the complacent smile that played upon her face, matters were certainly going right.

William Langdon called often—so often, in fact, that all Brookvale wondered and talked, and finally the wedding-day was decided upon, and Mrs. Dorcas declared that she'd have a wedding-cake, and make it herself, which she did. To be sure, she was interrupted, while baking it, by a call from William, which caused her to ejaculate:

"Just like a man—forever hanging around!"

A few moments later she was heard to call from the sitting-room:

"Don't let that gingerbread burn, El'nor—I'll be there in a minute."

They have been married several years now, and Dorcas loves to tell her young friends all about Elder Nimbleton's pound-party, and what a surprise met her there.



CELEBRATING THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF JAPAN.

By A. F. B.

ALTHOUGH it is more than a year since the people of Japan were granted a constitutional government, I have seen here at Tokio no accounts in the American papers which have reached me of the extraordinary celebrations which took place when the Constitution was proclaimed.

Ever since the Japanese began to cast off the

a season of such universal revelry and rejoicing as was never known before. No one who is unacquainted with the vast area of this huge metropolis can even imagine what the word "universal" means when applied to such a place.

The Emperor (Mikado), having sworn a solemn oath, in the imperial sanctuary, "to maintain



OFFICERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

fetters of Oriental exclusiveness and conservatism and joined the brotherhood of progressive nations, they have always felt that the citizens of the United States took the warmest interest in their advancement and good fortune. I trust, therefore, that this paper, which sketches briefly some of the ceremonies and festivities attendant upon the inauguration of the new *régime*, may be interesting to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

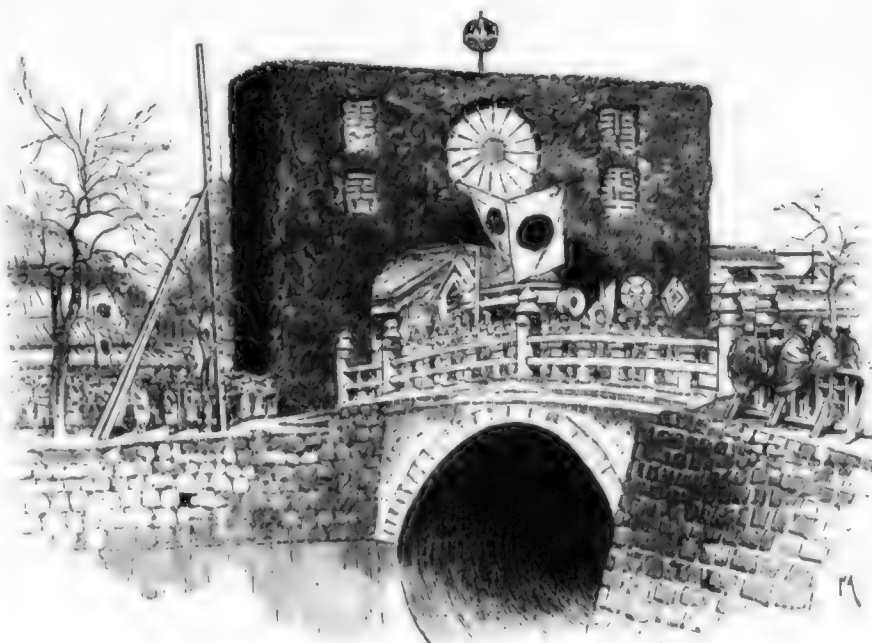
In this populous city of Tokio we passed through

and secure from decline the ancient form of government," and "never, at this time or in the future, to fail to be an example to his subjects in the observance of the laws hereby established," took his place on the throne, and in the presence of all the highest functionaries of the empire, as well as the chosen representatives of the people, handed to the Minister President of State a copy of the five laws forming the new Constitution. These laws are : The Constitution of the Empire of Japan ; The Imperial Ordinance concerning

the House of Peers ; The Law of the Houses (Parliament) ; The Law of Election of the Members of the House of Representatives ; and The Law of Finance. They comprise in all 332 articles. Without entering into details, it may be of interest to outline a general idea of this important legislative work. In the first place, the sacred and inviolable nature of the imperial title and the perpetuity of the Throne are asserted with the fullest emphasis. The Emperor remains, as before, the source of all law ; but his legislative function is henceforth to be exercised with the sanction of the Diet. Only in presence of an urgent necessity to maintain public safety or to avert public calamity can he issue ordinances in lieu of laws, and it is expressly provided that such ordinances must be laid before the Diet at its next session, when, if not approved by that body, they become invalid.

The Emperor determines the organization of the different branches of the administration, appoints and dismisses all officials, and fixes their salaries. He has, further, supreme command of the Army and Navy ; determines their organization and peace standing ; has the power of making war, treaties and peace ; confers titles of nobility, rank and other honors ; orders amnesties, pardons, commutations of punishment, etc.

In contradistinction to the imperial prerogatives are the rights of the subject. He is free to change his abode at will ; cannot be arrested, detained, tried or punished except according to law ; his house cannot be searched or entered without

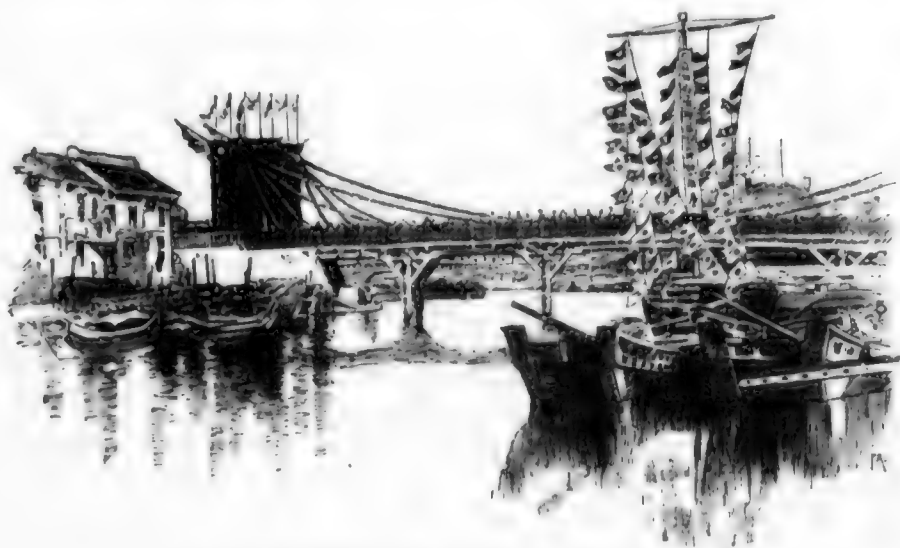


TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE KYO-BASHI.

his consent except as legally provided—a right greatly appreciated by the Japanese, as will be understood when I explain that the police would “go through” a whole quarter in twenty-four hours. I remember when Judge Denny’s trunks were missing, after a fire, that the property was recovered from seven different houses before night ! Private letters are inviolably secret within similar limits, and the right of property is sacred. The subject is entitled to freedom of religion, of public meeting, of speech and of association ; but religious freedom must not be exercised in a manner prejudicial to peace or order, neither must freedom of speech and public meeting transgress the limits fixed by law. Then comes the parliamentary system, based upon those of England and Germany.

The opportunity of inspecting the palace was afforded me some days previous to the ceremony. The throne-room is a noble chamber, Japanese in conception, but not without features imported from the West.

The ceiling is a tessellation of pictures representing conventionalized forms of the chrysanthemum, peony and paulownia done in rich but subdued colors, each picture being set in a deep frame of gorgeously lacquered ribs, the angles of which are wrapped in elaborate carved plates of gilded copper. Descending by a curved cornice similarly paneled, but having peony



NIHON-BASHI (SUSPENSION-BRIDGE), TOKIO, IN EVERGREENS.

designs on an Indian-red ground, instead of the chrysanthemums on a green ground which cover the higher surface, the ceiling reaches a second plane where the same fashion of decoration in colors is slightly more subdued. The upper section of the walls is light buff chastely decorated, and the arras are of dark-ruby brocade fluted and plaited.

The throne, which is in gold and red, stands on a slightly raised dais, over which, supported by two sloped lances, hangs a silken canopy bearing the imperial arms, the sixteen-leaved chrysanthemum and the paulownia beautifully embroidered in purple on a straw-colored ground.

The hall is lit entirely from a veranda surrounding it on three sides, and with which it communicates throughout by sliding-doors of plate-glass. By this arrangement something is lost in respect of solidity, as the ceiling and upper walls, otherwise massive and imposing, seem to rest on a surbase of transparent crystal.

Several days before the date set for the ceremonial, printed plans of the throne-room had been published, with places assigned to each class of those who were to have the honor to be present. Around the throne itself a wide space was reserved by cords of crimson silk. Beyond these ropes, on the left of the dais, was the position for the foreign Corps Diplomatique, while in front were to be ranged the princes of the blood, Ministers of State, generals, admirals, governors, prefects, wearers of first-class decorations, attendant peers having the right of *entrée* to the palace, marquises, counts, viscounts and barons. (These translations of the Japanese titles are commonly used in foreign languages.) A few foreigners possessing decorations, and ten specially appointed newspaper editors, were also admitted.

Just before the advent of the momentous occasion, the weather, hitherto sunny and fair, had been broken by a snow-fall, and on Sunday people found themselves making their preparations under a leaden sky that gave no promise whatever of a fair Monday. Things looked still worse when, at nine o'clock in the evening, rain began to descend, threatening to destroy the triumphal arches and cars (*dashi*), and the decorations which the citizens of Tokio, at great sacrifice of labor and money, had furnished to do honor to the auspicious event. At midnight the rain changed to snow, and day-break on Monday showed the capital covered with a white pall, toward the thickening of which the sky was still contributing light flakes. As for the streets, their state of mud and slush is indescribable. The populace were not to be denied, however. The granting of a Constitution happens only once in the life-time of a people, and the Japanese nation was resolved to show its appreciation of the unique occurrence.

Scarcely had day dawned when the city began to be full of festival-sounds, beating of drums, piping of fifes, choruses of *dashi*-(car)-drawers, snatches of song, detonations of fire-works. Till ten o'clock the princes, peers, Ministers of State, foreign representatives, and other high officials summoned to the palace, waited in their places until the Emperor had concluded worship before the cenotaphs of the imperial ancestors in the sanctuary of the palace, and took the oath from which I have quoted. These religious services were concluded by half-past ten, and then, the bands stationed in the court playing the Japanese national anthem, His Majesty took his seat on the throne. The President of the Board of Rites, carrying the Sacred Sword, placed himself on the left of the throne, and on the right stood a chamberlain bearing the Sacred Jewel. The Emperor wore uniform, and on his head were the grand cross of the Chrysanthemum, and several foreign Orders. Every unit of this distinguished assemblage wore uniform, and the effect of such a mass of glittering costumes, blazing with gold and jewels, was imposing and gorgeous beyond description. A few moments later the Empress entered, attended by the princesses of the blood, and ladies of the household. The Empress did not sit on the dais beside the Emperor. A place had been set apart for her below the dais, on the right front, and here, having bowed to the throne, and gracefully acknowledged the presence of the assembly, she took her seat. She, and all the ladies, wore foreign costume, their robes being either of white or pale-yellow silk. The Emperor then rose, and having bowed slightly to the left, the front, the right, unfolded a parchment and read, with perfect dignity and distinctness, his speech. At the conclusion, he took the draft of the Constitution and handed it to the Minister President of State, who, having advanced to the foot of the throne, received the precious document, and with deep obeisance resumed his place in advance of the Cabinet, the members of which were ranged in the front rank of the assembled notables. The Emperor then bowed slightly, descended from the throne and passed out of the hall, followed, a moment later, by the Empress. As they departed, the cannon of the Tokio garrison and ships-of-war in the harbor thundered forth a salute of 101 guns, the deep, grand tones of the temple-bells were heard in every direction, and the people of Japan knew that the invaluable privilege of representative government had been conferred upon them.

By one of those curious coincidences which in more superstitious days would have been regarded as a Heaven-sent augury, the very hour chosen for the solemn committal of the scroll of the Constitution into the hands of Count Hiroda saw

the snow-cloud roll away, and the blue sky spread itself genially over the capital.

A grand review at Asgama had been an important item of the original programme, but for some time the people remained in doubt as to whether the snow would not frustrate this design. Soon, however, it became known that the Emperor was resolved to let nothing interfere with the plan mapped out, and at noon, by which time the sun shone brightly in a clear sky, immense crowds of people began to collect in the wide space opposite the main entrance to the palace. The fact had got abroad that the Emperor would ride to the review in a new State carriage (said to have cost \$70,000), drawn by six horses, and that for the first time in the history of Japan the Empress was to sit by His Majesty's side. The citizens seemed to anticipate this spectacle with no less joy than they had the promulgation of the Constitution.

Orders had been issued that every possible license should be given to the people, and no arrests be made except for willful breach of the peace, but there was little occasion for the exercise of forbearance. A Japanese crowd is *always* good-natured and amenable to reason, and every citizen in the streets of Tokio was bent only on enjoying himself and helping others to do likewise. During the day I saw but two thoroughly inebriated people. The spirit of the regular Anglo-Saxon cheer seemed to have descended on the heads of the Japanese people as the royal pair appeared, for such shouts of "Banzai! Banzai! Rioheikwa Banzai!" (Long live their Majesties!) made the streets ring again, until one might well have imagined oneself listening to the lusty cheering of a New York crowd. Even more impressive, and assuredly more beautiful, were the strains of the national anthem, sung by the sweet voices of thousands of school-girls and boys, who appeared to have lost all consciousness of the mud and cold as they pealed forth the solemn cadence, their little faces glowing, their childish trebles ringing in true festival style. Outside the palace-moat, the people of the district, seeking a more enduring memento of the great occasion than an ephemeral festival could furnish, had planted 150 cherry-trees on its bank. These were covered with artificial flowers, the spaces below them rendered gay with white and red curtains. Students were the distinct feature of the day's doings. Groups of them plunged through the mud, or dashed round the outskirts of the crowd in perfect recklessness of exuberant joy. Though their demonstrations occasionally passed the limits of due restraint, their own overflowing good-humor and the imperturbable jollity of the citizens gave a mirthful air to every incident. The crowds of enthusiastic sight-

seers who, despite the inclement weather of the morning, were now pouring forth in increasing streams, may well have thought that the mud of all times was at last under their feet, and the sunny dawn of liberty over their heads. For a few days only the residents had been engaged in preparation to celebrate the great event; and, though the interval at their disposal for the purpose was inconveniently short, they managed to invest the big city with such a garment of rejoicing as it *never* wore before. The humblest dwelling in the meanest alley was not excluded from a share in the pageant. Endless rows of gayly colored lanterns, bearing the striking device constituting the national ensign—a red sun on a white ground—hung from the eaves in every street, or climbed by graceful curves to the tops of high flag-poles and the ridges of lofty roofs. At intervals the streets were spanned by triumphal arches, or crossed by flags with the crimson knot of continuity, and the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum of imperialism hanging below the junction of their staves. In a majority of instances the Western form of arch was copied—one curious result of adopting this fashion being that the English word "arch" passed permanently into the vernacular of the country—but in constructing these emblems the Japanese showed their usual artistic ingenuity. The arches were built in greenery with exquisite neatness. The place of the key-stone was taken by a chrysanthemum, and on the sides, looking out with a particularly genial air from their soft environment, ideographs, formed with ripe, yellow oranges, conveyed all sorts of good wishes for the perennial prosperity of the imperial dynasty and the peace and happiness of the empire.

It was impossible not to be struck by the evidence of loyalty that these legends furnished. Elsewhere the voice of popular aspiration would inevitably have found expression in some sentences about the subject's rights or the enfranchisement of the people. But the motives chosen by the Tokio citizens to celebrate their own admission to a share in the government were dictated uniquely by one feeling—devotion to the sovereign, and reverential prayers for the perpetuity of the Tenno's Dynasty. And that, I take it, was a sentiment that extended throughout the length and breadth of the country. Ginza, the principal thoroughfare, an almost straight four-mile street, stretching from Shimbashi Railway Station to the famous Ueyno Park, was most magnificently decorated. At Shimbashi, a region of costly dilettanteism, the citizens wisely choosing to confine themselves to Japanese shapes, erected on one side of the *bashi* (bridge) a colossal *torii* (temple gate-way), its portly pillars and cross-beams looking as though they had been carved

from the masses of some Gargantuan forest. On a broad tablet between the central beams the ideographs *Hoso-mukiu!* (May the imperial dynasty be limitless!) were traced in stanzas. From the juncture of the shafts and the entablature, long strings of colored lanterns descended to equidistant points over the veranda-eaves of opposite houses; under the lower cross-beam six portly

of powerful lights shone like a huge comet overhead. At Kyo-bashi and the classical Nihon-(Japan)-bashi, arches were erected on both sides of the bridges, and it was pleasant to notice that despite the great number of these structures raised throughout the capital, no two repeated each other—all presented distinguishing features of novelty and ingenuity. At the southern end of



THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE FOUR-MILE STREET, TOKIO.—(FROM A JAPANESE PRINT.)

lanterns, suspended in a frame-work of lesser luminaries, bore suitable inscriptions, and over all floated crossed ensigns of the Rising Sun. In the interval thence to Kyo-bashi (*bashi* is bridge), the next bridge, three arches spanned the busy street, the most remarkable in some respects being a structure erected by the Electric Light Company, pendent from which, and thus spanning the street at a height of about twenty feet, a row

Kyo-bashi stood an arch resembling a huge gate with a carved lintel. Over its capital a loop of greenery was formed, inclosing an electric light, and surmounted by crossed flags, while the arch was festooned below with lanterns and adorned with legends cleverly worked in oranges. Imposing and beautiful as this structure looked, it was altogether eclipsed by its *vis-à-vis* at the other end of the bridge. There, the designer, inspired



HOLIDAY EXERCISES OF THE JAPANESE YME DEPARTMENT.

with the happy thought of reproducing a gate after the fashion of those gigantic masses of masonry that guard the entrance to Chinese walled cities, built a solid square slab of greenery, some forty feet high and fifteen thick, pierced by an arched passage, from the crest of which hung crossed banners, the staves crowned with large gilt balls. Above the arch, the upward sloping staves of the crossed banners forming a niche to receive it, an immense sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum, constructed of over a thousand oranges, looked out with indescribable richness and softness from its moss-like frame. On either side of this beautiful device, and traced with similar materials, the ideographs *Tei-chitsu Banzai!* (May the imperial house last for all ages!) were disposed in two vertical lines; and all over the massive structure pear-shaped electric lights (lamps) were profusely strewn. At Nihon-bashi a suspension-bridge was produced in greenery. The idea was excellently carried out, the columns at either side of the bridge taking the form of lofty and graceful structures, their lattice-work skillfully wrought into congratulatory ideographs. Numerous other arches and devices to embellish the capital, and give outward joy to its citizen are deserving of mention. From the humblest citizen to the wealthiest corporation, all vied in contributing to the celebration, and though extremes of capacity were marked by the huge ship built of lanterns and greenery riding on the roofs of the long line of warehouses of the Japan Mail Steamship Company, and the feeble light suspended from a straw rope under the eaves of a scavenger's hut in a back alley, the spirit that pervaded the whole effort was uniformly enthusiastic.

The official programme of military inspection and review, similar to all such affairs elsewhere, having been carried out in its entirety, the people devoted themselves to the business of illumination, and to that of accompanying in procession the festival cars (*dashi*), at least one of which had been equipped by every ward in the city. No nation so thoroughly understands the art of keeping holiday as the Japanese. In an Occidental city, the shops put up their shutters when a pageant is to be held; in Japan they take them down. Each one is decked with all the handsomest chattels and belongings of its owner, but every evidence of business is thrust out of sight. Screens covered with gold-leaf, or having their broad panels decorated by the brushes of celebrated artists, are drawn across the back of the shop, and in the foreground of these rich objects the owner and his family sit, attired in holiday garb, and occupying themselves with the pleasant duties of eating, drinking or chatting. Often there is playing and dancing, and when this is the case, the passers-by congregate undisturbed

before the scene of the merry-making, and take a polite, but occasionally vigorous, part in the mirth and applause. Thus the smallest household can become a vicarious entertainer on a large scale, and thus, too, there is created a universal feeling that all the good things of the day, and all the most luxurious features of the festival, are absolutely common property. No one has the advantage of his neighbor. Each throws open his door, and says, in effect, that whilst social customs and the ways of the world unfortunately compel men to live in separate houses, and take their ease according to different standards, these conditions shall be obliterated as completely as possible on a day of universal rejoicing. Besides, in order that there shall be no sort of merry-making that is not public, and that the wealthiest may not be suspected of indulging in pleasures beyond the reach of his less fortunate brother-citizen, the fair *danseuses*, or *geisha* girls, of the different precincts dress themselves in carnival costumes, decline the summons of their best patrons, and parade the streets in the retinue of a *dashi*, singing the quaint and plaintive "*Kiyari*," the refrain of the firemen. These fair ladies never look prettier or more piquant than when they step along to the rhythm of their own voices, their long black hair coiled into the solid coiffure and cue of olden days, and their dainty limbs, usually robed in the most splendid garments, clad in the striped cottons of common coolies. These graceful women make one of the picturesque features of all holiday shows, nor is their position in the social world so anomalous or degraded as in many lands.

Many novel sights there were in a festival of such unparalleled dimensions, but to Occidental minds nothing seemed more admirable and marvelous than the absolute gentleness and good-humor of the vast crowds that surged through the streets by the light of the universal illumination. Students, soldiers, women, girls, children by tens of thousands, priests, nobles and beggars all rejoicing together over the new era happily inaugurated, and the assurance of future progress.

Like the sleeping beauty hidden for countless years, Japan, suddenly aroused after centuries of seclusion, realizes that she has dreamed while others struggled, and now she presses forward, full of ambition and noble determination, eager to take her place side by side with the most enlightened nations. God prosper her.

SOME STYLES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

THE sending of a note on a social or business matter seems to be an exceedingly simple affair, and yet people who are generally believed to be fairly well educated, and who were able to write

the note itself without any violations of English or good taste, manage to make several mistakes in accomplishing it.

In the first place, they do not seem to understand that in addressing a man or woman with whom they are on terms of acquaintanceship the accepted formula is "My dear Mr. Smith," or "My dear Mrs. Smith." "Dear Mr. Smith," or "Dear Mrs. Smith" is supposed to be somewhat less formal, although the distinction is a very subtle one. To address a man as "My dear sir" where the subject on which he is addressed is a social one is a mistake almost bordering on rudeness. "My dear sir" is all right if the note is to a business man on a business matter, and the writer simply knows the man to whom he is writing in a business way. Otherwise, it would indicate that the writer desires to hold the correspondent at a distance, and, no matter how slight the acquaintanceship between the sender and the receiver may be, this savors of snobbishness. Young men and young women who are called upon to exchange notes for some reason or other, and who seem to be unacquainted with the ordinary forms of correspondence, are frequently of the opinion that the use of "my dear" prefixed to the name of the correspondent indicates the beginning of a friendly or even an affectionate feeling. This manner of address is simply a formula, and does not mean any more than stage kisses.

The old fashion of the writer subscribing himself or herself "Your obedient servant" is now obsolete. "Yours truly" is the conventional and proper way of doing the thing now. "Yours sincerely" has come somewhat into use in England during the past two years, but that is giving way now to some extent, and "Yours faithfully" or "Faithfully yours" has been substituted. The attentive reader of the newspapers has of course observed that in correspondence between men who have come to a serious disagreement, with or without the possibilities of a duel in the future, the correspondent is simply addressed as "Sir" and the subscription is "Yours, etc.," or when the writer has an inclination to throw in a good deal of dignity he puts down "Yours respectfully."

It often happens that men and women who ought to know better, in addressing an envelope to a man who is a social equal, address it to Mr. A. B. Smith, No. 6522 Fifth Avenue, when they should address it to A. B. Smith, Esq. The only time when an envelope can be addressed to Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown is where the person addressed is a small tradesman.

Some people have been embarrassed in addressing notes to titled people who have come here from England, France and Germany, and also in conversation with them. In the case of the Duke

of Marlborough, for example, they hesitated to give him all his titles with the usual embellishments, because in America this looked snobbish, and seemed to be putting too much emphasis on distinctions which do not prevail in this country. In other words, they didn't care to address him as "Your Grace the Duke of Marlborough," and they didn't feel sufficiently intimate with him to address him as "My dear Marlborough" or "My dear Duke," and at the same time didn't want to cut away all evidences of his rank by putting down "Dear Mr. Marlborough." There seems to be no reason, however, in this case, in addressing, why he should not have been addressed "My dear Duke of Marlborough," with the envelope simply inscribed, "Duke of Marlborough. Albemarle Hotel."

TWO CAREERS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I.

So much one thought about the life beyond,
He did not drain the waters of his pond;

And when death laid his children 'neath the sod
He called it "the mysterious will of God."

He would not strive for worldly gain, not he—
His wealth, he said, was stored in God's To Be.

He kept his mortal body poorly dressed,
And talked about the garments of the blessed;

And when to his last sleep he laid him down,
His only mourner begged her widow's gown.

II.

One was not sure there was a life to come,
So made a heaven of his earthly home.

He strove for wealth, and with an open hand
He comforted the needy in his land.

He wore new garments often, and the old
Helped many a brother to keep out the cold.

He said this life was such a little span,
Man ought to make the most of it for man;

And when he died, the fortune that he left
Gave succor to the needy and bereft.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF CHICAGO.

BY LIEUTENANT F. S. BASSETT, U. S. N.

CHICAGO is eminently a club city. There are, perhaps, more clubs and similar organizations, in proportion to the population, than in any other city on the continent. There are clubs political, social, literary, religious, military—everything, from the cleaning of streets to the emancipation of woman, being attended to by some club or association. There are clubs for ministers, clubs

for women, clubs for children, clubs for families, for lawyers, for physicians, for bicyclists, for postage-stamp collectors; clubs for soldiers and for sailors, for Republicans, for Democrats and for Independents; clubs for law and order, and for dynamite and disorder. New ones are constantly forming, and progressive minds must needs have a "Twentieth Century Club," and propose a clubhouse for working-men.

Of all these organizations, numbered by hundreds, the largest and the most influential to-day is the Union League Club. This club, formed somewhat on the same plan as those of the same name in New York and Philadelphia, is yet distinct from them in its broader aims, and in the energy and *verve* with which it inaugurates and accomplishes measures of vital interest and public reforms, in its successful efforts to inculcate a higher standard of citizenship, and in the great support it brings to the cause of good government. It contains more than a thousand representatives of the professional and business men of the city,

the brain and brawn of the most energetic and progressive civilization of a progressive age. In its rapid growth from two dozen to nearly fifty times that number in nine short years, it is typical of the marvelous progress of the Garden City, and presents a notable example of American enterprise.

The inception of this association was due to Mr. O. H. Salisbury, now deceased. This gentleman interested several prominent Chicagoans in the formation of a club resembling the Eastern organizations named above. The first meeting called for this purpose was held in the Sherman House club-room, and twenty-five persons ac-

ceded to the plan proposed. A charter was at once obtained, dated December 19th, 1879, for "The Chicago Club of the Union League of America," as it was found that there already existed a "Union League Club" in the city. Many of the members of this association having joined the new one, they were induced to transfer their charter, and thus became "The Union League Club of Chicago," in January, 1882.

Forty persons were present at a second meeting, and each of these having agreed to find another desirable person, the club, now increased to

eighty members, secured rooms in the Honore Block, on Dearborn Street, which were continuously occupied by them until the present large and handsome house was erected.

Prominent among those who were identified with the club in its earlier days, and who have contributed largely to its success, were Messrs. L. L. Coburn, John C. Coonley, A. L. Coe, J. B. Bradwell, R. S. Critchell, L. W. McConnell, S. M. Moore, Ira W. Buell, Elbridge Keith and J. McGregor Adams.



CLUB-HOUSE OF THE UNION LEAGUE OF CHICAGO.

The avowed objects of the association are:

1. To encourage and promote, by moral, social and political influence, unconditional loyalty to the Federal Government, and to defend and protect the integrity and perpetuity of this nation.
2. To inculcate a higher appreciation of the value and sacred obligations of American citizenship; to maintain the civil and political equality of all citizens in every section of our common country, and to aid in the enforcement of all laws enacted to preserve the purity of the ballot-box.
3. To resist and expose corruption, and promote economy in office, and to secure honesty and

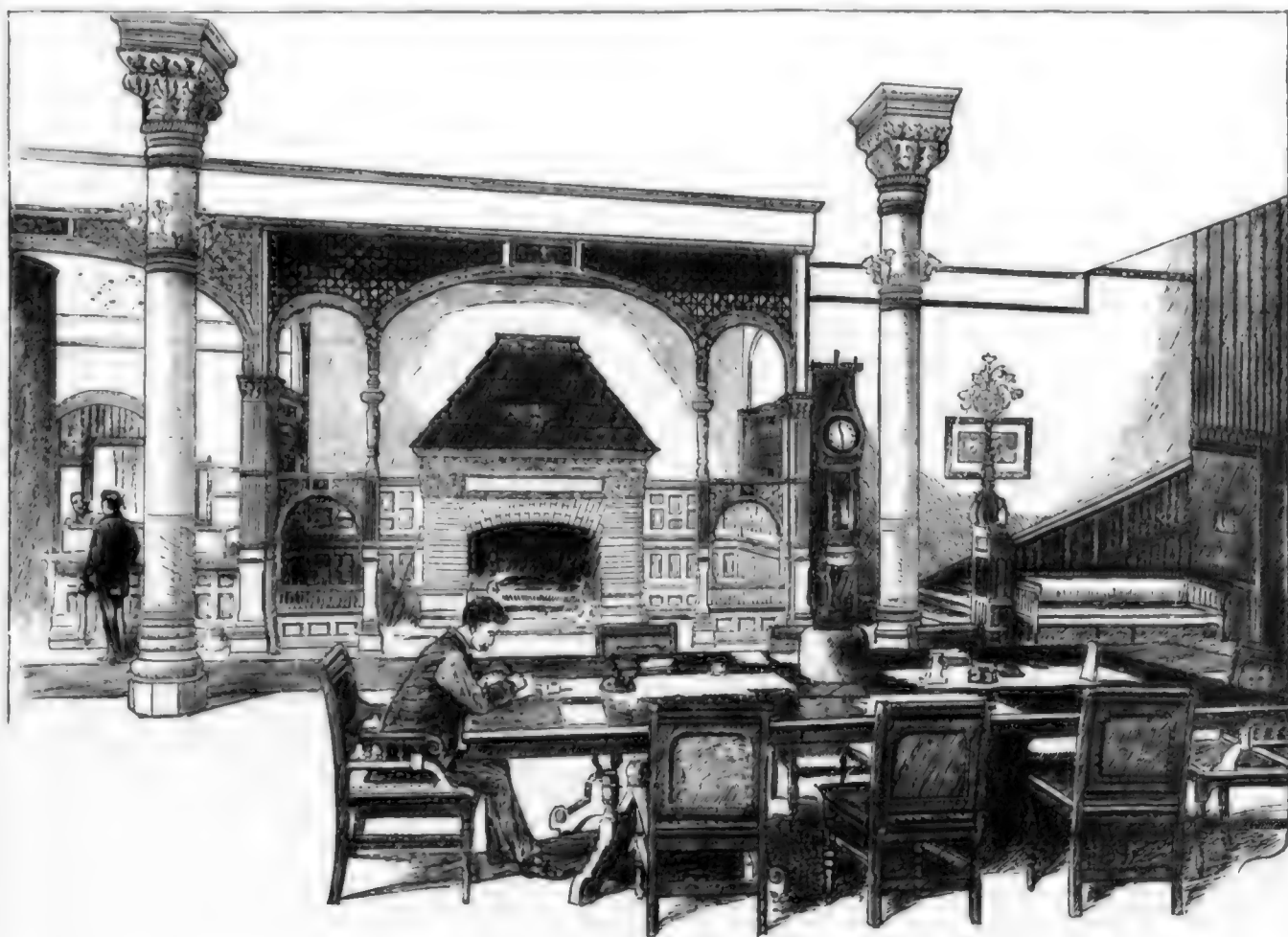
efficiency in the administration of National, State and Municipal affairs.

These are high aims, and most nobly is the club endeavoring to realize them. In the few years of its existence, it has accomplished many excellent things, and its influence is second to no organization in the State, and, perhaps, in the broad West. Action is the master-spirit that impels it. Measures recommended by the Committee on Political Action are discussed at the customary quarterly Saturday dinners, and when it has been fully decided to use the influence of the club in any direction, energetic steps are at once taken in the most practical way to carry out the

State of Illinois, or the Nation, whose integrity and welfare it designs to promote.

Notwithstanding this energy in political action, the club is by no means partisan. Although the majority of its members are Republicans, there are many belonging to the opposite party, and independent action in local affairs is frequently taken. No direct participation in any national election is had, and non-partisan action is aimed at in many directions.

The influence exerted in these various ways has been productive of much good. It was potent in securing the enactment of the present election laws, which, by limiting voting-hours, requiring



THE OFFICE.

resolution. These measures may be in the direction of new legislation, when, in addition to the public agitation and discussion of the subject, it may be necessary to send committees to the legislative bodies; or it may be advisable to oppose unwise legislation by similar means. Occasionally, the municipal authorities need support in the execution of the laws, or require an energetic reminder of their duty in certain directions. Nor is the club unmindful of material interests in other directions. It took the initiative in the movement for a World's Fair in Chicago in 1892, and its voice is often heard in important affairs affecting the interests of the City of Chicago, the

registration in advance, and restricting the number of voters in any precinct to 300, has tended greatly to prevent fraud, and to secure an honest election; and it opposes a proposed national election law that will lengthen the voting-hours. The reorganization of the Board of County Commissioners, and of its methods of doing business, were effected chiefly through the influence of this club—reforms tending to greater economy and better government. Decided action has been taken in favor of laws that will tend to improve trials by jury, and the selection of better men as jurors. By the club's efficient aid and vigorous measures, the important Drainage Bill was passed. Minor

municipal measures of public benefit have been recommended and adopted by its influential action. It urges compensation for property destroyed in riots, and provision to make more secure the titles to real estate, and other measures, all tending to the public good, and to the preservation of law and order. In securing these enactments, it has sometimes co-operated with other organizations, which have emulated its good example. The composition of the Union League Club being from all classes of business and professional men, makes it sensitive to the public pulse, and alive to needed legislation and action in many directions.

One of the best signs of the time is the revival of patriotic sentiment throughout the country. In this movement, the Union League Club has participated. It has inaugurated a patriotic festival on Washington's Birthday, when an address is given by some gifted orator of distinction upon a suitable topic, and this is supplemented by a banquet in the evening of the same day, to which distinguished men from other States are invited, after which speeches upon themes fitted to the occasion are heard.

The first address was delivered by the distinguished author and poet, James Russell Lowell, before a brilliant audience composed of the club and invited guests. On February 22d, 1888, they listened to the glowing periods and fluent eloquence of the Hon. Chauncey Depew; and on the anniversary of last year, an admirable address from the Hon. J. D. Cox continued these fitting celebrations of the national festival-day. The many shorter speeches given each evening were none the less eloquent, the orators coming from every portion of the country, from Maine to Minnesota. The community owes a debt of gratitude to the club for its beneficent action in this direction, and it is a matter of congratulation that the influence of these patriotic addresses may, in the future, be extended to larger audiences in the great Auditorium, the conception and erection of which is due to the energy of a prominent member of the club, and to which many other members have contributed time and money.

The membership of the club increased rapidly after its change of name. There were 120 members in 1880, 567 in 1883, 744 in 1887, and the limit of membership—900—was soon thereafter reached. This having been increased to 1,000, 956 members registered in 1888, and the list is now full again. All citizens of the United States residing in Chicago are eligible to membership, the only conditions prescribed being "absolute" and unqualified loyalty to the Government of the United States. "They are admitted by ballot, 2 votes out of 11 in the Electoral Committee being sufficient to reject any name. The initiation fee is \$200, and the dues are \$80 per annum.

The list of honorary members includes the President of the United States, the Governor of Illinois, the Generals of the Army and of the Department, the Judges of the United States Courts and the Senators from Illinois. There are, in addition, about 150 members, resident mostly in the North-west, and a generous provision of the by-laws admits officers of the Army and Navy to membership without an initiation fee.

The officers consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer and six Directors. These are assisted by a Committee on Political Action, a House Committee, a Property Committee, a Rules Committee, a Library Committee and a Reception Committee.

The first President of the club was L. L. Coburn (1880). John C. Coonley (1881-2), Elbridge G. Keith (1883), J. McGregor Adams (1884-6), John L. Thompson (1888) and George F. Bissell (1889) followed in succession. General Thompson died soon after his election, and was succeeded by the Vice-president, Franklin H. Head. Besides the latter, Messrs. William H. Bradley, E. A. Small, A. W. Raymond, R. S. Critchell, Charles E. Culver, S. M. Moore, C. M. Henderson, Byron P. Moulton, Eugene Cary, H. N. Higginbotham, A. L. Coe, O. S. A. Sprague, Edson Keith and Presidents Adams and Thompson have served as Vice-presidents. The Treasurers have been William Penn Nixon, George M. Bogue, W. V. Jacobs, Walter B. Mitchell, Rollin A. Keyes and William Moseback; while the following persons have been Secretaries: E. Raymond Bless, R. S. Critchell, George Driggs, Henry M. Bacon and W. H. Hubbard. The list of Directors contains the names of many of Chicago's most eminent and progressive citizens. Tenure of office seems to be the rule, as the 112 places have been held by 53 men.

As the club increased in numbers, it became apparent that new quarters must be sought, and it was determined that it should have a home of its own. Several committees reported plans that were rejected, but that presented by one, consisting of Messrs. G. F. Bissell, Rollin A. Keyes and R. S. Critchell, was finally adopted, and the outcome is the present fine club-house. This plan contemplated a building which should contain a room large enough for the club-meetings, a banquet-hall, dining-rooms of ample capacity, sleeping-rooms and the necessary rooms for service.

The location selected was at first criticised because of its being out of the centre of the business district, but time has shown the wisdom of the choice. The progress of business to the south and west has made this a central point, and the location of the Board of Trade within a block has led to the erection of palatial office-buildings, and more are contemplated in the immediate vicinity.

The building is half-way between the river and Twelfth Street, and also midway between the lake on the east and the river to the west.

The charter of the club making no provision for the capital necessary to build a club-house, an Auxiliary Association was formed, with a cash capital of \$180,000, for which stock was issued and sold to members only. Bonds to the extent of \$80,000, bearing six per cent. interest, were afterward issued.

The club having acquired the lease of the lot at the corner of Jackson Street and Fourth Avenue, 75x100 feet in area, for ninety-nine years, the erection of a club-house was commenced in 1884. Since that time, 25 feet more on Jackson Street have been purchased, and an addition to the building made. The result is one of the handsomest club-houses in the country, and the building is an ornament to the city, and a credit to the club and the architect, Mr. W. L. B. Jenney. It is of the fourteenth-century Florentine Renaissance, modified to comply with modern requirements. The building is 100x100 feet in area, and is constructed of brick, trimmed with Bedford stone and red sandstone. It is five stories high, being 100 feet to the eaves and 140 to the top of the tower. The interior is trimmed with hard wood, and the walls are appropriately and tastefully decorated. Steam-heat is used, and the most approved system of ventilation, by means of exhaust fans, assures pure air throughout the building. An electrical plant furnishes light, gas being on hand as a reserve. There are two passenger and one freight elevator in the building.

The basement is devoted to the working department. Here are the boilers, engines, dynamos and pumps; the store-rooms, fuel-rooms and scullery; the great ice-chest and the wine-cellar.

The main entrance is on Jackson Street. A broad flight of steps leads up to a small vestibule, which opens directly into the large and handsome reception-room for members, which occupies half the floor-space. This is a light and lofty apartment, divided by the line of supporting pillars into two parts. It is ornamented with a large and handsome open fire-place, over which are the words of Rufus Choate, "Welcome, all loyal hearts. We recognize no party which does not carry the flag, and which cannot keep step to the music of the Union."

A door to the right in the vestibule gives access to a small reception-room for strangers, which is thus separated from the main rooms. Opening off the main reception-room is a coat-room, the lavatory and the members' barber-shop.

A peculiar feature of this club-house is the arrangement for the entertainment of ladies. The Queen City Club of Cincinnati was the first to adopt this plan, and it is confined to very few of

the club-houses in the country. A separate entrance on Fourth Avenue, near the corner of the building, gives access to a reception-room, with which are connected a reading-room, retiring-rooms, etc. A separate elevator connects these rooms with those devoted to the ladies' use on the upper floors. The ladies of members' families are admitted by card, or they may accompany their husbands without being compelled to pass through the main rooms of the club. This is a very popular feature of the club-house, ladies frequently availing themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them of having luncheon here, instead of patronizing the restaurants. Luncheon parties are occasionally given, for which the superior facilities afforded are especially adapted.

On the second floor is situated the library and reading-room. This is a spacious chamber, seventy-five feet in length, with well-filled bookshelves and complete files of periodicals. The books were the gifts of members, and include many rare and valuable volumes, among which are those from the political library of the late E. B. Washburne. Some excellent portraits adorn the walls, conspicuously those of the first two presidents of the club. Adjoining this, to the south, is the *café*, with a smaller lunch-room and the necessary serving-rooms. In the newer portion of the building is a spacious billiard-room, 100 feet long, containing eight tables.

The third floor is entirely given up to sleeping-rooms, of which there are seventeen, almost continually occupied.

On the fourth floor are situated seven private dining-rooms, the ladies dining-room and six bedrooms. One of the private dining-rooms, the "tower-room," will seat comfortably forty persons, and in this beautiful room President Harrison and other distinguished persons have been entertained.

The entire front of the building on the main floor is devoted to the main dining-room. Here 400 persons may readily be seated, and here the banquets have been given. It may be further enlarged to accommodate an additional 200 by throwing open the connecting art-gallery, whose walls begin to testify to the growing appreciation of art in this city of practical pursuits and material interests.

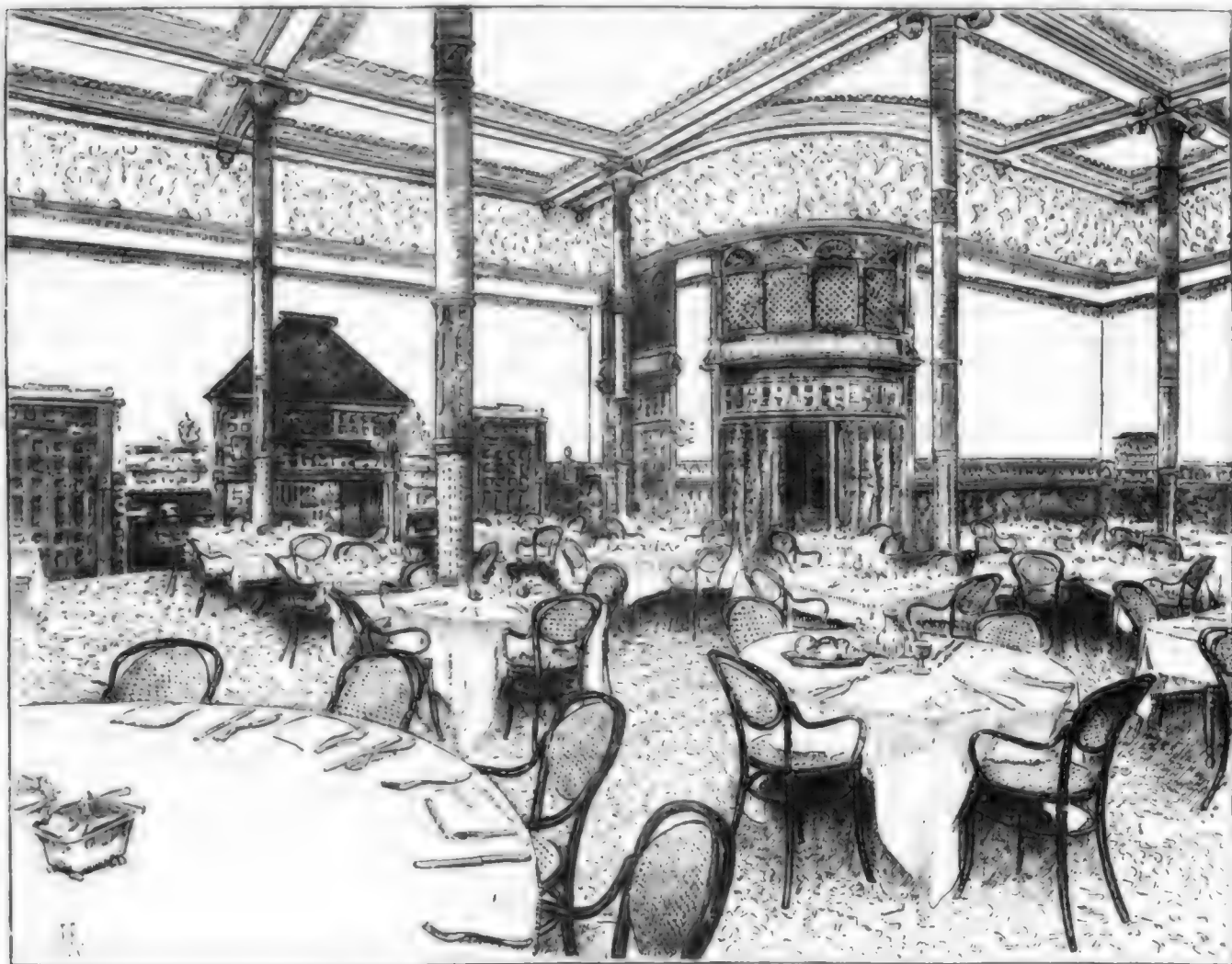
On the same floor are the spacious kitchens and pantries. The rear portion of the building is carried two stories higher than the front, and here are situated the servants' quarters and the laundry. There are nearly a hundred persons on the pay-roll, and the yearly salaries amount to more than \$30,000. The receipts from the restaurant, etc., amount to more than \$70,000 per annum.

The club-house was opened, June 10th, 1886,

with a magnificent reception, at which more than 2,500 members and guests were present. The "Annex" was dedicated with another brilliant reception, attended by fully 2,000 persons. Being a "down-town" club, the Union League does not pay as much attention to social as to political matters, but several most successful entertainments and receptions have been given. Secretary Blaine and Secretary Windom, the Illinois Senators and Representatives, and other dignitaries, have been banqueted, and distinguished foreigners visiting Chicago have been received, and the club entertained and recom-

bankers, suave millionaires, rising young lawyers, busy merchants—all find time from the rush of the city during the midday hours to meet here and enjoy a sociable lunch.

Such an organization as this is of great benefit to the community and to the country. So long as it continues to avoid partisan action, and to desire only the public good, it deserves the confidence of all earnest citizens. A voice which might be unheard in its advocacy of some important measure is here often powerful in moving the masses, through the support it receives from organized action. The practical co-operation of



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB OF CHICAGO.—THE DINING-ROOM.

pensed by their occasional brilliant addresses. Lectures, musical parties and addresses are frequently given in the Winter season.

President Harrison was tendered an informal reception on the occasion of his recent visit to Chicago, at the opening of the Auditorium, and the rooms were graced by the presence of Mrs. Cleveland during the visit of President Cleveland in 1887. The greater part of the members being young and middle-aged business men, fewer are found within its walls during the evening hours than in the middle of the day, when from two to four hundred assemble here. Great judges, portly

earnest energetic business and professional men will be needed in the near future to strengthen the laws, and enable society to resist the varied disintegrating forces brought against it. These are peculiarly American institutions, whose freedom of speech and bold actions would not be tolerated in many lands, and deserve as such to be cherished and maintained. There is fallow ground yet to be plowed, and it is to be hoped that the good work effected by the Union League Club in the various ways indicated above is but an earnest of future measures of reform to be adopted and furthered by its powerful assistance.



"SHE WAS RECLINING IN A HAMMOCK, AND IDLY WATCHING THE WATER. A LADY, EMPLOYED AS HER COMPANION, SAT BESIDE HER, READING ALOUD."

A SPANISH CAVALIER.

BY FRANCES B. CURRIE.

WHEN Roderick Cuthbert had been everywhere, and had seen everything in which he felt the faintest interest, he resolved to go home and marry his ward. He was forty years old when he made this resolution, and the young lady in question was but twenty; yet he was sanguine concerning the success of his suit. Judith was an amiable, obedient girl, and would be easily influenced.

He had outlived his enthusiasm some years before our story opens, or he would have been delighted with the change that time had wrought in her. When he had left her, she had been a callow, uninteresting school-girl. He returned to find her a woman, whose beauty and amiability were greatly admired. He reflected that the task of winning this beautiful heiress would be more agreeable than he had anticipated.

He was surprised at himself when he experienced a revulsion of feeling, and decided that he would not marry her. Judith would soon be of age, and would need a husband to manage her property; and as there was nothing of the dog-in-the-manger characteristic in Cuthbert, he resolved to find his ward a suitable husband. He happened to hear that Roberto Barrantes was in the country, and he invited the young Spaniard to visit him and his ward at the Ambre Hotel.

There was a curious friendship between Cuthbert and Señor Barrantes. Their dispositions were wholly dissimilar. Barrantes was an enthusiast whose emotional nature was easily aroused.

Cuthbert was *blasé*, and a misanthrope. Barrantes was an artist of superior ability, and entered into his work with a headlong impetuosity which wearied the American. Cuthbert had no occupation. Barrantes was full of sentiment and generous impulses, while Cuthbert was never emotional. Barrantes was a rich man, who would one day inherit a title, and Cuthbert felt assured that he was no fortune-hunter. He was a handsome, dashing young fellow, such as most young ladies admire, and Cuthbert felt confident that Judith would like him.

The Ambre Hotel was a picturesque structure, in a Georgia watering-place. It was close enough to the shore to command a view of an irregular coast, and far enough inland to admit of its being surrounded by magnolia-trees. The place was redolent with perfume, and warm with rich coloring. When Señor Barrantes entered it, he felt as if he was back again in sunny Spain.

When he approached the hotel for the first time, it was by a little circuitous path through the wood. He had preferred it to the highway, and through this preference he had seen Miss Judith Hilgard before his formal introduction. If he could have painted her as she looked on that soft Spring morning, his reputation as an artist would have lived forever.

She was reclining in a hammock, and idly watching the water. She rested upon a scarlet wrap which fell over the sides of the hammock to the ground. Her hair, as black as Cleopatra's,

and confined only at her neck, mingled with and was almost as long as the scarlet drapery. She looked like an Eastern princess taking a *siesta* after a bath.

A lady, employed as her companion, sat beside her reading aloud. Her name was Gertrude Morris. She was twenty-four years old, but looked much younger than she was. Her girlish appearance was enhanced by the simplicity of her white dress, and by her rich hair. Gertrude was rather pale, and beside the brilliant brunette was like a colorless lily in the presence of a gorgeous passion-flower.

Señor Barrantes scarcely noticed her.

There was a grand "hop" at the hotel that night, and Roberto Barrantes entered the ball-room with Miss Hilgard on his arm. Cuthbert obligingly left them alone, and engaged Miss Morris in conversation. If Señor Barrantes had heard their conversation, he would have suspected that Cuthbert's desertion was not wholly disinterested. There was nothing pronounced or striking in Miss Morris's appearance. She was pretty, as the average American girl is, without any surprising beauty. She was poor, her education had been somewhat superficial, she had few accomplishments, and her family was obscure. No one knew much about her, excepting that she was respectable and clever; and yet it was a veritable fact that Roderick Cuthbert, with all his worldliness, had decided not to marry the heiress because he preferred her companion!

He had been surprised at his own change of purpose. He was more surprised to discover that he possessed some latent sentiment which Gertrude Morris had aroused. He had not noticed her at first, but when his attention had once been directed to her she held it. Her wit, her repartee, her lack of toadyism were all so refreshing, that he longed to have her constantly with him to keep off his old mental lethargy. This girl had a temper of her own which was more delightful to him than Judith's unvarying amiability.

He had been confident of winning his ward's consent to marry him, but, curiously for a man in his position, he was not at all certain of gaining the companion's. Her moods were so variable, that he could never anticipate what she was going to do or say. At the "hop" she at first refused to dance with him.

"I must not," she said, her face full of mischief. "I must hover about my charge and drive away the wolves who are eager to carry her off!"

She evidently understood Cuthbert's intention of marrying off his ward and having no more responsibility concerning her.

"Is it always safe for you to meet these wolves?" he asked, significantly. "Remember,

it was not Red Riding-hood alone, but her grandmother, who was devoured!"

She laughed, and shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't compare me to that frightful old woman," she said. "Why, her face was so like the wolf's, that when he put on her night-cap the resemblance was perfect!"

Before she had finished her sentence he had drawn her into the waltz.

"You have inveigled me into this to prevent me from interrupting the *tête-à-tête* between your ward and the Spanish cavalier," she said, saucily. "I suspect you of having match-making proclivities. You regard Miss Hilgard in the light of a daughter, and are ambitious to have a future marquis for a son-in-law."

"I aspire even higher than that. I hope to make you his mother-in-law!"

She broke away from him suddenly.

"I am not going to dance," she said. "not to help you marry Miss Hilgard to a Spaniard. I have no right to criticise your choice, but I would rather see her dead than married to one of his race."

Meanwhile Señor Barrantes had been cultivating the acquaintance of the heiress. She conversed with him in her sweet though indolent fashion, while they watched the dancers. They had noticed Cuthbert and Gertrude in the dance.

"Miss Morris waltzes uncommonly well," Miss Hilgard commented. "See how perfectly cool she looks among those hot dancers—like a natural lily in a group of crumpled artificial flowers."

"And will you waltz? The music is tempting."

"Oh, no," she answered, with that indescribable gentleness which took all the sting out of her utterances: "I never dance in Summer. There are few who can survive a waltz as does Gertrude—all cool, apparently, with only a little additional color to show that she has exercised."

He found a cool place on the piazza, where they sat and watched the dancers through an open window. A moment later some one addressed him in his own language. The voice was so familiar that he turned quickly, expecting to meet the face of a friend. Cuthbert and Miss Morris had joined them, and the girl had spoken. As he scanned her face the Spaniard was convinced that he had never seen her before that day. But her voice! Where had he heard it? Its accents sounded as familiar as a melody learned in childhood.

"So you speak my language," he said, offering his chair, and regarding her with sudden interest. "You cannot imagine how delightful it sounds to me in this babel of voices. The confusion of sounds here makes the English language almost incomprehensible to me."

"I did not know that you could converse in Spanish, Gertrude," Miss Hilgard remarked. "You have been with me three years without ventilating this accomplishment. Where did you acquire it?"

Miss Morris had suddenly grown very pale.

"I once possessed a 'castle in Spain,'" she said, evasively. "While I inhabited it I learned the Spanish language."

* * * * *

Mr. Cuthbert's match-making progressed indifferently, and Gertrude Morris was to blame for it. Señor Barrantes could not keep her out of his mind. Her voice haunted him. Where had he heard it—or one exactly like it? He watched the girl with increasing interest. Had she ever crossed his path before, and was there any hidden meaning in her assertion that she had once lived in a 'castle in Spain'? It was obvious that she avoided him, and that she had a disposition to keep Miss Hilgard out of his sight. Her conduct finally attracted Cuthbert's attention, and he commented upon it.

"Miss Morris has an unreasonable distrust of your countrymen," he said to Señor Barrantes. "She doubtless has read some fictitious literature in which a Spanish desperado has figured. She probably thinks you are armed to the teeth, and carry a stiletto down the back of your neck. Some girls have singular prejudices, but Judith Hilgard appears to be entirely free from them. She has a firm belief in the proverbial Spanish honor and chivalry."

In spite of her dislike for his race, the Spaniard's interest in Miss Morris increased. He had at first disapproved of her. She appeared to him frivolous and cold. Later, he discovered that nearly all who came to pay court to the beautiful heiress ended by devoting their attention to the "companion." The latter was versatile, and piqued men by her indifference; yet they liked her. She understood them so well, and was at once so careless, so pretty, so nearly insolent and yet so well-bred, that they began to study her and forget the good-tempered Judith. The girl's object did not appear to be to attract attention to herself so much as to divert it from Miss Hilgard. She believed that Judith would marry a man unworthy of her rather than give herself the trouble of refusing him.

Gertrude Morris was conspicuously faulty, yet Barrantes was compelled to admit that she had some excellent characteristics. When a friend of Miss Hilgard's sickened and died, Judith shrank from approaching her; but Gertrude sustained the sufferer in her death-struggles. The girl was as tender as a mother and as steady-nerved as a surgeon.

She was in one of her most captious moods one

morning when Señor Barrantes met her on the beach.

"What!" she exclaimed; "are you out sketching so early? I thought you Spaniards always arose at noon after your *café au lait*."

"We Spaniards are not all lazy. Americans are not the only toil-loving people, so you must not think you have a monopoly of arduous labor."

"I suppose we Americans are money-loving rather than labor-loving," she said, lightly. "But do all Spaniards call sketching 'arduous labor'?"

"Sketching is a mere drop in the ocean of an artist's life," he said, now really irritated. "An artist's life is no joke, *señorita*."

"I know that," she responded, her voice so sympathetic that his temper was soothed. "Miss Hilgard once determined to devote her life to art, and began and ended her career by painting a pair of jars. Such a time as she had putting on the paints and rubbing them off again! The vases were completed in seventeen weeks."

He made a gesture of impatience, which she secretly enjoyed. The spirit of mischief had possession of her.

"Do you ever paint jars, or plaques, or anything?" he asked, at length. "I suppose you do, since all young ladies amuse themselves in that way."

"Then I must be an old lady, for I do nothing of the sort."

"I see I have been guilty of a blunder," he said, in Spanish. "You speak my language so much better than I do yours, that you ought to indulge me by conversing with me always in Spanish."

They stopped then to watch the water. The sea was in a state of tumultuous fury. The girl who had been all smiles and dimples a moment before stood looking at the spectacle with eyes dark and humid, and an expression of terror on her face.

"Do you love the sea?" he asked, without looking at her.

"Love the sea!" she repeated, her voice trembling with passion; "I hate it! I force myself to look at it—I am compelled to hear it constantly—but I wish my eyes were blind to the sight, and my ears deaf to the sound!"

He turned to her quickly, a sudden remembrance flashing upon him.

"Ah," he said, impulsively, "I know you at last! I heard your voice in Barcelona. You fell from the pier, one night seven years ago, just before the late steamer arrived. When you were drawn from the sea your hair fell over your face so that I could not see you. But I heard your voice. Great Heavens! how could I ever forget it?"

She was trembling violently.

"And I did not know you!" she said, her voice vibrating with intense feeling. "There were two fell into the Mediterranean—a gentleman and I. You saved my life, but when you went back into that awful sea, he was dead."

He made no reply, and she continued, her

marry one for whom she had no affection. He left her with deeper regret than he had believed himself capable of feeling.

She was on the balcony on the evening before Señor Barrantes's departure. It was a perfect night, starlight, and silent excepting that some



voice broken now with deep emotion:

"That night was so dark and terrible, that I have never alluded to it in all these years. I have shrank from thinking of it—yet it has haunted me day and night. I appear so careless—but I can never be rid of it. How strange it is that we should meet again, and I not know you!"

"I am sorry to have pained you by recalling such an unhappy event," he said. "Believe me, I will never transgress in this way again."

"I am glad you spoke. I am glad that I can look in your face and thank you for giving me back my life."

* * * * *

When Mr. Cuthbert proposed marriage to Miss Morris she promptly refused him. She could not

"THEN HE KISSED HER LIPS ONCE MORE BEFORE SHE FELL. HE DARED NOT LOOK TO SEE WHAT HER FATE HAD BEEN, BUT A CHEER FROM BELOW REASSURED HIM."

distant musicians played Gounod's inimitable Flower-song. She was radiantly beautiful in the half-light, verifying the poet's assertion that "night shows stars and women in a better light." When Señor Barrantes joined her, something in his face made her resolve to escape him; but



THE UMBRELLA.—ON THE APPIAN WAY, ANCIENT ROME.—SEE PAGE 487.

when she would have gone he understood her intention and thwarted it.

"You are too late," he said. "I must be heard."

"The music has ceased," she said: "the night grows chilly. Let us return to the parlor."

He placed her wrap about her shoulders.

"This will keep you warm," he said, "and the music is beginning again."

"*Lardi si fa, addio.*" she sang, provokingly. "What could be a stronger hint than for those men to play 'The hour is late, adieu'?"

"This is my last opportunity of seeing you alone before I go," he persisted, "and I must seize it. I must ask you to be my wife."

She stopped and listened.

"I have spoken abruptly because you avoid me, and have several times prevented me from speaking. You have a thousand evasions at your command; but to-night I must compel you to listen. I know that under your cloak of carelessness is a woman's warm heart, and I appeal to it. I love you, Gertrude."

"But I cannot marry you," she said. Unlike her suitor, she was apparently not agitated. Perhaps she was accustomed to scenes like this. "We are not suited to each other, and I do not like your countrymen. You want a confiding woman, and I am incredulous. You want a loving woman, and I am cold."

"You appear cold, indeed, when you can reason so dispassionately," he answered. "But I have watched you, and I believe your coldness is assumed. Do not confront me with these tricks of mannerism. Be your true self to-night. Your nature is as earnest, as tender, as passionate as that of any daughter of Spain. Tell me if you love me."

"If I had known you eight years ago, I might have answered differently. Then I could have trusted the man I loved with my soul. Now I cannot trust a Spaniard."

"Why not?"

"I am afraid of your countrymen, and I believe they make bad husbands. I ought to know, for I was once married to a Spaniard!"

He started away from her, too shocked, too astonished to speak. She stood nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"My father disliked my choice. He considered the Spaniards treacherous, unreliable people. I would not listen to him. When I was betrothed, he turned me out-of-doors. He was a cold, hard man, and I was hungering for affection. I was sixteen, impetuous, trustful and loving. I would have died for the man I loved. I married him in the face of all opposition, and he took me to Barcelona. When we had been married six months he was drowned."

"There is nothing in all this to prejudice you against my suit," Señor Barrantes said. "You are free, a widow, and I love you."

The tears ran over her face.

"I trusted him. I gave up father, home, country—everything to go with him, and he distrusted me! Heaven forgive me for telling of his sin—but he *intentionally* fell from the Barcelona pier, and he purposely dragged me with him!"

She could not speak for a time, but when she regained her self-control she told him more. Her husband had been jealous. Stung by the injustice of his accusations, she had been too proud to make any defense. He had mistaken her silence for an admission that his accusations were true, and he had determined to end her existence and his own. When they were on the Barcelona pier, he plunged into the sea, and dragged his young wife with him. The rest of her story Barrantes knew. He had saved her life, while her husband was drowned.

She had returned to America as soon as possible, and had taken her maiden name. She had wished to forget the brief, black history of her married life.

"You were little more than a child when you made this mistake," Señor Barrantes said. "Do you not see the difference between then and now? If you loved me, I would be your maturer choice. Your woman's heart could not deceive you? Do you think all Spaniards are alike? Do I look like a coward and a murderer?"

He put his arms about her, trembling with excitement as he did so, and for an instant she made no resistance.

"Be a girl once more," he urged, his handsome face close to hers and his breath coming quickly. "Resurrect your old faith in the goodness of men. Believe in me as I do in you. Be my wife, and let me prove to you how tender and true a Spaniard can be."

She staggered to her feet and released herself.

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "I cannot—I dare not yield. *Por siempre adios!*" (Good-by for ever).

* * * * *

He could not rest that night. He sat in his room thinking of what had passed between him and the woman he loved. That she was a widow—that girlish-looking creature—seemed incredible. A widow for seven years, and the widow of a man who had died in trying to take her life!

A little while before daylight he cast himself down on a lounge, dressed as he was, and fell into troubled sleep. He was awakened by some excitement in the corridor. Some one ran past his door and shrieked. "Fire!"

He rushed into the hall, where he was nearly blinded by smoke. On the stairs a crowd of men

and women fiercely struggled to reach the open air. The Spaniard had but one thought in his mind. He knew that Gertrude's room was on the third floor, in a wing of the house where the fire had originated. Had she escaped? He saw Cuthbert and Miss Hilgard struggling in the mass of human beings whose frenzy momentarily increased their danger, but Gertrude Morris was not there.

He dashed up the stairs leading to the south wing. The fire would have driven back any but the most daring of men. Many voices warned him that he was rushing to his death. He was deaf to the warning. He fought with fire and smoke until he reached her room. She lay upon the bed, alive, but stupefied with the death-laden atmosphere. He wrapped the bedclothing about her, and then bore her out into the corridor. This time he was driven back by the flames that rushed up the stair-way. There was but one possible means of escape.

He climbed out upon a bay-window, still with her helpless weight in his arms. The crowd below cheered and shouted to him to let her fall and they would catch her.

But he held her fast.

"A ladder—a ladder!" he cried.

But alas! for the safety of human lives, none long enough to reach him could be found. They stretched a strong blanket below, again begging him to drop her. Even then he noticed that Cuthbert was one of those who held it. The flames behind Barrantes made it impossible for him to keep his position many seconds longer. He thanked God that the woman in his arms was insensible to her danger. Then he kissed her lips once before she fell.

"Adios!" he said. "Por siempre adios!"

He dared not look to see what her fate had been, but a cheer from below reassured him.

Then the blanket was held up again.

"Jump," they said, "and we will save you!"

* * * * *

Three years later, Señor Barrantes and his youthful-looking wife were spending a quiet evening in their home in Barcelona. Their lovely two-year-old daughter slept peacefully in the mother's arms.

"Do you know that it is three years to-night since you said you would not trust me?" the Spaniard asked.

"I cannot well forget it," she said. "When I heard that you had saved my life again, at the risk of your own, and that you had broken your ankle when you leaped from that bay-window, I could not rest before I saw you. Oh, Roberto, did you think me bold and unwomanly when I told you that the life you had saved for the second time was yours to do with as you chose?"

I had always loved you, and I could not resist the promptings of my heart any longer."

He bent and kissed her.

"I can never tell you how womanly and sweet you appeared to me when you came to me with your confession. Before you spoke, I knew by your face that love had conquered prejudice."

"Judith was scandalized by our unseemly haste in getting married," she continued, blithely.

"I heard from her to-day. She is going to marry Mr. Cuthbert in the Spring, if her *trousseau* is finished in time. They are not such hasty folk as we are, Roberto."

"And not so happy either," he added.

THE UMBRELLA.

THE umbrella may lay claim to a pedigree of the highest antiquity, it having, amongst Eastern nations and the classic ones of Greece and Italy, held almost from time immemorial a most important position in State functions. In China the umbrella was in constant use fully two centuries before the Christian era; but anterior to this, representations of it may be found upon the ancient slabs of Nineveh, and the frescoes of Thebes and Memphis. Upon Etruscan vases—preceding by some centuries the Roman period—umbrellas distinctly figured are to be met with, but always, as on Grecian vases and engraved gems, in connection with the attributes of majesty. Bacchus was especially favored in this respect, and in the processions in honor of this deity the umbrella always formed an important feature. Aristophanes mentions the white umbrellas and baskets, which signified joy and pomp, as being intended to recall to men the acts of Ceres and Proserpine, and as such they were constantly borne by virgins at all religious ceremonies. The same writer, when describing the desire of Prometheus to shield himself from the glance of Jove, causes him urgently to command a slave to hold an umbrella over his head, so that the god might not perceive him in passing by.

In the Roman period the umbrella, according to Pliny, came into general use on rainy days, when the *velarium* could not be used; but it still formed a leading part of State ceremonies, for Heliogabalus—when he, in his insane love of display, attired himself as a woman, and caused himself to be carried by female slaves on a litter through the streets of Rome—had borne over his head a magnificent golden umbrella covered with diamonds, whilst two smaller ones were carried on either side. Amongst the matrons of Rome, so prevalent was the use of the umbrella, that dames of the highest degree would have considered their



BEFORE UMBRELLAS WERE INVENTED.

establishments incomplete had they not included a due complement of umbrella-bearers; and it was the custom for these ladies to be attended when abroad by two slaves, one of whom bore a fan, and the other an elegant linen parasol stretched upon light sticks, and mounted upon a long handle, which enabled the bearer, at the slightest sign from his mistress, to direct it in any position agreeable to her. In form, these classic umbrellas strongly resembled those now in constant use in Japan, and, like them, they were fitted with long handles, to which, in some cases it would appear, a movable adjustment was at-

tached, which permitted the bearer with facility to direct the shadow in the requisite position.

The name of the umbrella appears to have been taken from the Italian word *ombrello*—"a little shade." We have it thus rendered in Bai-



DIOGENES' SHELTER.



ASSYRIAN CHARIOT-UMBRELLA.

ley's English Dictionary, 1736: "Umbella, a little shadow; also an umbrella, a bongrace; also a screen which women wear over their heads to shadow them." In a dictionary published a few years subsequently to Bailey's the following derivation is met with: "Umbrello, a sort of wooden frame covered with cloth, put over a window to keep out the sun; also a screen carried over the head to defend from sun and rain."

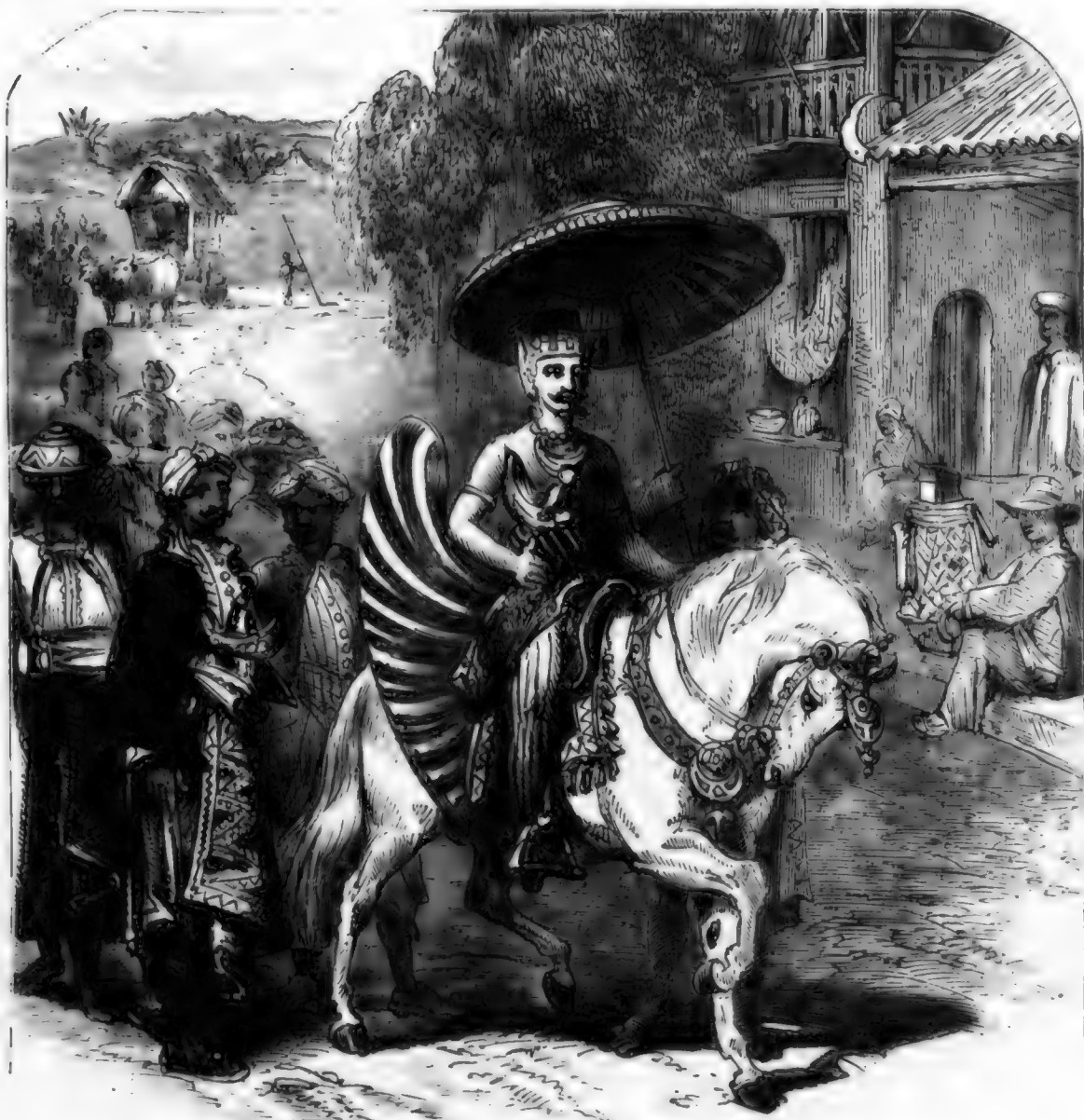
Though deriving its name from a Latin source, the introduction of the umbrella into Europe was originally from the East; and, before passing to

its use in the Middle Ages, it will be interesting to note some particulars of the very important position it holds in all royal and courtly Eastern ceremonial. For ages, amongst Oriental potentates, the umbrella has been a most important factor of their royal state, typifying, as it is supposed to do, the almighty power of the



PERSIAN POMP.

sovereign. Chardin, in his "Voyages," relates how, in early Persian bass-reliefs, the Kings of Persia, long anterior to Alexander, are frequently represented in the act of mounting on horseback, surrounded by lovely female slaves, the duty of one of them being that of holding an umbrella over the monarch's head; this



THE SIAMESE SUNSHADE.

service being intended not only to protect the sovereign from the powerful rays of the sun, but also to demonstrate his absolute right of life and death over his prisoners and subjects. In India, as in Persia, the parasol has invariably been used as an attribute of royalty, and is upon all occasions of ceremony borne over their rulers. These Eastern parasols or umbrellas were and are, as a rule, composed of the richest materials, frequently being literally covered with incrustations of precious stones, pearls, spangles, and gold and silver filigree.

So fully are these umbrellas recognized as being the insignia of royalty, that when the Prince of Wales visited India, it was, we are told, found necessary for him to be placed beneath a golden umbrella on an elephant, in order that the people might identify his princely person. Amongst the numerous presents brought from India by the Prince of Wales, were no fewer than twenty State umbrellas. Of these may be specially noted one sent by the Queen of Lucknow, which was covered with blue satin woven with gold, and literally covered with seed-pearls. Other very noticeable examples were the State umbrella of Indore, simulating, in form, that of a mushroom, and those which were covered with the plumage of the rarest tropical birds. All these State umbrellas were furnished with long handles of gold, silver or ivory, more or less richly enameled or damascened, and the consideration of them forms an interesting link in the history of the regal sunshade.

Occasionally, from old engravings, we may gather some idea of the variations of form which the umbrella was subjected to in divers countries. In a print representing the procession of the Great Mogul, the capacious umbrella borne over his head is provided with a deep curtain or fringe, which not only must have added to its beauty, but also considerably to its merits as a shelter from the powerful rays of an Eastern sun. In another engraving a similar fringe is shown bordering the square-shaped, two-handled umbrella which is being carried over the head of a princess of the Mogul Empire, who, contrary to the recognized ideas one forms of the privacy enforced upon these Eastern dames of high degree, appears to be walking in familiar and friendly contact with her dependents.

Fixed umbrellas of considerable size, and fitted with deep falling curtains, were an important feature of the two-wheeled sedans formerly used by Japanese ladies of quality. These remarkable-looking conveyances were propelled from behind by an attendant, who bore, passing over his shoulders, a long bamboo handle, the ends of which, held in either hand, enabled him, no doubt, with but slight fatigue to accomplish his duty.

In Sierra Leone the regal umbrella was of a decidedly conical form, and was fitted with a handle that permitted it, similarly to those alluded to as of classic origin, to be held obliquely over the King's head.

The importance attached to the use of the umbrella in Eastern countries, and the degrees of rank recognized by their number, may be gathered from the fact that amongst the long roll of titles borne by the rulers of Ava and Pegu, was that of "The Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas"; and we are told in Uzanne's monograph that the King of Dahomey holds his court in a barn lined with twenty-four umbrellas, the outer ones of which are white, but the central ones, marking the spot occupied by His Majesty, are of the gaudiest ones imaginable, such as orange, blue, scarlet and purple.

The Kings of Burmah were invariably in the habit of addressing their brother-potentates as "The Great Umbrella-bearing Chiefs of the Eastern Countries," and the omission of this courtesy would, no doubt, as implying inferiority of rank, have been considered a cause of mortal offense. Some of King Theebaw's golden umbrellas have been brought to this country, and figure in collections.

In the Land of the Sun the umbrella has long played an important part in the domestic life of its people, and its use does not by any means appear to have been there so exclusively the prerogative of royalty as in other Eastern countries. It is stated to have been known, at least, for two centuries prior to the Christian era, and a pretty legend ascribes its invention to the wife of the celebrated carpenter Lou Pan, who conceived the idea of making one, and whilst so engaged thus addressed her husband: "You very cleverly construct houses for men, but it is impossible to render the shelter afforded by them movable, whilst the object I have in my hand may be borne for thousands of miles." *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* Certain it is that the little portable shelter has proved an inestimable boon to all who have become familiar with its use; and who, it may be asked, is not so in this year of grace 1890? In all parts we have umbrellas and parasols galore, from the dainty lace *confection*, almost too fragile and transparent to fulfill the purpose for which it is destined, to the substantial gingham, familiar to us as the prerogative of the genus Gamp, or of those elderly females who, despite the denunciations of the stern representatives of the law, are still occasionally to be met with dispensing Pomona's precious gifts from beneath its sheltering agis.

It is, perhaps, a little strange that, notwithstanding the extreme antiquity of the umbrella, and the important position it has held, apart even

from the interest attached to it as the now almost inseparable companion of our outdoor life, so little literary attention has been directed to it. It would appear as though it had either escaped, or been deemed beneath, the notice of writers upon costume; for, with the exception of one or two treatises of this subject in periodical publications, and Uzanne's monograph, the allusions to the subject in books treating of costume are of the most meagre description.

In Planché's otherwise admirable and exhaustive dictionary, the umbrella is totally overlooked: and though, in one instance, Planché gives an illustration of the form of it as borne in the procession of the Doge of Venice in 1591, it is without any descriptive reference, and the word "Umbrero, umbril (*ombre*, French)," only appears armorially in connection with the peak or shade worn on the front of the head-piece. Planché's omission is remarkable, since he by no means confines himself to English costume; and, quite apart from classic use, the umbrella held in the Middle Ages an important position in Spain and Italy, and, though at rather a later date, was an equal favorite in France. At this early period the use of the umbrella was, however, still recognized as a privilege belonging to the upper classes, and it was principally in request for religious ceremonies or State processions, and like, later on, the *daïs*, specially reserved for kings, nobles and the clergy. The Doge's umbrella has been already alluded to; this was in use as early as the year 1176, and it would appear that, until the special permit granted by Pope Adrian III. to Venetian nobles to carry the umbrella in processions, it was the sole prerogative of the chief member of the State.

The size as well as the weight of these early umbrellas appears to have been considerable, many of them being large enough to cover three or four people. These were, however, of course, borne by attendants, and the smaller ones, far from having obtained the excellence and almost feather-weight of their modern descendants, were so cumbrous that they were said to tire the hand more than they relieved the head. Italian *cavalieri* were in the habit of carrying leather umbrellas on horseback, holding them in the hand, but relieving the weight by resting the handle on the hip.

The Italian *ombrello*, or Spanish *quitasol*, found its way, it is said, into France with the fan, and other objects favored by Catherine de Medicis; and though at first, as in the former countries, supposed to appertain only to the higher ranks of the community, the parasol gradually became popular with all classes. An example of the style of those used by royalty, said to have belonged to Henry IV., was for many years preserved in the

old Hôtel de Sully. It was a magnificent parasol of large proportions, covered with blue silk powdered with elongated *fleur-de-lis* worked in real gold.

In the seventeenth century parasols appear to have been used by women in England, as well as in France, for Ben Jonson mentioned them in a play acted in the year 1616; and Dryden, sending some doves to his mistress, in 1670, wished that their wings might, as parasols do, shelter her forever.

Many years, however, elapsed before the *petits bourgeois* of either country were conceded the general use of the parasol, or *parapluie*, for we find that in 1769 a company was formed in Paris to lend out parasols to persons crossing the Pont Neuf. Bureaux were to be placed at either end of the bridge, and the borrower was to relinquish the loan after crossing to the further side. There is no evidence to say if the company was a success, or if it rapidly collapsed before the more general advent of the *bourgeois* parasol, which about this time was also becoming popular with the women of England, since we have Swift in 1760 remarking that:

"The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty stride,
Whilst streams run down her oiled umbrella side."

The value of the parasol had by this time become so apparent, that makers of them directed the most assiduous attention to the improvement of their proportions, and shapes were invented which might with advantage be resuscitated by our modern manufacturer, some being so convenient, that their dimensions might be reduced at will sufficiently to allow of their being carried in the pocket, whilst others folded back triangularly and became of the thickness and bulk of a hat, carried under the arm. So far, however, in England, the fashion of carrying a parasol or umbrella would appear to have been restricted to females. This is proved by the quotation already given from Dryden; and Gay, in his "Art of Walking the Streets of London," published in 1712, also calls attention to that fact, when he states that

"Good housewives all the Winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shade,
Safe through the wet in clanking pattens tread."

With the year 1756, or very close upon that date, a new era dawned for the English umbrella. A doctor of the name of Jonas Hanway, having imported a small and convenient-sized one from Paris, persistently made use of it in the streets of London, and, after thirty years, had the satisfaction of knowing that his sensible action was no longer deemed a sign of effeminacy, but a prudent



A MEXICAN PRIEST GOING TO ADMINISTER THE VIATICUM TO A DYING PERSON.



PROCESSION OF STATE UMBRELLAS AT THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S MARRIAGE.

custom which others gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of following. Hanway's umbrella was probably of oiled cloth or gingham, silk being at that time too costly for general use. It is strange to reflect how very considerably Jonas Hanway was in advance of the opinion of the days in which he lived, for not only did he successfully break down the barrier that existed in the way of the general use of the umbrella, but he, in his own person, fulfilled the hygienic principle now generally recognized, of wearing flannel underclothing, all his garments being lined with that material.

The Church of Rome uses the umbrella as a canopy of honor. It figures in her sacred rites, and in Spanish America, when the Viaticum or Blessed Sacrament is borne to the sick, the priest rides on horseback bearing an umbrella. The royal honor is thus paid to the King of Kings.

In the days of its restricted employment the umbrella sufficiently indicated the *status* of its possessor. Has it, in its more widely extended use, lost its suggestion of character? I think not, nor did the celebrated Count d'Orsay, who declared that, failing the best carriage, he would have the best umbrella. "Tot homines, quot umbracula." The subject is worth a moment's thought, for "if the

proper study of mankind is man," and man is known by his umbrella, its investigation is an imperative duty. Hitherto you may, oblivious of your solemn responsibilities, have passed unheeded the unwritten book presented to your gaze, a book which he who runs may read; but bear with me for a minute longer, as I slip into the lantern a few typical slides, and, if you are the reader I take you for, you will do so no longer.

Look at that elegant construction with its delicate paragon frame; the covering of choice silk confined by a band of the same material, and not of the elastic trumpery which gives in the wear, becoming too large for a single turn whilst insufficiently long to encircle the umbrella twice! Look at the polished Malacca cane, its chased silver mounting inscribed with name and address—as plain as plain can be, but as good as possible—and tell me if *that* could be carried by any one but a gentleman! If it were not sacrilege to parody the immortal bard one might paraphrase the injunction of Polonius, and give as our advice:

"Costly thy 'brolly' as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy."

The "gingham" is as strong and sterling and homely as the heart of its worthy owner. Then there is the worn silk umbrella which has

BURMESE STATE UMBRELLA
(CLOTH OF GOLD).

seen better days. The frame, originally good, has worked a bit loose, and has been wrung out of shape, whilst the cuts at the folds of the cover have been painfully concealed by bands of ribbon. You may set down its bearer as a needy worker—some thrifty spinster, who keeps about her a few memories of the old home, when things were so very different, and who now shelters herself under the tried friend as she sallies out to earn a scanty wage. God help you, poor thing! may the young man who so often eyes you at the corner find you a new resting-place, and may the faithful servant be re-covered. The umbrella of the married man, as such, has no typical characteristic, if we except a tendency to raspberry-jam and treacle on the knob in certain well-defined specimens. The gradations are infinite, ranging from the elaborate excellence of the *jeunesse dorée* parachute to the hermaphrodite object which serves by turns as shelter and support, and which (always reputable if its owner retains any self-respect) has no place at the upper table, or, more correctly, stand, of its kith and kin.

Yes, there certainly are umbrellas which, unable to claim a place in the aristocracy of their race, are yet eminently respectable. And amongst these I would rank the weapon of the habitual play-goer. It is not an object of beauty, but how serviceable! A mixture of silk and cotton—"union" I think they call it—for your patron of the drama is a refined and educated person with higher claims to gentility than to own the vulgar alpaca article. During how many hours of patient standing has it sheltered him as he awaited the rush when the doors were opened, and, hastily furled, how manfully did it battle in the surging crowd! The old cut-and-thrust sword was a joke to it. And when the auditorium was gained, and it rested betwixt the knees of its still panting proprietor, how heartily did its worn, brazen ferrule urge the rising of the tardy curtain or greet the appearance of the favorite "star!"

The umbrellas of the doctor and the parson command respect, if not admiration. True, they are still carried when their pristine elegance has departed, and when, sooth to say, they are the worse for wear, besides which, they are more carelessly rolled than pleases a fastidious eye. But do not these very facts betray a devotion to duty which leaves little leisure for a consideration of appearances, and indicate the haste with which a summons to the bed of the sick or dying has been answered?

Certain classes are less easily indicated. There is the bearer of the frayed cover, unsewn here and there from the ribs, and confined by a band as easy-fitting as the cestus of Venus. The jagged edge of brass through which a splintered end of wood projects can scarce be dignified by the

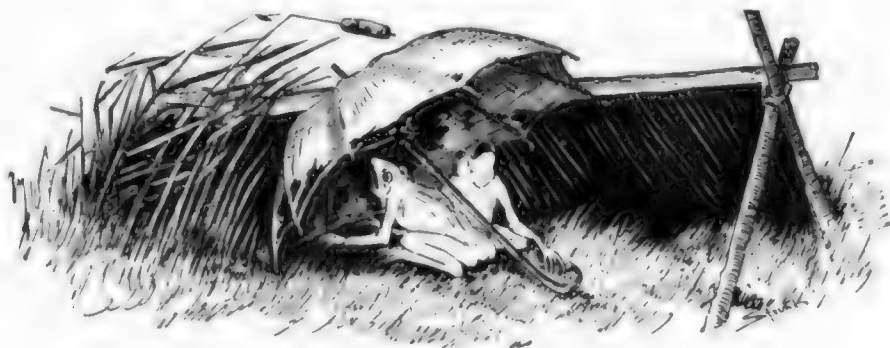
name of nozzle. The characteristics are clearly those of neglect and of the bearer's carelessness of the opinion of surrounding humanity. But the causes of this indifference may lie far apart, and point either to a natural slovenliness or the absorbing preoccupation of the student or politician. The proprietors of such fanciful gewgaws as folding umbrellas, umbrella walking-sticks, pocket-umbrellas, and the like, are few and far between. They are either inventors seeking gratuitous advertisement for the offspring of their brains, or creatures who, without their wits, and with a superfluity of vanity, angle for a cheap notoriety in the exhibition of an eccentric appendage. And so we pass down by an easy transition from one form and quality to another, until we reach the tattered and dingy rags which, hanging from a few bent wires, make a poor attempt to shelter the ill-clad form of shivering humanity, forced to brave the downpour in the sloppy streets, and pass on to the dust-heap, where rest the almost irre recognizable *débris* of the old servant, whose time has come, and whose unregarded age is in corners thrown.

But one must not moralize, on pain of being tedious, and talking of morality brings me to another point. Mrs. Candle, in one of those lectures which she delivered for marital edification, is recorded to have observed, "He return an umbrella!—as if any one ever did return an umbrella!" And the cynical remark has been echoed *ad nauseam*. Whence arose the laxity of conscience in matters concerning this harmless article I have vainly endeavored to discover. What is the hidden potency of ill that lurks within the combination of silk and steel? Does it possess some occult power of which, like hypnotism, we are as yet in profound ignorance, but which is one day to be revealed? Will some hierophant of the future furnish us with an exorcism which will enable our umbrellas to dwell at peace within our stands? Who can say?

The depravity is an existing fact, and the familiar friend who would regard with horror the appropriation of your purse will annex your umbrella without scruple. This you know as well as I, and act on your knowledge when you hang up your own umbrella under your overcoat at the club, instead of trusting it to the rack, or when you hand to your departing guest the nursery gingham instead of adventuring your "own particular." The casuistry with which the ungodly are wont on this point to salve their conscience is lamentable. For instance, I know of a man—I say "of" advisedly, for so immoral a person shall never be a friend of mine—who argues, as I am told, in this fashion: "As the average of people pay no more than a certain price for an umbrella, and I buy one annually at that price, I acquire a

right to any umbrella for which I may exchange my own." Horrible, isn't it? But he has the courage of his abominable convictions, and acts down to them unblushingly. Other instances could be readily cited, were not the failings of our fellow-creatures an ugly subject upon which to descant, and so I leave it: but, before I close this paper, I propose that you shall put my views to the test, by a piece of practical analysis. I have said that a man is known by his umbrella, and it is perhaps only fair that I should give the

reader the opportunity of divining my own character. So I propose to give you the portrait of the shelter which habitually accompanies me. "Here, Mary, run into the hall and bring my umbrella from the stand, that I may describe it accurately from nature. What! gone!! It's that rascal who called just this moment for a subscription to the Bargemen's Benevolent Co-operative Mission." Excuse me, reader—no more till I recover my property. I must pursue the abductor. "Stop thief!"



AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

ONCE, during a long vacation, Tom Robertson and Henry Byron, the inimitable author-actors, were in London together, and mournfully wondering what was to happen next. There was a room in the Gallery of Illustration "to let." Now Byron and Robertson had written and played an entertainment with "varying success" (always varying). It was so constructed that while Byron was on the stage in the first part Robertson was money-taker, and during Robertson's performance, and prior to their appearance in a duologue which wound up the bill of fare, Byron took his place in the pay-box, a proceeding he stated "to be wholly unnecessary, for reasons quite obvious."

Robertson's idea was to take this room and establish their entertainment as a permanent thing. Byron gave his assent with a sickly smile of doubt, and, after much worry and trouble, an arrangement was made that they could hire the room, a kind friend paying the first week's rent in advance, and helping with the printing and with all the expenses incurred. When the eventful opening night arrived "they hadn't a farthing in the world."

The performance was advertised to commence at eight o'clock, an announcement received with much apathy on the part of the public, for at ten minutes to the time advertised not a soul had been seen. At last a gentleman tendered a sovereign for a front seat. "Are there any seats left?" inquired the patron. "Oh, yes," replied Robertson, "both right and left—I will bring you the change in a minute, sir." The gentle-

man entered, stared around and sat down. The hall was empty! Byron had been peeping through the curtains, anxious and nervous, and when he saw the apparition in the stalls he sent for Robertson, who had changed the sovereign—returned eighteen shillings, less the price of the seat—and brought Byron some stout to nerve him for his task.

Byron—"Where are the critics?"

Robertson—"Oh, they're always late."

Byron (dubiously)—"Oh!"

Robertson—"Better commence and get it over."

Byron—"Tom, I think this is going to be a failure."

Robertson retired to the pay-box.

The pianist having finished the overture, the curtain rang up. Byron entered, dressed in the evening dress which he had to share with Robertson, and began to explain, "The Origin of Man," looking fixedly at the wretched individual in the front seats.

"In the beginning there was only one man"—here Byron paused.

"Yes," said the "front seat," "and I'm that fool," and then hurrying out to Robertson, demanded his money back, saying he had come to see "The Chinese." Robertson assured the infuriated one that Byron was a Chinaman, but to no purpose, and finally had to return one shilling and eightpence, having spent fourpence of the two shillings in stout for Byron, remarking that "they only charged fourpence on such occasions."



American Billionairess. "M. LE DOCTEUR, I SEE THE DUC DE SEPT-CADRANS IS A PATIENT OF YOURS. I WANT HIM TO PROPOSE TO MY DAUGHTER. A—ANY FEE THAT—A—" *Professor of Hypnotism.* "MADAM, I WILL YPSOTISE M. LE DUC. YE SHALL SEE!"



"SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU AGAIN SO SOON, MONSIEUR! BUT MY DAUGHTER DECLARES SHE WON'T ACCEPT M. LE DUC, JUST BECAUSE HE'S A HUNCHBACK, AN IDIOT, AND A PAUPER!" "MADAM, LEAVE IT TO ME. I WILL YPSOTISE ALSO YOUR DAUGHTER!"



THE AMERICAN BILLIONAIRESS BECOMES MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE SEPT-CADRANS. SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE HAPPY, ALTHOUGH SHE HAS NO MONEY, AND THERE IS NO SUCH DUKEDOM AS SEPT-CADRANS, FOR THEY HAVE NOT YET LOST THEIR ILLUSIONS ABOUT EACH OTHER.



AND HER LOVELY DAUGHTER IS NOW THE PROUD AND ADORING WIFE OF THE GREAT HYPNOTIC SCIENTIST, WHO THEREBY BECOMES AN AMERICAN BILLIONAIRE. THEY MOVE IN THE SMARTEST SOCIETY IN PARIS, AND MANAGE TO DO A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD.

HYPNOTISM—A MODERN PARISIAN ROMANCE. (IN FOUR CHAPTERS.)



THE INVENTOR AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST. THE PHONOGRAPH'S STORY.

BY ARTHUR V. ABBOTT.

ON a Summer day in the year 2890 a party of some half-dozen men, armed with curious implements, might have been seen wending their way up the side of a rocky eminence. When the summit was attained, there spread before their eyes so beautiful a panorama that all involuntarily stopped to gaze on the scene, as well as to recover from the exertion required by the steepness of the ascent. On the west there stretched a wide line of gleaming water, sparkling under the rays of the afternoon sun, that, as the

eye turned southward, gradually expanded, until it extended to the horizon, and with ever-deepening blue indicated a mighty river losing itself in the infinite azure of the ocean. Beyond the silver of the river was a range of low hills, whose purple shadows gave to the imagination abundant opportunity to picture the possibilities of the world be-

hind them. To the eastward, almost at the feet of the exploring party, ran a second, though much narrower, stream, that to the southward debouched into the spacious harbor, and on the north seemed to have its birth in the western river, showing to the strangers that they were on an island. Still further to the east, an intermittent streak of whiteness, over a yellow sand-bank, told of breakers, and the ocean.

Turning from the placid landscape the eyes of the

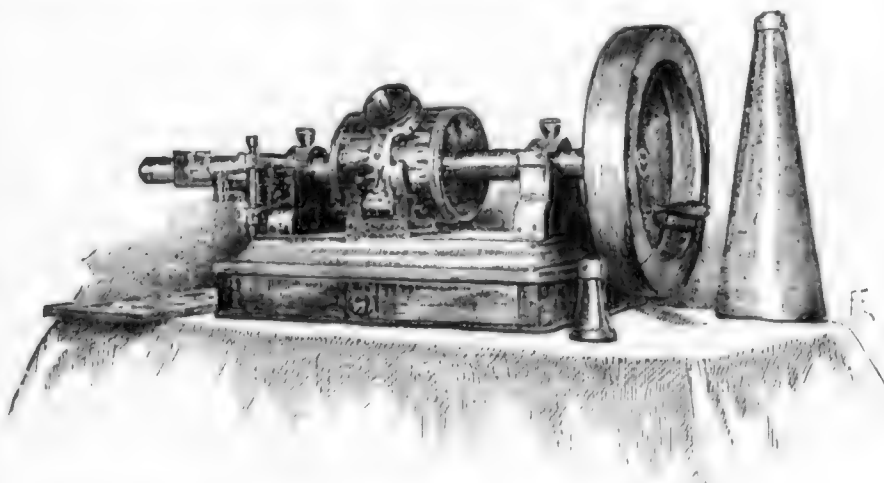


FIG. 1.—THE ORIGINAL PHONOGRAPH.

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explorers were startled to perceive that all around lay the evidences of a mighty ruin. From the bed of the eastern river close beside them rose three lofty and massive arches, in white granite, the ample proportions of which seemed a defiance against destruction. Yet, along the bank, on either side, were strewn in heterogeneous confusion, and covered with vines and moss, the blocks of stone that were at once recognized as formerly composing the companion arches that united the shores. Passing from the immediate foreground, as far as the eye could reach the signs of destruction continued. Here a lofty column rose into the air, with elaborate pedestal and intricate carving, but half-way up the column was broken, and the cornice lay, damp and green, beside the base. Yonder was a crumbling wall tottering on its foundation; with paneless windows, that seemed mournful and sad, like the eyes of the blind; while beyond, the whole plain of the island was dotted with mounds marking the graves of the departed buildings. Not a sound broke the stillness, save now and then the chink of a falling brick or stone, that, yielding to the unequal strife with time, found a last resting-place on one of the universal heaps of rubbish. Not a bird winged its flight over the ruin, and even the wind breathed low, as if unwilling to disturb the repose that was covered with the dust and silence of the centuries.

For some moments, awed by the solemnity of the scene, the explorers stood silently gazing at the picture of desolation. They were men of commanding appearance, with broad, high foreheads, clear, intelligent eyes, who, as they stood and looked, rebuilt in imagination the ruin, and endowed it with all the glories of the past. At last one of the party, who, from his long white beard and venerable aspect, appeared to be the leader, broke the silence, and speaking to his companions in the Maori tongue said: "Behold the former vastness of Western civilization! Well, indeed, are we repaid for the trials and the perils of our voyage from the antipodes by being permitted to gaze on the only surviving relics of what a thousand years ago was the greatest race on earth. If I read the ancient print aright, we are near the spot of our search; for all that I could learn from the old and half-destroyed map and manuscript, near the end of the great High Bridge, on Manhattan Island, there existed buried curiosities of much value to science. There indeed is all that remains of that beautiful structure, and here must we begin our investigations."

So saying, he pointed to a large rectangular pile of rubbish that appeared to have been the site of an important building, both from its size and from the richness of the carving on the blocks of stone scattered about. The little party at once dispersed themselves, some proceeding to examine the

ground and surroundings minutely, while others commenced to remove the *débris* around the spot that probably had been the entrance. For some time the work proceeded in silence; the pile of removed masonry about the ancient door grew larger, till the old portal was disclosed. The leader, standing apart from the excavating group, regarded the scene with the apparent apathy of a man lost in thought, until a sudden shout aroused his attention and called him hurriedly to the spot. Beneath the stair-way to the door there existed a kind of chamber that seemingly had been prevented from becoming filled with refuse by accidentally being covered with a slab that had fallen from some part of the building. The bottom of the cavity disclosed was carefully paved with a single large stone set in pitch, in the centre of which was a cover that had formerly been supplied with an iron ring. This ring was entirely rusted away, but the tools of the explorers soon succeeded in raising the cover, disclosing a stone stair-way leading downward into the darkness. Lights were soon supplied from the stores of the party, and all descended to find themselves in a small chamber about ten feet below the level of the ground. The cavity was built in the most solid manner, being hollowed out of the rock, and thickly covered with pitch so as to be perfectly water-proof. In one side was discovered an archway carefully sealed with a single block, so large that it required the united efforts of the entire party to remove it. Passing through the opening, the explorers found themselves in a similar, though much larger, vault. Near the rear of the room there was a kind of stone table or altar, on which was placed a highly polished wooden box surmounted by some curious machinery, that glittered in the torch-light of the intruders. In front of the apparatus was a large cone of brass, having the open end pointed toward the door, while the smaller orifice was fastened to the strange instrument. For some time the party regarded the vault and its contents in silence, till at last the leader stepped forward and began to examine the strange machine. Whether some concealed spring was touched, or whether the opening of the room was planned to set in motion some hidden force, was never discovered, but suddenly the wheels of the curious apparatus began to revolve, and the explorers were terrified to hear issuing from the brass cone a clear, resonant voice, apparently that of a man of middle age, that addressed them as follows: "Fearing even a very mild repetition of the recent earthquake that has already laid in waste our beautiful city would be sufficient to complete the destruction, and leave nothing but ruins to transmit to the future the history of the achievements of America, it has been determined to build a subterranean receptacle as securely as pos-

sible, in which should be placed one of our most wonderful inventions, so arranged that if discovered in other ages it should be able to recount to future nations, to whom we seem but as the mists of the past, some of the glories of America in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. To this end a site near the Gate-house of the new Aqueduct, close by the terminus of our beautiful High Bridge, has been selected, and this chamber constructed with the greatest durability. And when, in unknown ages to come, the stone seal of the arch be removed and the eyes of man again behold the vault and its contents, listen to *The Voice from the Past*, for the history once recited may not be repeated."

The Voice ceased, and save for the whir of wheels, the stillness of the vault was indeed the silence of the tomb, for the explorers, petrified with astonishment, were motionless as statues. A moment or two more and a different Voice, deeper and more resonant than the first, came from the cone, filling the chamber with its clear, full tone.

"I am the Phonograph," it said. "I was first invented, in 1878, by Mr. Edison, the Wizard of Menlo Park. If you will open the small drawer in the wooden box on which I stand, you will find some pictures that will aid you to comprehend me."

The Voice stopped; mechanically the leader, moving forward, opened a compartment in the base of the instrument, and taking out three sheets of an ancient substance known as paper, placed them in the torch-light where all could see them. Again the clear notes rang from the cone: "It was well known in the nineteenth century that sound consisted of a series of waves traversing the air. A stone thrown into a quiet pool causes a set of circling rings to spread to the uttermost shores, so a vibrating body like a piano-string throws the mobile air into waves, that have only to fall on the sensitive tympanum of the ear to be recognized as music. To Mr. Edison occurred the possibility of making the sound-waves write their autograph, and to this end he constructed the apparatus shown in Fig. 1, consisting of a heavy base-plate carrying two standards. On the top of the standards extended a shaft, supplied with a fine screw-thread, so arranged as to give longitudinal motion to a drum set in the centre. Over the middle of the drum a substantial arm supported a conical mouth-piece, under which, and just over the drum, was placed a flexible plate supplied on its under side with a sharp point. If any soft material was placed on the drum and the handle turned, the point traced a fine spiral line, the depth of which depended on the position of the engraving-point. If the flexible diaphragm was subjected to a series of sound-waves, it would

be thrown into a state of vibration corresponding to them, and the line traced underneath would be a hilly one, the rises and depressions of which would exactly match the waves producing the motion of the plate. By covering the drum of the instrument with a sheet of tin-foil, and speaking or singing to the instrument, a complete autographic record of the sound could be thus obtained, that could be removed and inspected by the microscope. No sooner had Mr. Edison obtained the trace on the tin-foil than the thought presented itself of running the machine over the record a second time, in hopes that the engraving-point would follow the original mark, and causing the diaphragm to vibrate, reproduce audibly the original sound. To conceive the idea was immediately to put it into effect. The foil was replaced, the vibrating-diaphragm adjusted; with breathless expectancy the crank was turned, and for the first time I raised my voice and spoke to the world, faithfully repeating the words Mr. Edison had spoken to me, and announcing another triumph of his genius.

"The news of my birth was spread far and wide; the newspapers, speaking of a discovery that paralleled that of the telephone, predicted my wide-spread appearance. I was put on exhibition, and crowds of the curious came to see me. Soon, however, the astonishment ceased; my voice was found to be very harsh and squeaky, the tin-foil giving a disagreeable metallic quality, while by turning the handle at a different speed from that used at the original engraving, all manner of tricks could be played with the reproduction. For instance, a high soprano solo would be repeated as a deep base by a slow rotation of the drum. My various members were not delicate enough, and in order to make me repeat loud enough to be at all audible, it was necessary to scream at me in so loud a tone as to be very disagreeable. So, after a short though brilliant career, I gradually fell into obscurity. Mr. Edison also neglected me; and, busied with electrical inventions, he put me away till a more convenient season.

"During this period of quiescence another inventor, Mr. Tainter, working along similar lines, produced a talking-machine embodying the same general principles. This machine was named the graphophone, the construction and operation of it being illustrated in Figs. 4 and 5. The graphophone consists of a substantial frame, mounted on a table, resembling that of a sewing-machine, in that it is supplied with a treadle forming the motive power of the machine. The frame carries a bar, along which, by a combination of gears seen at the left of Fig. 4, a little carriage is caused to slide. Underneath the carriage is a contrivance for holding a cylinder of wax an inch and a quarter

in diameter and six inches long. This wax cylinder takes the place of the foil, and is a vast improvement; for by its adoption the instrument returns all the modulations of the voice in the most perfect manner. With the old tin-foil another objection was experienced in attempting successive reproductions from the tearing of the foil by the point, and the consequent spoiling of the record. With the wax, however, there is

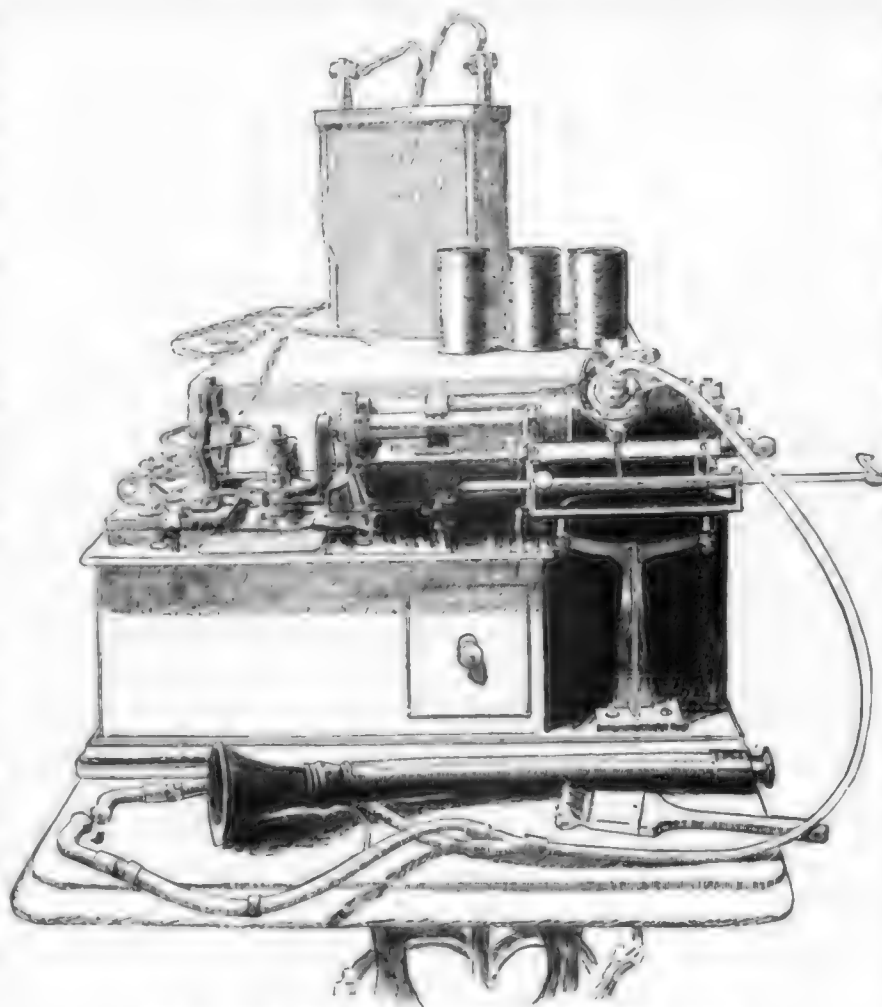


FIG. 2.—THE NEW PHONOGRAPH, WITH ELECTRIC MOTOR.

very little danger even of wearing out the fine sound-lines. The wheel at the left of the instrument gives to the cylinder a rapid rotation, while by a concealed screw in the overhead bar the recording and reproducing mechanism is slowly moved longitudinally. The recording-apparatus is made of a thin vibrating-plate, supplied with a sharp point adjusted to cut a fine groove in the wax. The motion of the carriage is such that the point



APPARATUS FOR OBTAINING A PHONOGRAPHIC RECORD OF A PIANO-FORTE SOLO.

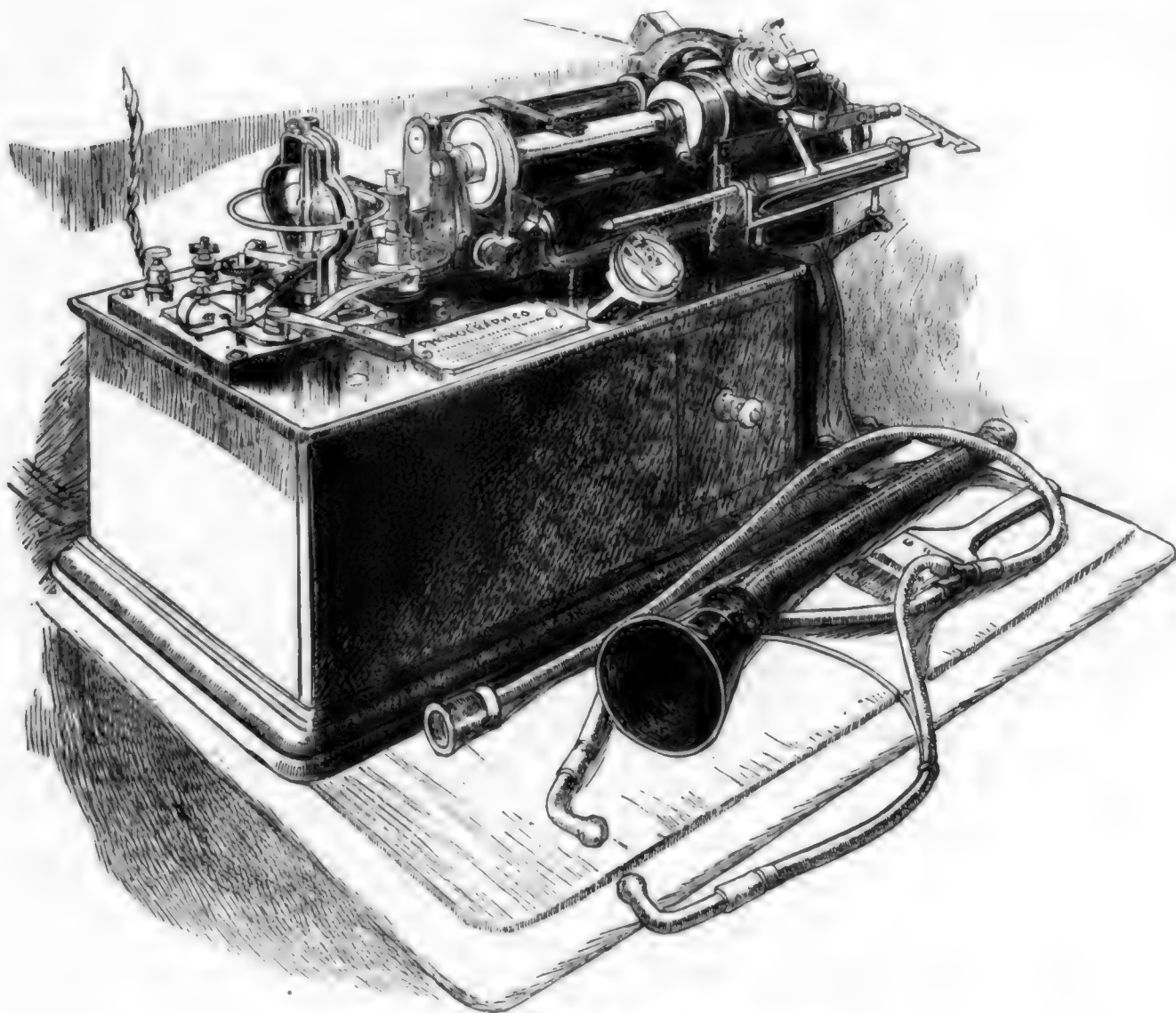


FIG. 3.—ENLARGED VIEW OF TOP OF NEW MACHINE.

engraves 160 lines in an inch of the cylinder. The reproducing-mechanism is a similar diaphragm, having a smooth point to follow, without injury, the original engraving. To this is attached a rubber tube supplied with two vulcanite tips that are placed in the ears of the listener. A sensitive governor provides that the machine may always be driven at a perfectly constant speed, so that the pitch of the sound may never vary.

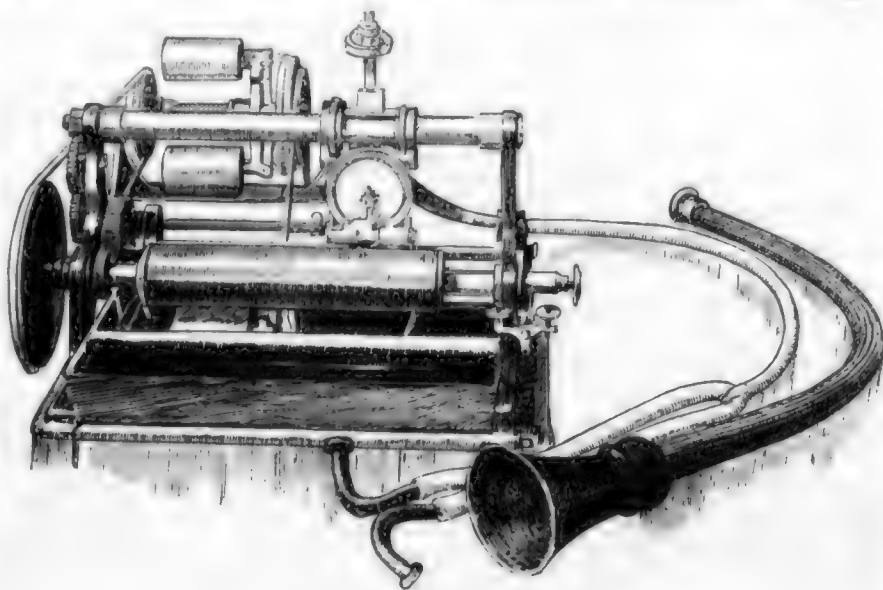


FIG. 4.—THE GRAPHOPHONE.

"Notwithstanding his seeming neglect, Mr. Edison had not forgotten me, and in the latter part of 1887 he resurrected me from his archives, and commenced a series of experiments that in about

two years resulted in giving me my present improved form. In my perfected state, such as has been placed on this pedestal, and such as you will see in Figs. 2, 3 and 8. I consist of a very highly finished mahogany box not quite a foot wide and less

than two feet long. This box serves as a convenient base on which I rest, and gives protection to the electric motor by which my machinery is actuated. On the top of this wooden base rests the solid bed-plate that forms my foundation. The plate at either end has two supports carrying a polished brass cylinder on which is placed the wax for receiving the 'phonogram,' as my record is called. Steady rotary motion is communicated to the wax by means of a little pulley on the left, driven by a belt from a most ingenious electric motor hidden in the wooden base. The current for driving the motor comes from a battery placed just behind me, while at the extreme left may be seen the switch that at a touch is used to stop and start me, and the governor to keep me

proved form, the same diaphragm is used both for receiving and reproducing, the change being effected while substituting the tubes for the speaking-cone, by slightly rotating the diaphragm a little, so as to remove the sharp edge of the sapphire point from the wax. If preferred, I can be mounted in a manner similar to the graphophone, and operated by a treadle. When I am only to be used by one person the hearing-tubes placed in the ears are found to be the most convenient, because then what I say is entirely confidential, but, as you perceive, my voice is abundantly loud to be heard by a large roomful, for, by placing on my diaphragm a resonant cone (Fig. 8), the sounds are so intensified as to be plainly heard. You will also see that I am a marvel of exquisite

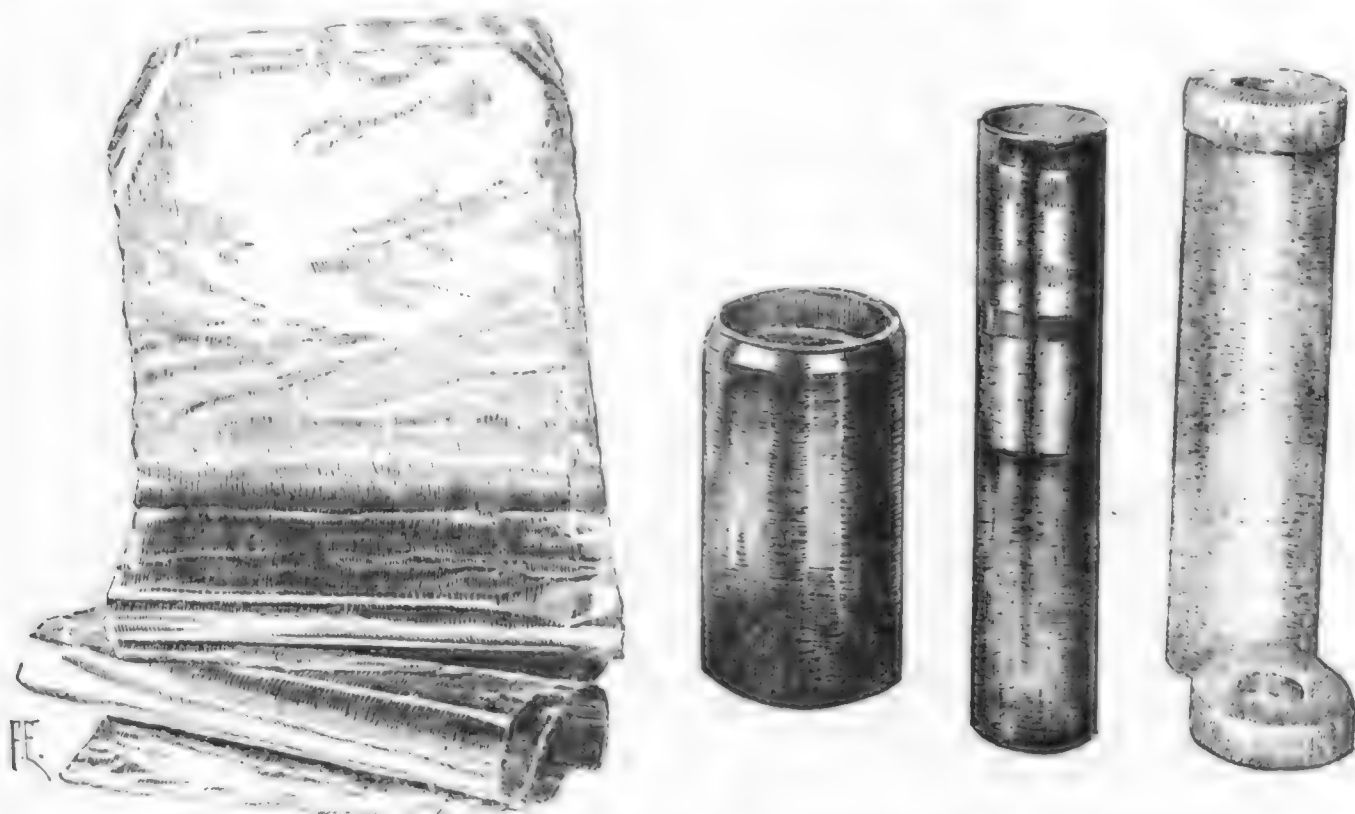


FIG. 5. — TIN-FOIL OF THE ORIGINAL PHONOGRAPH, AND WAX CYLINDERS OF THE NEW PHONOGRAPH AND GRAPHOPHONE.

running with the utmost nicety of speed. The recording and reproducing mechanism is carried on a strong, substantial bar placed behind the revolving-cylinder, which receives longitudinal motion from a very fine screw-thread cut on the same shaft that carries the wax; so at any time, without stopping me, you can stop or start the diaphragm on any part of the cylinder holding the record that may be desired. By touching a little spring at the right of the base I can be made to repeat some forty or fifty words; an extremely convenient attachment when I am used for transcribing from dictation. The diaphragm with which I am supplied is made of a very thin plate of glass, armed with a sapphire point, polished to perfection. In my latest and most im-

mechanical workmanship. All the parts of which I am composed are not only well finished to the eye, but the joints are firm and rigid, the bearings run as smoothly as silk, and the lead screw with a hundred threads to the inch feels like a piece of velvet.

"In Fig. 5 you may see a representation of the old tin-foil sheet of the ancient phonograph, together with the short though large wax cylinder of the perfected machine, and the longer but more slender wax of the graphophone, while on the right of the illustration stands the pasteboard case in which the wax cylinder is to be stored from all harm, like the parchment and papyrus rolls of Biblical times, and in which it may even be transported by mail. The cylinders as shown have a

capacity of nearly a thousand words, which is ample for more than all ordinary communications.

"In Fig. 6 there is a microphotograph of a portion of a wax cylinder after the record has been made. This particular cylinder contained a solo played on the saxophone. The spiral grooves cut in the wax are clearly visible, while the deep excavations of the sapphire point under the powerful sound-waves make parts of the cylinder look like a plowed field. By the microscope the work done by the recording-needle may be appreciated, and the mind is filled with wonder at the delicacy of the remarkable mechanism so sensitive as to respond to the beats of the sound-waves, so accurate as to perfectly record them, and so susceptible as again to be able to repeat unchanged the original sound. When any record has ceased to have value, the same cylinder may be used over again by placing it on the revolving-shaft, and by means of a little knife set behind the carriage-bar the old record may be shaved off and a fresh surface exposed.

"As soon as I appeared in my present form my popularity at once revived. Business and professional men found in me an ever-ready listener, who was always at their side, whether in the office or at home, early or late, ready at the touch of a spring to receive and store up their slightest word. I never became tired, did not fall ill, nor like the stenographer of the nineteenth century did I ask for holidays, or go out to lunch just at the particular time that my master wanted to dictate to me. I was very discreet, also. I never lisped a word of the many secrets confided to my care, for my wax cylinders were carefully kept in a safe to which the curious could not obtain access. Schools and teachers of language found in me an invaluable aid. To acquire the proper accent of a foreign language is a matter of long education of both ear and tongue. A master of any language could dictate to me cylinder after cylinder of the choicest literature of his tongue. These could be sent to his various pupils, to whom I would repeat, over and over again, the rounded sentences with all of the most delicate shades of accent, until by continued practice the learner became perfect. As an enunciator, I soon came into wide-spread public favor. I was placed in the cars of the railways, and in the various stations, and called out the succeeding stopping-places and the destinations of the trains in so clear and resonant a voice, and with such a plain and distinct articulation, that the ancient institution of the brakeman, whose chief function seemed to be that of mystifying passengers, at once lost his usefulness, and disappeared from railway management. On the parlor-table and at the side of the invalid I became a constant object. I could talk with the voice of an absent friend, or read a selection from

a favorite author. I could sing or play any part on any instrument, could repeat a solo from the latest prima-donna, or could give a symphony as rendered by a full orchestra. I could address myself to a single individual without disturbing others in the same room, or I could hold the attention of a large audience. Now let me give you a specimen."

The Voice ceased; for a moment there was

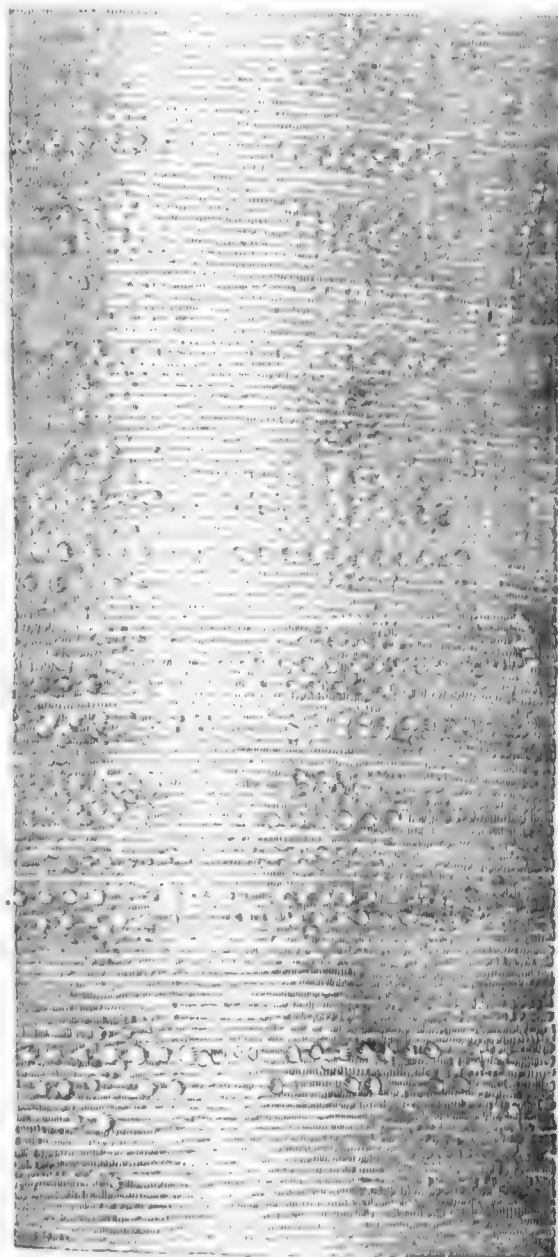


FIG. 6.—MICROPHOTOGRAPH OF WAX CYLINDER, SHOWING ENGRAVING OF SOUND-WAVES MADE BY THE MACHINE (RECORD OF A SAXOPHONE SOLO).

again stillness in the chamber; then from the cone came the opening bars of a symphony, rendered by a full orchestra; the violins, the flutes, the horns, all were there, the peculiar quality of each instrument being returned with perfect fidelity; when suddenly a little snap, a slight crash on the floor as of something fragile breaking, and before the astonished observers lay the fragments of the wax cylinder, its sound forever silenced;

and at the same instant the torches with a flare went out, leaving the explorers to extricate themselves from the inky darkness of the vault as best they might.

TALLOW-CANDLES AND ART.

PRINCE MAKONNEN, the Ambassador of Menelek, had never been out of Abyssinia until he made his recent journey into Italy. Before returning to Africa he made purchases of many objects not to be found in Abyssinia, as, for instance, coffee-mills, table-spoons, forks and other domestic articles not to be mentioned.

One day the prince gave an order for a great quantity of tallow-candles, and on the same day ordered many yards of cloth to be painted to decorate the walls and tribune of an Ethiopian church. As he was soon to return to his own country, the prince ordered the candles to be ready in thirty days. Then, coming out of the candle-maker's shop, he entered an artist's studio and ordered the cloth to be painted and finished within the same period. He chose the subjects

and sizes of the figures, and gave the artist models of Ethiopian art, that he might comply with the exigencies of his country's style. "Italian art," said this cousin of King Menelek, "is perhaps a most valuable thing, but we want our own method of painting. If you accept the commission, you must make the paintings, as I wish, to suit the taste of the country they are intended for. You may paint Madonnas of Raffaele, or Virgins of Andrea del Sarto, but they must be after an Ethiopian type." Then, having given the details, he ordered them to be ready in a month! "They promised to have ready for me several thousands of candles in thirty days, so I think that must be sufficient time to paint only a few hundred yards of cloth. Would you be second to a candle-maker?"

The artist felt the weight of the argument, made his plans rapidly, and accepted the commission. Perhaps political considerations entered into the artist's calculations; and he probably thought that this way of marring Italian and Abyssinian art would further the political views of Signor Crispi.



A VOICE FROM THE PAST.—FIG. 7.—TYPE-WRITER WORKING AT DICTATION THROUGH PHONOGRAPH AND GRAPHOPHONE.—SEE PAGE 497.

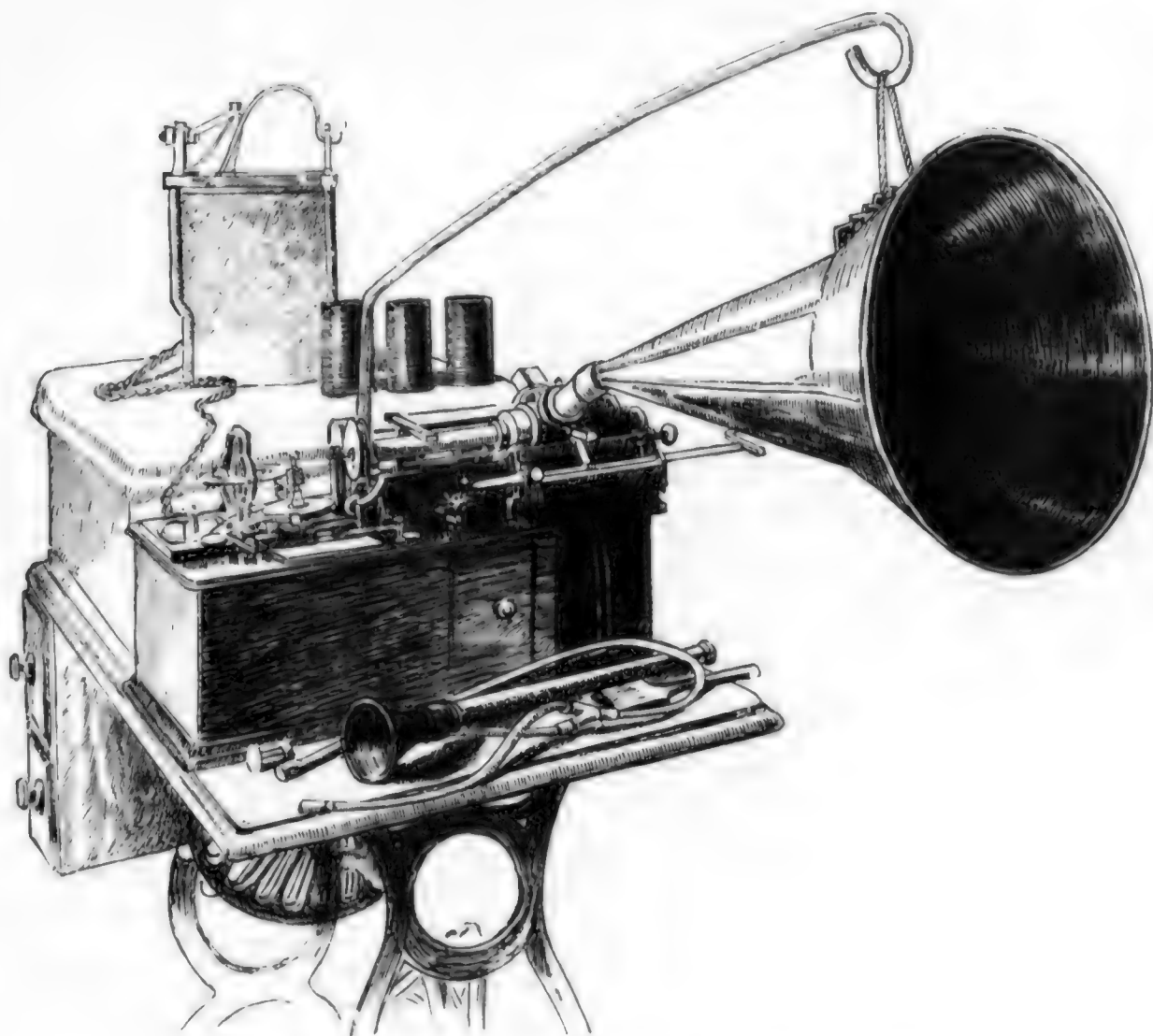


FIG 8.—PHONOGRAPH DELIVERING A CONCERT TO A LARGE AUDIENCE.

For many days the studio was the cause of wonderment to the neighborhood, and especially to the artist's fraternity. The studio was in the Via Margutta. Mysterious seclusion was preserved. Only a few friends of the artist were admitted; and when these men were seen emerging from their privacy, their features bore unmistakable traces of anxiety—a circumstance which had the effect of deepening the mystery. At length the work was completed, and the mystery was revealed.

Tiziano's and Raffaello's figures are so mixed with saints of Ethiopian form and style as to symbolize the Italo-Abyssinian alliance. Saints are all of white complexion, and those who are not saints are painted a chocolate-brown. Kings and worthy people are colored chocolate and cream, suggesting the idea of the beginning of beatification. The background of the picture is gold, a convenient arrangement for those hurried artists.

But there were some exceptions prescribed by Makonnen, as to the color for the faces. St. George, for instance, is all black. In the Ethi-

opian mind his beatification was not sufficient to give him a fair complexion. St. George is dressed as a mediæval crusader. In one part of the picture he is piercing two white thieves with his lance, and in another part he is to be seen cutting off the crowned head of a mischievous king, just as one would cut down a water-melon. This king has a decoration of the Golden Fleece, but no one knows why. In another part of the picture St. George is triumphantly riding along, dressed as Charles the Great. This has been Makonnen's wish.

In another picture, Menelek (king of kings) is represented in triumph. His wife is leaving him and preparing to fly toward heaven. A saintly form precedes the queen, showing her the way. Not far distant is the Holy Virgin, speaking to a colored Abyssinian through an interpreter, a white soldier. What does the king mean, one naturally asks, by sending the queen off first? It is not easy to answer the question.

But the most important of all is the philosophical-political-moral-religious-apocalyptic picture, representing the apotheosis of Menelek and

Umberto. In the top of the picture two angels are separating the good ones going to paradise from the wicked going to hades. Margherita, Queen of Italy, is the first one among the good, and she is in a white ball-dress with a diadem of brilliant. Abyssinians think that she will fly to paradise in this toilet.

King Umberto comes next: after him the glorious Menelek in a splendid Ethiopian device, and then Signor Crispi, the most successful of all. Next to him is coming Makonnen, then some of Garibaldi's generals, followed by illustrious Abyssinians, etc.

And the wicked? What likenesses those odd artists have painted among them!

Some believe they recognize the faces of monsignori or other prominents at the Vatican. I cannot tell. I only know this wonderful work was accomplished in the time required to manufacture the tallow-candles.

SOME BY-GONE TALKERS.

CONVERSATION is said to be a lost art, and to some extent this is true. Good talk presupposes leisure, both for preparation and enjoyment. The age of leisure is dead, and the art of conversation is dying. A Dr. Johnson writing early under pressure, and with somewhat unwilling hand, but pouring out in his talk the wealth of a well-stocked mind—vivid in phrase, forcible and luminous in argument—would be an almost impossible figure for the literary world of the present to produce. What Dr. Johnson was in conversation may be gathered from the pages of *Pope's* and *Mme. d'Arblay*. With a congenial companion, like Dr. Burney, he would sit up talking on a Winter's evening until the fire was dead, and nothing remained of the candles but their wicks.

The doctor was no monologist. He needed the stimulant of question and objection, and the spur of opposition, to bring out the best of his talk. The tendency to monologue has been the besetting sin of most great talkers. Carlyle, much as he railed against mere talk, did not escape this danger. Darwin has a characteristic anecdote of him in his "Autobiography." At a dinner-party where, besides Darwin, Babbage and Lyell, who both liked to talk, were present, Carlyle silenced them all, and held forth throughout the dinner on the advantages of silence. "After dinner," says Darwin, "Babbage, in his grimmest manner, thanked Carlyle for his very interesting lecture on silence." Macaulay, a prince among talkers, suffered at times from the same inability to stop. Different accounts of his conversational style have been given. Some people found him ready to converse, willing to listen, as well as to speak, but

on many occasions his tendency was to monologue. But who could grumble at the copiousness of his talk? His mind was richly stored, filled with the literary wealth of both ancient and modern times; and every part of his mental possessions was, by means of an extraordinarily retentive memory, easily accessible to their owner, and ready for production on the slightest suggestion or provocation. Greville describes his talk as "inexhaustible, always amusing and instructive, about everybody and everything."

At Holland House, one evening in 1841, Macaulay discoursed on the Fathers of the Church, giving the substance of a long sermon of St. Chrysostom, which he had read many months before in India, on obscure points in history, on Milman's "History of Christianity," and on myths in general, until Lady Holland, wearied by the flow, sought to arrest it and to puzzle the speaker, by asking: "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, what was the origin of a *doll*?" When were dolls first mentioned in history?" Macaulay at once replied that the Roman children had dolls, and explained how they were offered to Venus, backing his explanation with a quotation from Persius. Later in the same year Macaulay was one of the party gathered at Bowood, Lord Lacdown's seat, and is recorded to have held forth in much the same encyclopedic fashion. Among the guests was Samuel Rogers, whose fame as a conversationalist was great. But, as the Spanish proverb says, "Two great talers will not travel together." While Macaulay remained Rogers was overwhelmed. His small, weak voice was unable to make itself heard, so he grumbled and admired and waited until the inexhaustible essayist had gone, when he and the other inmates of the house revived, and enjoyed conversation on more equal terms.

Rogers was renowned as a rayer of smart and pungent things. His polished sarcasm cut like a Toledo blade. But the chief feature of his talk was its wealth of anecdote and reminiscence. Throughout a long life he knew everybody worth knowing, and there were few of the great names in the literary and social worlds of the latter part of the last century, and the earlier years of the present, about whom he had not some interesting recollections or story to tell.

Buckle, the historian of Civilization, was another great talker, but he was sometimes hardly fair to those who would have conversed with him, had he but given them a chance. On one occasion he held forth to Darwin without giving the latter an opportunity to put in more than a word here and there, and when Darwin moved away, Buckle turned to a friend and calmly remarked: "Well, Mr. Darwin's books are much better than his conversation."

Victor Cousin, the French philosopher, is reported, by a patient auditor, to have talked one day without stopping for four hours. Another great Frenchman of an earlier day—Diderot—was very eminent in conversation. Marmontel has described the free flow of his ideas in talk, the persuasiveness of his eloquence, and the fire of his enthusiasm. The enthusiasm sometimes bubbled over into something resembling frenzy, for the hero of the "Encyclopedia" is said at times to have rounded his eloquent periods and clinched his arguments by dashing his night-cap violently against the wall.

Burns, it has been said, was great in prose, greater in poetry, but greatest in conversation. Many witnesses have testified to the extraordinary nature of his conversational powers. Robertson, the Scotch historian, says that he "scarcely ever met any man whose conversation displayed greater vigor." When he came late to an inn, it is said that even the servants would leave their beds to hear him talk.

Sir Walter Scott was another able conversationalist. The pleasant feature of his talk was his evident desire to get at whatever of good there might be in the person or book under discussion. He would point out the excellences rather than the defects, and of some dispraised poem or other work he would quote the best lines, or one good verse, so as to redeem the whole work from absolute censure. In this respect he has been contrasted with Jeffrey, the great reviewer. The latter was keener to detect blunders or errors than to recognize whatever features of promise or of good performance a work might present.

William Hazlitt, the fiery politician and vigorous essayist, was also a brilliant talker. The centre of a circle of choice spirits who met at The Southampton, in Chancery Lane, he often held them in discourse until the dawn of day dispersed the whole nest of conversational night-birds.

But the greatest of talkers was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. For copiousness, for richness of illustration and diction, his conversation, or, rather, his monologue, was unrivaled. Mme. de Stael said of him: "He is very great in monologue, but he has no idea of dialogue." His talk sometimes degenerated into preaching, but on the whole it exhibited qualities that have never since been equaled. Early in his career a London innkeeper is said to have offered him free quarters if he would only stay and talk. Just as his own "Ancient Mariner" held with his glittering eye the belated wedding-guest, so Coleridge led captive by his talk all who came within the charmed circle of his speech. He was probably heard at his best by those who had the privilege of visiting him during the years of his residence at Highgate. As he meandered along the garden-paths,

frequently crossing, in his undecided way, from one side to the other, as many years before the youthful Hazlitt had observed him do in the course of a Shropshire walk, he rolled forth a tide of talk, poetical, metaphysical, magnificently imaginative—a rich stream freighted with learning and wisdom. "He spoke," says Carlyle, "as if preaching—you could have said preaching—earnestly, and almost hopelessly, the weightiest things."

THE CZAR AND THE AMERICAN GIRL.

THE following is a narrative of an incident which occurred in St. Petersburg some years ago. The American lady concerned is the daughter of a prominent public benefactor, has for years been a social leader in Washington, is the wife of a leading Republican statesman, and would be recognized instantly if her name might be mentioned. The half-dozen initiates will remember the incident now published:

A grand reception was in progress at the palace of a high Russian dignitary. Members of the cabinet, generals of the army, grand dukes, the nobility of the empire and the diplomatic corps were present. It was a notable affair. Four young ladies—three Russian and one American—had gathered into a little nook screened in palms, and were discussing in French the dowdy appearance of a high court lady. Some eavesdropper caught their remarks and bore them to the criticised lady. She, in turn, indignantly reported them to a noble duchess, who held the peculiar office of mistress of etiquette. She retired to a private room and had the four culprits summoned before her. They appeared, the Russian girls in fear and trembling, the American calm and self-possessed.

"Young ladies," said she, "you have been commenting discourteously upon the personal appearance of lady——. You have committed a grave breach of etiquette, and it is my duty as court mistress of etiquette to punish you. Olga, your slipper!"

The trembling Olga took off her slipper, and then very meekly received a sound punishment of the sort confined in America exclusively to the nursery.

"Katia, it is your turn. Give me your slipper!" said the inexorable duenna, as the weeping Olga arose from her castigation. Katia took her gruel with audible lamentations, and Tania followed the suffering Katia.

All the while the American girl watched and waited. The indignities thrust upon her companions roused the Hail Columbia in her. Her eyes flashed and her little fists clinched with excitement.

"It is your turn now," said the mistress of etiquette to the fair American. "Your slipper, please."

Columbia's blood was up. There was fighting stock back of her for generations. She removed her slipper and drew near, but she held the slipper by the toe. At proper range she swung the missile and struck the old lady in the mouth a fearful clip. Then she sailed in. Lace, feathers and furbelows flew. Finger-nails fetched blood.

impotent rage, showered maledictions in broken French, German and Russian upon her conqueror, and demanded that the most condign punishment be meted out to her. The matter soon was carried to the Czar, who made a pretense of punishing the young lady by issuing some order against her appearing at any ball for a certain period, but the Liberator was immensely tickled. He showered the most embarrassing presents upon the American—beautiful slippers of every kind and descrip-



A VOICE FROM THE PAST.—THE PHONOGRAPH SINGS A COMIC SONG.—SEE PAGE 497.

Gray hair and the St. Petersburg fashions of 1863 filled the air.

The screams of the thoroughly frightened mistress of etiquette at once brought a crowd, and the door was battered down. The three Russian girls were screaming in their respective corners. The old lady was *hors de combat*, and a fiery-eyed goddess of liberty stood in the centre of the room waving a tuft of gray hair in one hand and a jeweled hair-dagger, with which she had been trying to stab the Russian, in the other.

The mistress of etiquette fairly screamed with

tion, silver slippers and gold slippers—and finally wound up by sending her a hair-dagger, set with diamonds.

NUX VOMICA.

THIS most energetic poison is the product of a plant belonging to the family *Loganiaceæ*, named by Linnaeus *Strychnos Nux vomica*. It is a native of the Indian Archipelago and Peninsula, as well as the southern part of the Bengal Presidency. It grows to a moderate-sized tree, with

a short, crooked trunk; branches irregular, covered with smooth dark-gray bark; wood white, intensely bitter. Leaves opposite, oval, pointed, 3-5 nerved, varying in size. Flowers small in terminal corymbs, greenish-white. Fruit round, about the size of an orange, filled with a soft, white, gelatinous pulp, in which the seeds are immersed attached to a central placenta. Seeds round, or shield-like, depressed on one side, convex on the other, about three-quarters inch broad and two lines thick, thickly covered with silky, ash-colored hairs. They have little smell, but an intensely bitter taste, which is due to the presence of two most energetic poisons, viz., strychnia and brucia, united with a peculiar acid known as strychnic acid. Besides these substances, the seeds contain a yellow coloring matter, a concrete oil, gum, starch, bassorine, and a small quantity of wax. A third base has also been detected and named "igasuria."

The action of *Nux vomica* is a powerful excitant of the spinal system of nerves, poisonous, producing tetanic convulsions without affecting the brain. It is used in the form of a powder or other extract, is employed as a stimulant of the nervous system in cases of paralysis, etc.

Strychnia is the crystalline alkaline prepared from the seeds, occurring when pure as white, brilliant, oblique octahedra; or as elongated four-sided prisms, or even sometimes seen in a simple granular state. It is so intensely bitter that one part is perceptible in 60,000 parts of water. The strychnia as sold is seldom or never pure. It contains brucia and coloring matter, as well as lime and magnesia.

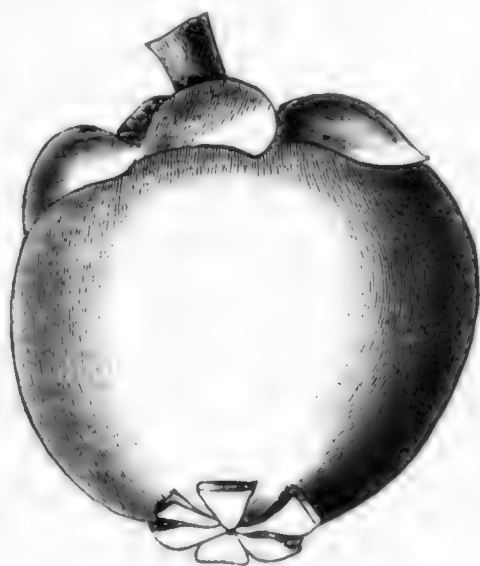
Brucia resembles strychnia, although not so

Nux vomica, but only in very small doses. The first effects experienced from a dose are twitches in the muscles. In larger doses, tetanic spasms ensue, and a tendency to lockjaw. It is so power-



STRYCHNOS NUX VOMICA.—a, FLOWER, b, SEED.

ful that Dr. Christison mentions that he has seen a dog killed in two minutes, when not more than the sixth part of a grain has been injected into the animal's chest. It is also stated that as small a quantity as 1-1,000th part of a grain, diffused in the water in which a frog is immersed, will cause the animal to have tetanic convulsions.



NUX VOMICA FRUIT.

powerful; it crystallizes in transparent crystals, or in pearly scales.

Strychnia is employed for the same purposes as

CHILDREN'S IDEAS ABOUT SKELETONS.

Not long since, in Cambridge, Mass., some teachers were talking about Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" as a school exercise, when it was suggested that some of the children might not know what a skeleton is. One of the teachers put the question to her pupils, and among the written answers to it were the following: (1.) When anybody dies the flesh dries up to the bones and makes a skeleton. (2.) A skeleton is bones in the museum. (3.) When you die a doctor can make a skeleton of you. (4.) When you grow into a skeleton you are sent to Harvard College to practice on.

LITERARY MEMORANDA.

LEWIS CARROLL'S new juvenile treasure-trove, entitled "Sylvie and Bruno" (Macmillan & Co.), is a book rich in amazing conceits and droll speeches, illustrated with forty-six drawings by Harry Furniss, which the author justly pronounces "wonderful." If this work falls short of the sensational success of the same author's "Alice in Wonderland," it is only because the latter was absolutely original, unique, unapproachable. In "Sylvie and Bruno," Mr. Carroll has endeavored to strike out yet another new path, combining all sorts of odd ideas, fragments of dialogue, quotations, perversions and *dreams*, into an eccentric tale of two little children who flutter back and forth between fairy-land and the world of reality in a charmingly irresponsible fashion. All through the story there pops up, now and again, a kind of crazy Gardener, who chants "in shrill, discordant tones" such stanzas as:

"He thought he saw an elephant
That practiced on a fife:
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of life."

One of the queerest things about the book is a sermonizing preface—evidently written on purpose to be skipped—in which the author seriously enjoins his young readers never to go to any entertainment where they would be afraid to die! "If the thought of sudden death," he says, "acquires, for *you*, a special horror when imagined as happening in a *theatre*, then be very sure the theatre is harmful for *you*, however harmless it may be for others; and that *you* are incurring a deadly peril in going. Be sure the safest rule is that we should not dare to *live* in any scene in which we dare not *die*." Perhaps some of the mad Gardener's remarks have got themselves mixed up with Mr. Carroll's introduction. Here is a description of Sunday as spent by children of the last generation, quoted *verbatim* from accounts furnished by two of the victims:

"When, as a child, I first opened my eyes on a Sunday morning, a feeling of dismal anticipation, which began at least on the Friday, culminated. I knew what was before me, and my wish, if not my word, was, 'Would God it were evening!' It was no day of rest, but a day of texts, of catechisms (Watts's), of tracts about converted swearers, godly char-women, and edifying deaths of sinners saved. Up with the lark, hymns and portions of Scripture had to be learned by heart till eight o'clock, when there were family prayers, then breakfast, which I was never able to enjoy, partly from the fast already undergone, and partly from the outlook I dreaded. At nine came Sunday-school; and it made me indignant to be put into the class with the village children, as well as alarmed lest, by some mistake of mine, I should be put below them. The Church service was a veritable Wilderness of Zin. I wandered in it, piteously the tabernacle of my thoughts on the lining of the square family pew, the fidgets of my small brothers, and the horror of knowing that, on the Monday, I should have to write out, from memory, jottings of the rambling, disconnected *extempore* sermon, which might have had any text but its own, and to stand or fall by the result. This was followed by a cold dinner at one (servants to have *no* work), Sunday-school again from two to four, and evening service at six. The intervals were, perhaps, the greatest trial of all, from the efforts I had to make to be less than usually sinful, by reading books and sermons as barren as the Dead Sea. There was but one rosy spot, in the distance, all that day: and that was 'bed-time,' which never could come too early!"

THE New York *Home Journal*, refined and entertaining as ever, has undergone a change of dress, and now appears in an elegant and convenient 8-page form, somewhat similar in size and shape to that in which it was originally issued, away back in the forties. But at that time it

consisted of only four pages. The charming social and literary associations which cluster about the *Home Journal* date from the reign of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis, more than a generation back. In a recent issue, the present editor and proprietor, the genial and accomplished Morris Phillips, gives some delightful reminiscences of his famous predecessors, accompanied by their portraits, and pictures of their residences, "Idlewild" and "Undercliff," on the Hudson. The tone of the *Home Journal* is as high as it was in their day, while its field has been greatly extended, and its external appearance improved almost beyond recognition. It seems remarkable that the original prestige should have been so amply maintained, and that to-day the position of the paper as a kalend and chronicle of society, an *arbiter elegantiarum* in matters artistic and literary, is more influential than ever. This may be credited chiefly, if not solely, to the unerring taste and tact of Mr. Morris Phillips, an editor of versatile acquirements and peculiar qualification for the post he adorns. In his experienced hands, the best traditions of the *Home Journal* are safe, and its continued prosperity is assured. A world of readers will unite with the old contributor, who, in a recent poem, addresses the paper as his "old friend in a new dress," and says:

"Near fifty years have run their course,
Yet still his smiling face,
From outer cares a sweet resource,
At our fireside finds his place."

"IMAGINE, if you can, a world without music!" says James C. Macy, in the preface to his "Young People's History of Music" (Oliver Ditson & Co.). We cannot, except by conceiving something like the orthodox idea of a place of eternal punishment for the wicked. Music is so essentially a part of the social, religious and artistic life of this age, that it occupies, of necessity, an important place in every scheme of modern education. Mr. Macy's "Young People's History" is a valuable and interesting book for beginners, devoting as it does ten chapters to a succinct survey of the "divine art" from its earliest forms down to the grand opera of modern times, followed by seventeen short biographies, with excellent portraits, of famous musicians, together with an alphabetical list of over a hundred more, giving the birth-place of each, with dates of birth and death. "A Birthday Book of Musicians and Composers," edited by Gertrude H. Churchill (Oliver Ditson & Co.), is an ingenious and very elaborate compilation. It is arranged on the basis of the successive 365 days of the year, and under each date are entered the names, etc., of eminent musicians, composers, artists and critics, both European and American, accompanied by appropriate literary comment in the form of extracts, either from their own writings or from what their contemporaries have written about them. There are corresponding dates on the alternate pages, with the spaces left blank for any new names or memoranda which the owner of the book may choose to write therein. Thus may each volume acquire from its possessor a distinct individuality.

Most successful novels of contemporary life and manners combine dramatic interest and color with a greater or less degree of realism in depicting typical characters and phases of life, with the final result of forcibly impressing a moral lesson. In some of the qualities mentioned Mr. Edgar Fawcett's latest work of fiction, "The Evil that Men Do" (Belford Company), is not deficient; it gives pictures of "shady" localities and people in New York city with unflinching fidelity, and furnishes to the thoughtful or philanthropic reader food for profound reflection. But interest of plot, the unction of

humor, the charm of sentiment, or the poetry of pathos, are not to be sought here. Mr. Fawcett's book is, in fact, a progressive study of the hopeless struggles of a pretty working-girl against poverty and the moral degradation of her surroundings. These are too strong and pitiless for her, and the end is—a ghastly murder and suicide, such as the morning newspaper too frequently has occasion to chronicle in real life.

THE biography of Jane Austen, by Mrs. Charles Malden, is the twentieth volume of the "Famous Women" series (Roberts Brothers). Miss Austen died eighty years ago, and her comparatively short life was passed chiefly amongst her near relations, in the seclusion of an English country parsonage, varied only by an occasional visit to London or the sea-side. Her biography has not the romantic color of that of a George Sand; but its literary interest is of the highest. Jane Austen's writings were her life; and Mrs. Malden's book will perform a service for good literature if it awakens wider appreciation, at this day, of the works of this by-gone woman of genius, whom George Eliot named "the greatest artist that has ever written," and Tennyson has declared "next to Shakespeare."

"A COLLEGE WIDOW," according to the definition given by one of the characters in Frank Howard Howe's novel bearing the foregoing title (Belford Company, publishers), is "the nickname a girl gets in the course of time in a college town who has been going round with generations of students without succeeding in marrying any one of them." The particular specimen to whom Mr. Howe introduces us is named "Sadie" Sitgreaves, and she is not a prepossessing person; yet we fancy that not all readers will approve of the rude manner in which she is treated in this not over-refined story.

"THE HEROES OF THE CRUSADES" (Lee & Shepard), written by the popular novelist Amanda M. Douglas, is an admirable book for the general reader, young or old. It gives a concise and picturesque account of the spirit of the Crusades, and then relates the lives and achievements of the great heroes of those days of chivalry, from Peter the Hermit to St. Louis. The copious illustrations accompanying each chapter, being reduced reproductions of the superbly imaginative drawings of Gustave Doré, constitute a valuable feature of the work.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

EUROPEAN military journals contain much matter nowadays in regard to the new device of underground forts, proposed by French masters of fortification. In a recent number of *La Nature*, Colonel Hennebert, of the Belgian Army, describes one of these forts. It presents, he says, the appearance of an enlarged mole-hill, but the whole affair might easily escape the eye of an observer. It is built of concrete, protected everywhere by heavy steel armor. Three armored towers conceal each two heavy guns; four small turrets may be run out at pleasure, each armed with two rapid-firing guns. At three suitable places there are armored observation-stations, from which the electric light may be flashed on the surrounding country. Beneath the surface, the fort consists of a huge well divided into sections, one for ammunition, and another for machinery—including the dynamos and accumulators for lighting the fort, hydraulic machines for moving the turrets and supplying them with ammunition, and a series of ventilators to keep the air pure. All movements in and about the fortifications are reported by telegraph and telephone. The garrison needed consists of only thirty to forty mechanics and specialists. This obviates the general objection made to forts by military operators, namely, that they absorb numbers of men who are wanted for active service in the field.

DANGER of disease in using postage-stamps carelessly is thus pointed out by the *Sanitary News*: "One of the simplest and most plausible ways in which a stamp may convey contagion is that in which a postage-stamp, partially attached to a letter to pay return postage, is sent by a person infected with some disease to another person. The disease is transferred, in the first place, to the adhesive stamp through the saliva, and in being attached to the letter by the receiver the poison may be transmitted to him in turn through the saliva. Another cause may be the infection of the stamp with disease germs. The stamp, having been exposed in a room where a diseased person lies, may become slightly moistened, and thus retain the germ. That this is true can be proved very simply by a microscopical examination. We often see a person holding change for a moment in the mouth, probably not knowing that investigation has shown that disease germs can be carried by money. If one could see through what hands the money has passed, he would hesitate before using such a third hand. Silver money is as bad as paper money; but, while many would hesitate to hold a dirty bank-note in their mouth, they think that a silver piece, because bright, is apparently clean."

THE coming eclipse of the sun, which a party of American scientists have just departed to Africa to observe, begins to be total at a point in the Caribbean Sea north of Venezuela, and ends at a point on the east coast of Africa 5½° N. latitude and 49° E. longitude. The path is about 100 miles broad, but observers outside this belt may do valuable work. Fainter stars, more especially those of the Milky Way, may become visible, as well as comets near the sun. Observations of the zodiacal light, Professor Abbe says (in *Nature*) will be of particular interest, for if the light is materially diminished during the totality, this will go far to show that zodiacal light originates in the earth's atmosphere. If the light shows no diminution, or an increase in strength, it will follow that it is an appendage of the sun.

ONE rule which ought to be taught in every school in the United States is, never lift a wire off the ground. As long as it is on the ground it is harmless, no matter what pressure may be on it. The moment it leaves the ground it may be dangerous. Never touch a wire tied on a pole. It may not be dangerous, but it is like the unloaded gun, it may kill you.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

- THE EVIL THAT MEN DO. By Edgar Fawcett. 339 pp. Illuminated paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.
A COLLEGE WIDOW. By Frank Howard Howe. 198 pp. Illuminated paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.
COULDN'T SAY NO. By John Habberton. 229 pp. Illuminated paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.
A MOUNTAIN-WHITE HEROINE. By James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke"). 240 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.
THE COUNTESS MUTA. By Charles Howard Montague. 244 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.
A VAGABOND'S HONOR. By Ernest De Lancey Pierson. 217 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE EXEGESIS OF LIFE. "Minerva" Series. 192 pp. Paper, 50c. Minerva Publishing Company, New York.
THE SCIENCE OF METROLOGY; OR, NATURAL WEIGHTS AND MEASURES. A Challenge to the Metric System. By the Hon. E. Noel. 83 pp. Cloth. Edward Stanford, London.
FUR, FEATHERS AND FUZZ; OR, STUDIES IN ANIMAL CHARACTER. By James W. Steele. Illustrated by Frank Ver Beck. 183 pp. Paper, 50c. Belford Company, New York.

JUVENILE.

- SYLVIE AND BRUNO. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Harry Furniss. 400 pp. Cloth, \$1.50. Macmillan & Co., London and New York.



A DECORATOR.—FROM THE PAINTING BY ALBERT MOORE.

